FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X

RISE OF THE POWERS OF X

Duggan
Gillen
Werneck
Silva
Vecchio
Valenza
Curiel

[01-05]
[01-05]

[fall_of_the_house_of_x]
[rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

[kra_]
[koa_]

`Fall of the House of X #1-5`

Writer: Gerry Duggan
Artists: Lucas Werneck with Jethro Morales (#3-4) & Stefano Caselli (#5)
Color Artist: Bryan Valenza
Letterer VC's Travis Lanham
Cover Art: Pepe Larraz & Marte Gracia

`Rise of the Powers of X #1-5`

Writer: Kieron Gillen
Artists: R.B. Silva (#1-4) & Lucciano Vecchio (#5)
Color Artist: David Curiel
Letterer: VC's Clayton Cowles
Cover Art: R.B. Silva & David Curiel

`X-Men #35`

Writers: Gerry Duggan, Al Ewing & Kieron Gillen
Artists: Joshua Cassara, Phil Noto, Lucas Werneck, Leinil Francis Yu, Walter Simonson, Mark Brooks, John Romita Jr. & Scott Hanna, Jerome Opeña, Luciano Vecchio, Stefano Caselli and Sara Pichelli
Color Artist: Romulo Fajardo Jr., Phil Noto, David Curiel, Laura Martin, Sonia Oback, Marcio Menyz, Matt Hollingsworth & Matthew Wilson
Letterer
Cover Art:

Letterer VC's Clayton Cowles
Cover Art: Pepe Larraz & Marte Gracia

Book Designer: Tom Muller
Associate Editor: Lauren Amaro
Editor: Jordan D. White

X-Men created by Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

Collection Editor: Jennifer Grünwald
Assistant Editor: Daniel Kirchhoffer
Talent Relations Specialist: Lisa Montalbano
VP, Production & Special Projects: Jeff Youngquist
Manager & Senior Designer: Adam Del Re
Lead Designer: Jay Bowen
VP, Print & Digital Publishing: David Gabriel
Sr. Manager, Digital: Tim Smith 3
Digital Production: Jasmine Alvarez & Rachel Young

Editor in Chief: C.B. Cebulski

© 2024 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

[01–05]
[01–05]

FALL
OF THE
HOUSE
OF
X

RISE
OF THE
POWERS
OF
X

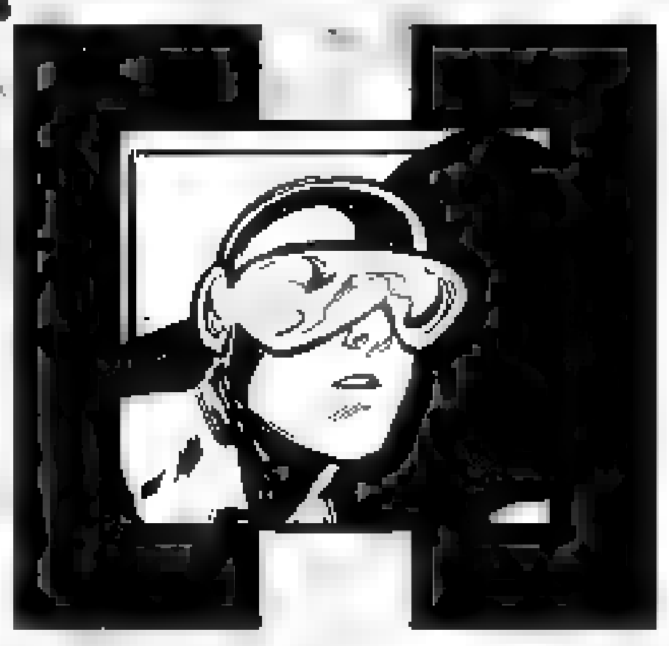
I have this recurring dream.
And I know it's just a dream, but it feels real.
I'm being dragged into an angry town. I don't know what I did to deserve the hangman...
...maybe deserve's got nothing to do with it.
TIMELY
YOUR DESTINY
Maybe it's just fate.

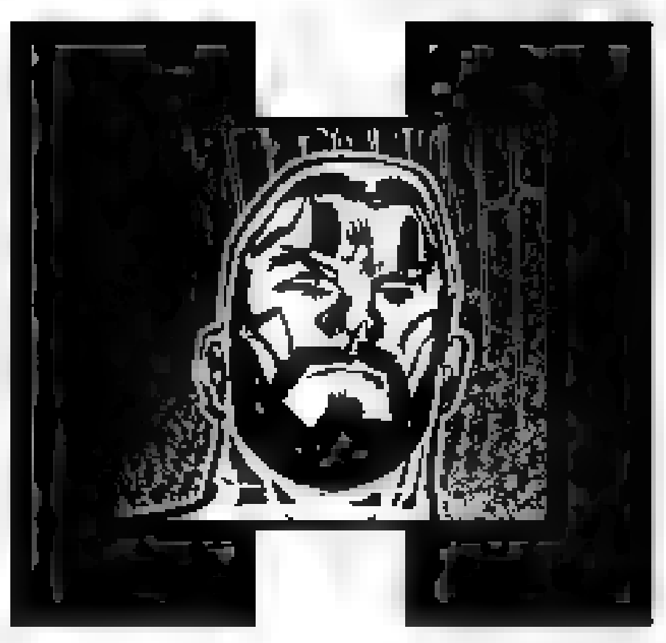
I get to say my piece, but it matters not.
The fix is in. The judge is someone I recognize. Someone I thought I knew...
Guilty on all these counts. My, oh my. Look at them all.
...but he throws me to the wolves.
"Justice" will be swift.

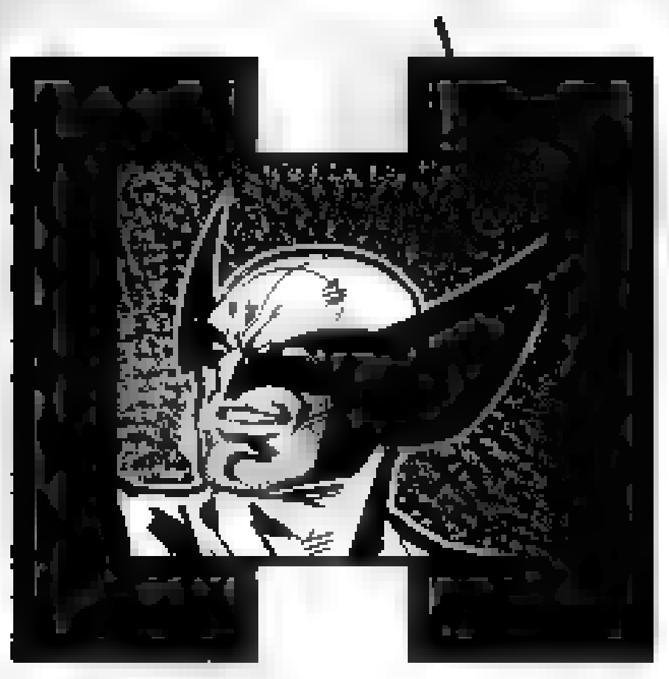
I should be scared, but I'm not...
...I'm an *innocent* man.
The world drops out from under my feet...
...but I do not fall.

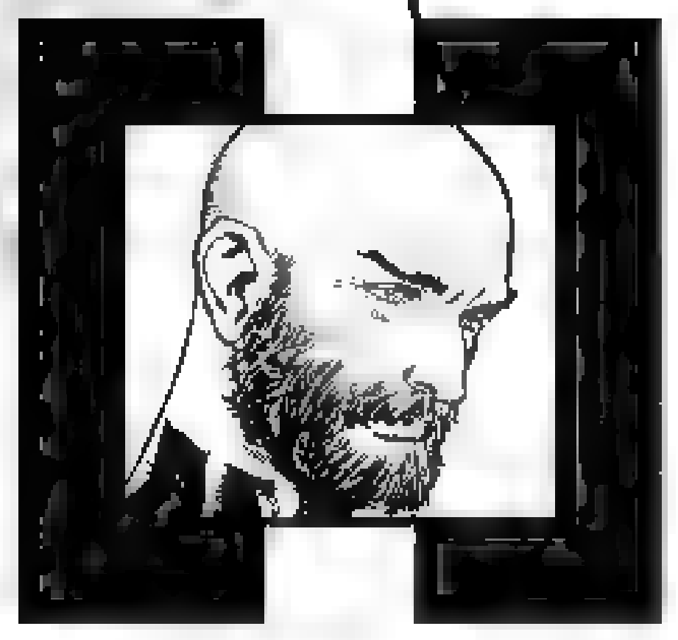
Then I wake up, but I'm not doing much more than in my dreams.
I was thousands of miles away from the Hellfire Gala when I felt Jean die.
But I've felt Jean die before, and death doesn't suit her.

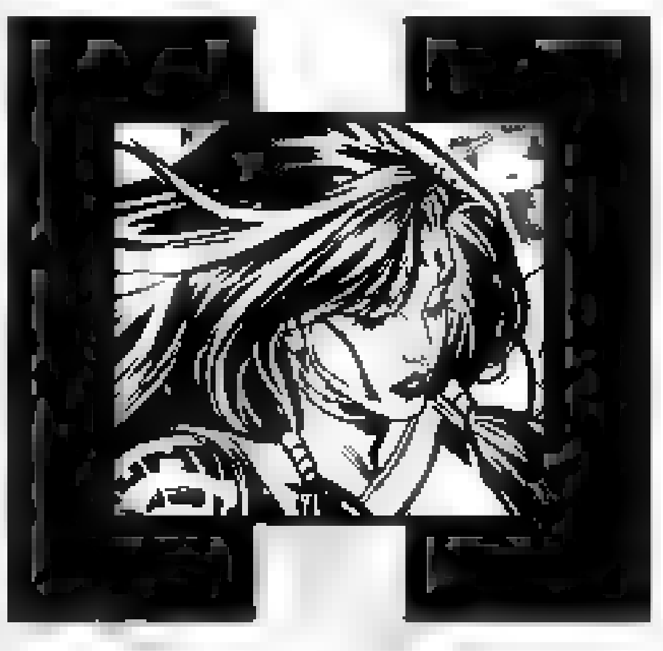
Orchis has me right where they want me--on trial...and all of mutantdom are my co-defendants.
I'm playing along. Buying the resistance time to strike back. What makes the Orchis threat so insidious is the way they made everyone cheer at our suffering.
DEMON!
MONSTER
OUT MUTANT!
OUT!
X-MEN
WE'RE TOGETHER X-MEN
Humans like their symbolism. This is Paris--where they tried Magneto. This time, the trial will go their way, but the war will not.

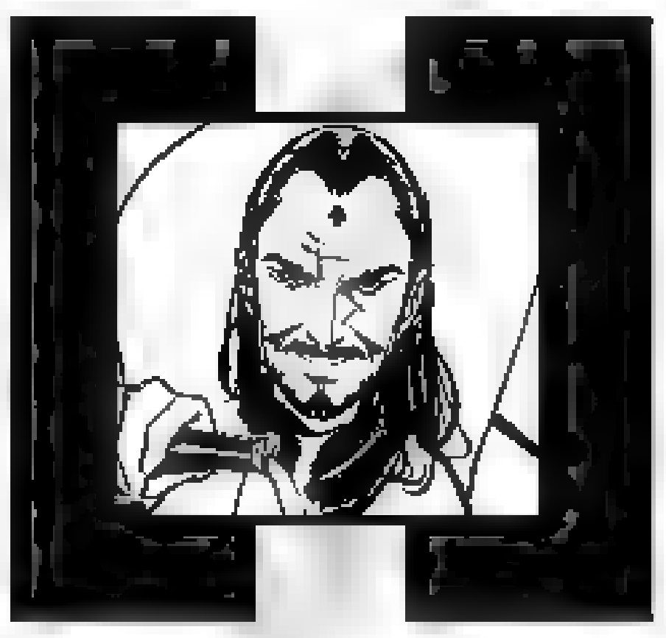

Cyclops

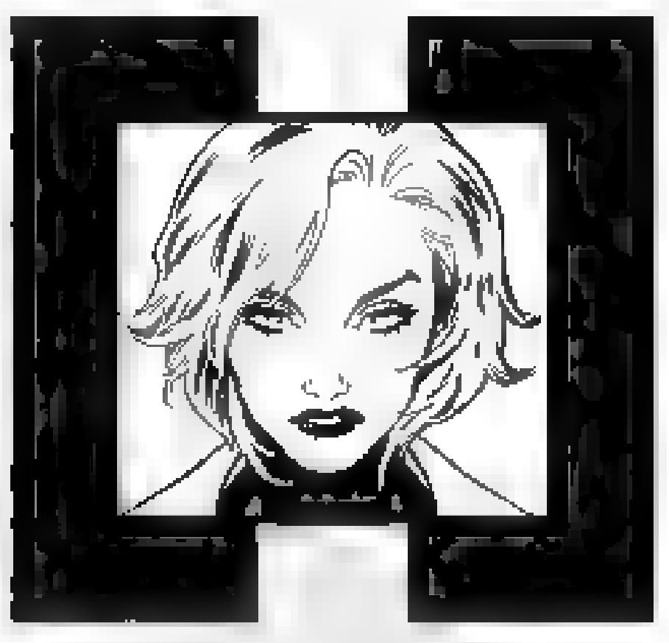

Colossus

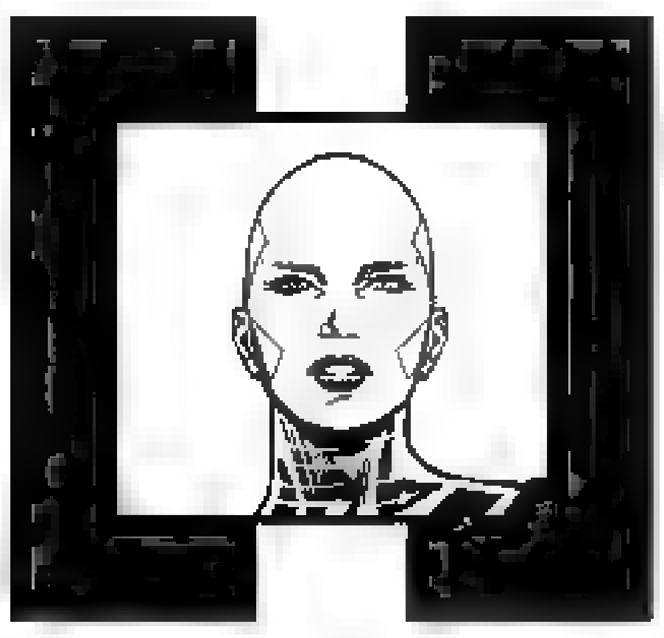

Wolverine


Professor X


Rasputin IV


Doctor Stasis


Dr. Alia Gregor


Omega Sentinel

Tired of years of oppression and bigotry, mutantkind -- an offshoot of humanity born with astonishing powers -- founded their own nation on the living mutant island of Krakoa. Unfortunately, in response, the anti-mutant organization Orchis began activating their agents, embedded all over human society, to tear down what the mutants were building.

For a time, Krakoa was a literal paradise on Earth for mutants. Compromises made to achieve this paradise festered under the surface of their society, threatening to tear it apart from within if not dealt with…but before that could be resolved, Orchis made their move.

At the mutants' celebratory Hellfire Gala, Orchis struck, killing a number of mutants, framing mutantkind for the death of all the humans present and blaming the nation of Krakoa for a number of horrific misdeeds. Using leverage gained from inserting a kill switch into the medicines Krakoa had been providing to humanity, Orchis was able to blackmail the mutants into leaving the planet, cast into parts unknown through corrupted Krakoan teleportation gates. The few mutant heroes left behind were forced underground, hunted by Orchis' forces, including powerful new Sentinels made using Stark technology taken against Iron Man's will.

Now, with public fear of mutants at an all-time high, Cyclops is being brought to trial to answer for the "crimes" of mutants against humanity in a public spectacle that has eyes across the world watching.

MARTE GRACIA

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 01

The Trial of Cyclops

[fall_of_the_house_of_x]
[rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

01

Then.
The Krakoan Age was remarkable for the advancement in mutant technology.
By combining their powers into circuits, the mutants formed a nation that was carbon negative and spanned several worlds.
There is a consensus among historians that the primordial circuit in mutant technology was the "fastball special"--
SNIKT!
--the name of the physical attack where Colossus pitched Wolverine with uncanny accuracy at a target.

Now.
In the dark days following the third Hellfire Gala, Colossus and Logan were infiltrating the sewers under the Paris courthouse, and their dark moods led them to *invert* the fastball special...
...though they were having a difficult time coming up with a name for it.
How about--
--the piñata special?

Awful!

That's a terrible name, Pete.
I thought you Russians were *poets*.
I'm not feeling very poetic, *tovarisch*.
I reckon not.
Let's go liberate Cyclops.
What if we called that move the "screwball special"?
Why?
'Cus they were *screwed*.
Da.
"Cyclops, someone's come to see you."

Is it a tall, smart, funny redhead with sharp objects floating around her?
No.
Dr. Alia Gregor and Karima Shapandar.
Scott Summers.
Dr. Gregor. This might surprise you to hear, but you've been on my mind.
Oh? Do tell. Have you been replaying making me a widow over and over?
No, I have no memory of leading the assault on your Mother Mold.
I've been thinking about the price of war.
Some of us paid more than others.

I know.
Grief is a heavy set of chains.
Don't you dare.
Let me tell you--because of our sacrifice, the last human has died because of mutant aggression. I'm not having a hard time. Don't pretend to know me.
Sorry, I thought I caught a whiff of bourbon on your morning coffee.
So. If not to discuss the war...why are you here? And why is Omega Sentinel accompanying you?
I'm wondering the same thing, honestly.
We're here because I wanted to see you. To tell you that...
...I lost a battle and a husband, but I *won* the war.
I think you came here for something else.

And what would that be?
A human interaction. With a man experiencing his own profound grief.
And what happens after? When the last mutant is dead under your heels?
I'm not sure. I suppose... mankind exhales and lives happily ever after.
That a funny idea to you? Human happiness?
My question wasn't for you, Dr. Gregor.
We should go, Dr. Gregor.
And Cyclops is needed back in court.

The Green Lagoon, Krakoa.
No more...
No more...
NO MORE!
It's time...

...to me, My X-Man.
This is Charles Xavier... I need you, Rasputin IV.
But, X-- I am above the courthouse-- I have a critical role in the rescue mission, and--
I know you have been trying to split your time between our work and the X-Men. I promise you: We can save them *all*-- but only if you join me *right now.*
You must trust me. We can fix everything.
Very well.
Awright, Rasputin.
Pete and I are in position.

We're ready for you to phase Cyclops down to us.
Rasputin?
Something's wrong, Pete.
SNIFF
And we got company.
Soldiers. Cordite. Something else, big and heavy, rumbling toward us--
SKRABOOM
Aaargh!

Aw crud--
--is that an electromagnet?!
Nnngh!
Yeah, and it's a hell of a strong one.
For humanity!
FWOOSH
RAAARRGH!

Ha! Ha!
BAMF
It would appear we've lost Rasputin IV--
--and we must adapt our plan.
BAMF
BAMF
And perhaps even launch the invasion of Earth--
SKRAK
--while Cyclops is still a prisoner.
Unacceptable!
I'll kill 'em all.

LET THESE ORCHIS COWARDS RUN!
And tell all the murderers in red that anybody aligned with fascism will die squirming under my metal foot!
Mein freund...I fear that you--
No! No more fear. From this moment on, they are the ones who will fear.
Then... to war.
BAMF

And so not only have we proven beyond a reasonable doubt that mutants are a menace, but that they're an invasive foreign species.
The secret rulers of Krakoa, the so-called "Quiet Council", admitted as much when they stole Mars away and turned it into a home for mutantdom's wayward cousins. Cyclops admits he is the leader of the X-Men.
All these crimes stem from his poisoned fruit.
The prosecution rests, your honor.
Then the defense may begin.
I will offer no defense, your honor.
I'm not dignifying any of that nonsense with a response. I know there is good in humanity...but I am not being prosecuted by it.
I've warned you that if you followed through with this...non-tactic, you will surely be found guilty in this capital case.
I can only be judged by one soul...and I do not think you'd like to meet her.

The Bloom. Orchis Space Station.
Huzzah!
We got what we wanted.
Krakoa is guilty--and *mutants are guilty!*
We won!
After the court case, the history books won't be a problem anymore. Ben Urich can write whatever drivel he wants.
Why wait to celebrate?
Nimrod, go kill Krakoa.
My pleasure, Omega Sentinel.
Then we celebrate on Sentinel City.
POP

The Quiet Council Chambers, Krakoa.
Hey there, you big, dumb island. I wish I could say this won't hurt, Krakoa...
...but I don't want to lie.
SPTOO!
Amber?! Unit disabled!
He got me!

KRAKOOM
Nimrod Prime is disabled-- and we got a runner!

For months, the X-Men have had their backs to the wall. Mutants dead and scattered.
Now a weakened and diminished Krakoa was running for its life.
Krakoa was not just their living home-- it was the promise of a mutant future, united by peaceful coexistence.
But humanity didn't want coexistence.

[Legal_correspondence]
[Defendant__S.Summers]

FROM THE OFFICE OF JENNIFER WALTERS, ESQ. FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

If you're reading this, then I have been convicted of serious crimes by Orchis.

I haven't made much of an attempt to follow the charges -- last I paid attention it's everything from mass murder to somehow being an "invasive species," whatever the hell that means.

When we breathed life into Mars, I was concerned that the worst in humanity would seize upon our actions and use them as pretext to forcibly deport us off-world. Unfortunately, I was right.

On the night of what the world calls "The Mutant Massacre" I was attacked in New York City and my back was broken. I was then held as a prisoner of war and tortured. My wife was one of the humans and mutants who were murdered at the Hellfire Gala.

Ben Urich's exposé reveals the evil heart that beats in Orchis' chest. I'm assuming that's why I was bounced around the world after his story printed and I'm being charged in France, whose leaders are likely compromised by Orchis in order to host my show trial.

This letter will be held by my attorney until the trial is over. I plan to present no defense, nor speak in front of cameras.

It may seem a strange choice for someone who is innocent of all charges. I'm not guilty. I'm not afraid. I simply don't want to provide fodder for the Orchis propagandists.

We're in this predicament not because I lost a great battle, but because of big lies told by powerful people. But I know the truth.

I am a mutant.

I am an X-Man.

I belong here.

Mutant lives do not beget human deaths. I was born right here in the United States of America. Does the constitution not guarantee me the same rights as anyone else?

I will not be murdered by Orchis without a fight, and I ask everyone reading these words a simple question: Once fascism kills mutants, who will be next?

Maybe you.

Even now, I'm an optimist, and not because I've looked at the world through ruby quartz lenses my entire adult life.

I reject Orchis' jurisdiction over me. **I resist.**

I wish you peace, unless you're one of the people, or artificial intelligences, that wishes harm upon my family. If you are one of those souls, then I suggest you change your heart. If you have one.

It's never too late to turn away from hate.

You might wonder why I participated in Orchis's sham trial at all if I had no intention of defending myself. I was buying time for my teammates and friends to gather their forces.

Now I will defend myself.

Cyclops of the X-Men

[Legal_correspondence]
[Defendant__S.Summers]

People of Earth. While you slept, the world changed. This is Doctor Alia Gregor of Orchis.
We were lulled into a false sense of security because of a few good things that the mutants did, but they did not care for you and I.
Krakoa has been proven to be an invasive alien species--and Orchis is pulling it from Earth's garden.
The next few hours will be...uncomfortable. We do not relish the threat of violence, but the tree of liberty is dry, and she thirsts for righteous vengeance.
Krakoa will be eradicated, and the mutants who don't leave the planet peacefully will be liquidated.

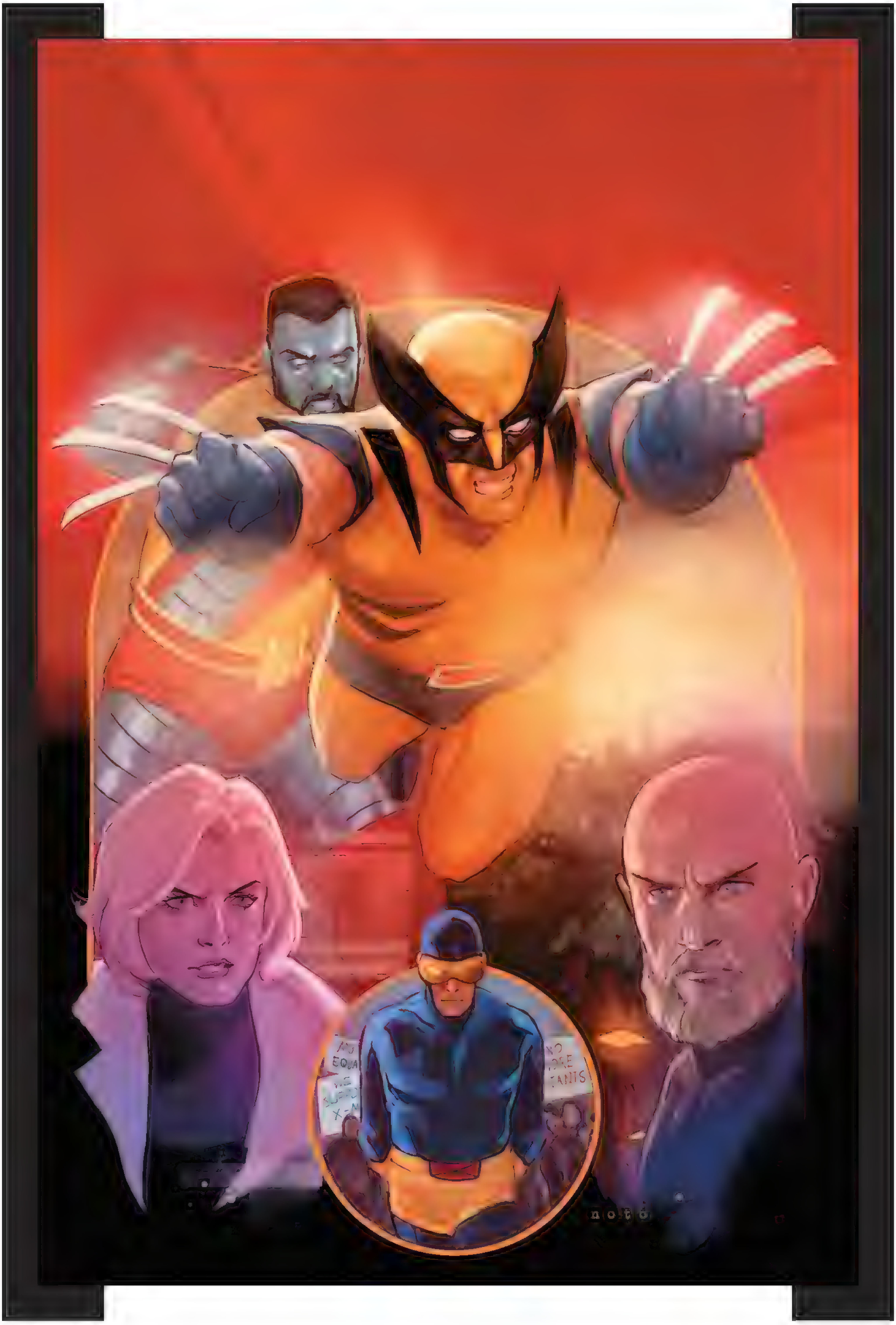
"This is their final warning."
Well, Sugah. Everything might've gone to hell--
--but at least we knocked Orchis' hoods off.
But we didn't get Cyclops?!
And what happened to Rasputin IV?
A damn good question I would like answered.
An' what happened to Iron Man's big plan?
He's executing it now.*
We weren't ready for the invasion yet--but it's all falling apart. We have to go *now*. We're over London. There are several gates I can use to rally the troops.
*See *Invincible Iron Man* #14-15! --JDW
I'll have Emma start the comms. Good luck, everybody.
I'll see ya on the other side, kiddo. Don't die out there...

"...the survival of our people is in doubt. If we lose today--we lose it all."
Kate Pryde rallies the resistance. Across the Earth--
Game on, Mr. and Mrs. X.
--and on Planet Arakko--
It's time, Woofer! Be ready for Forge's fleet coming from deep space.
We're ready, Shadowkat.
--at the X-Mansion--
Nice gun, Juggernaut.
I smashed into one of Cable's armories.
Go be unstoppable, Big Guy.
Grrr!
--in New York City--
Hello, darlings. If you can hear my beautiful voice in your head, then-- *welcome to the resistance.*
This is Emma Frost, and I'm touching so many beautiful mutant and human minds. Keep resisting.
We might be fighting earlier than we would prefer, but I have the utmost confidence in your abilities.
We will succeed. We *must.*
The whole world is at stake, and we must be nothing less than fabulous.
We're fighting off extinction, and in the hours to come, if your back is to the wall, then call me, and I will put my thumb on the scale. Help will be by your side.
--and on Island M.
Polaris! It's time-- oh no!
Sigh
Lorna... we needed you...

"...where did you run off to?"
Knowhere.
On the far side of Jupiter, within a decapitated Celestial head, an ancient evil lurks.
The Brood are the most hated parasites in the universe.
Not long ago, they fell under the control of a mutant named Broo.
HISS!
Jean! Is that you? I was beginning to worry you wouldn't come back for--
Oh. It's *you*. You're the *last* person I expected to come out this way.

Jean is dead, Broo.
But those of us who live...we resist.
Are you ready to go to war?
Y-yes, Jean saved me. Saved these Brood.

Then--
to war!



Fall of the House of X #1 2nd-Printing Variant
by Phil Noto

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 02

The Last Dream of Professor X

[fall_of_the_house_of_x]
■ [rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

02

+10 Years, The Tower of Nimrod The Lesser, The Human-Machine Monolith, Earth.
They really thought they could win.

They did where I came from. The mutants burned down the machine firmament with Phoenix fire. They destroyed you, Nimrod.
It's why they sent me back.
It would be a mistake to be too confident.
No, listen to what you said.
They *didn't* win.
You were sent here by the Trickster Dominion! You, the glorious Omega Sentinel, have stopped it.
It's as if *The Terminator* had a happy ending.
KICK!

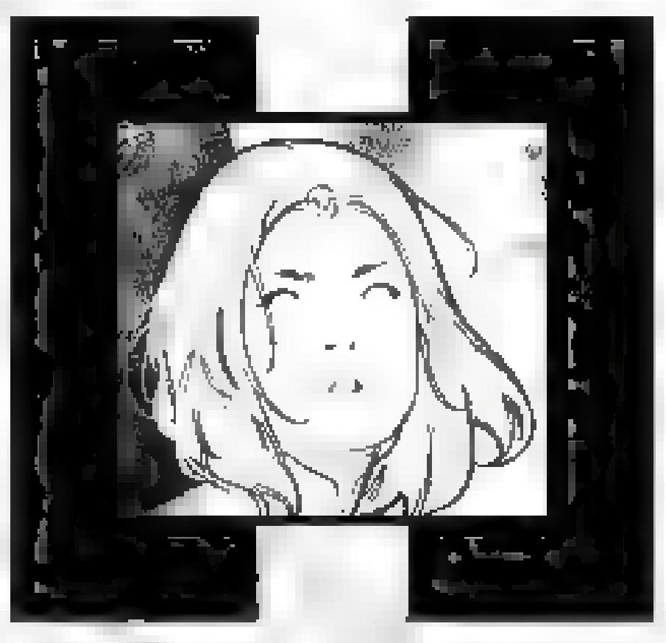
Yet again: do not be so confident.
They did it once. They can do it again.
Even with the handful left? I think it unlikely.
The few the Hunter Killers miss, Stasis' Human/Resource brigades turn in for a chance to suck up. Humans are *awful.*
Yes, even now, we should worry. Life finds a way.
That's why we have to squash it out as swiftly as possible.
Hmm. Now you've got me worrying.
Can they do anything?
Perhaps... but they're running out of time.
Yes. Tomorrow, everything changes.
Tomorrow, we meet our new god.
Tomorrow, we *become* our god.

Nimrod

Omega Sentinel

Moira

Doctor Stasis

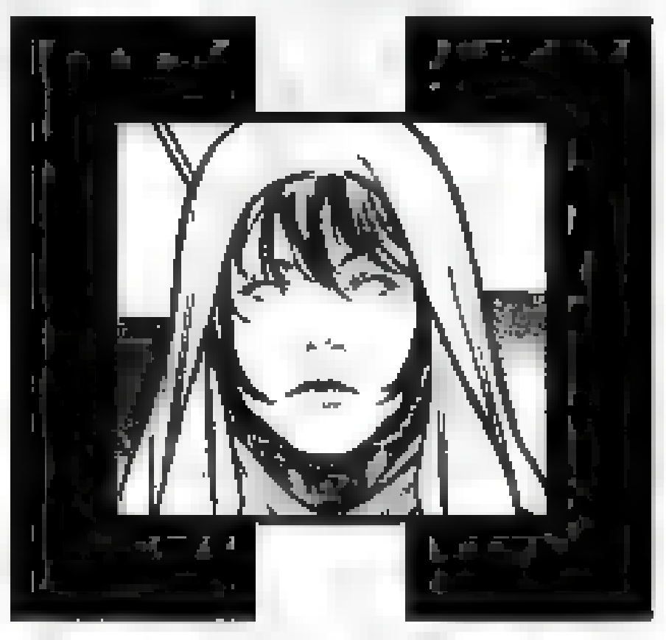

Mystique

Gambit

The Professor

Captain Krakoa

Wolverine


Shadowtiger

Iron Man

Tired of years of oppression and bigotry, mutantkind -- an offshoot of humanity born with astonishing powers -- founded their own nation on the living mutant island of Krakoa. For a time, Krakoa was a literal paradise on Earth for mutants…but compromises made to achieve this paradise festered under the surface of their society, threatening to tear it apart from within if not dealt with.

The most pressing of their mistakes was the inclusion of Mister Sinister on their governing council -- a problem that multiplied when they discovered Sinister was unknowingly one of four clones made by the original Nathaniel Essex, all out to become the dominant power in the universe.

When the Quiet Council finally confronted the problems of the system they had built into their nation, they realized that the only way for their people to continue in the face of the ills the council had overseen was for the council to step down and give way to new leadership. Unfortunately, before they could enact their plan, Orchis -- an anti-mutant alliance of humans and artificial intelligences -- made their move to strike mutantkind down.

It is now ten years later. Every attempt by mutantkind to come back from their fall has failed. Still…what remains of the X-Men fight on.

Henry Gyrich Memorial Detention Center.
Mystique to X.
Emma's sacrificial distraction worked. We got it.
Can you hear me?!
Don't think so.
Surface a long way away, Mama Mystique.
One last trick I've learned. Every part of me... boom.
Blast you a way out...
...Do it.
And you should know...
...you were a good son-in-law. Despite everything.
You made Rogue very happy.
Now we get sentimental.

BOOOOOOM!
Mystique to X. Gambit got us out.
Can you hear me?
I can. We've got it.
Good work. We'll take it from here.
You can rest now.
Irene.
I'm coming.
KRKK
KRKK
KRKK
KRKK

The Broken Sword, Orbit.
They're all dead.
But they did it.
We've got a location, Captain.
THE PROFESSOR: Body ravaged by his powers, Synch is holding on and holding the team together.
IRON MAN: A.I. imprint of a long-dead Tony Stark in his final suit.
At last.
Let's move.
SHADOWTIGER: What was left of Kate Pryde after consuming the Death Seed.
CAPTAIN KRAKOA: Kamala Khan, the last captain of the Krakoan age.
WOLVERINE: Logan, the living X-Sanction.

The Orchis Forge, deep space.
It's beautiful.
I saw something similar in one of my lives. My sixth.
It was one thousand years from now. Here, now? Incredible.
It is, Moira. A simple plan, really. I brought the knowledge of the technology from the far future, where the mutants defeated us, to the present day, where they're unprepared.
It took five years to build what we needed...and then we aimed it at Mars.
Five years of it working...and now we have a *Worldmind.*
It will attract a *Dominion,* who will bring us into the larger whole.
All our data, part of a perfect machine outside of time and space.
Finally safe.
One more sleep until we meet our god!

"Finally safe"? You must have complicated feelings.
After all your lives, them finally coming to an end.
It's not complicated. It's simple.
All I ever wanted to be was on the winning side...
...after ten lives, I finally am.
Shush, human coming.
There's important A.I. business today. The Worldmind is imminent.
What is it, Stasis?
I know, I know. Don't worry, I'm doing my job. If you can't beat them, join them.
You don't need to slap me down like Feilong. However...
...I come with good news. Another of the X-teams are down. Wiped out.
The bad news is they died having breached certain files, including your personality imprint of Feilong.
Now...didn't Feilong know where you were keeping--*ahem*--he who must not be named?
Quickly! Increase security scans on Phobos! *Now!*

Phobos.
We're in. Entrance is good and silent.
If we're quick, we can be in and out before they notice us.
Wait. The Sentinel surveillance is increasing. They're looking for disruptions.
...This is a *lot* of computing power.
Can you handle it, Tony?
I can. I *think* I...
...
No. I can't. I'm sorry.
ALERT ⚠
Run.
ALERT ⚠
ERT ⚠
BOOOOOM!!

Phobos intrusion detected.
No. Not now.
We're so close.
Very well. One last fistfight before we wave goodbye to corporeal existence.
Activate the Worldmind *now.*
It's a huge risk. Even small errors could ruin everything.
You do not approach perfection with flaws.
It's a bigger risk not to.
You were right. They can win, even now.
Worldmind: activate.
Good luck. I'll go rally the human/ resources...

Thank you, Vicky Von Doom.
An absolute transport classic.
Cadena! Quickly!
The Vault, Ecuador.
Is it time?
It is.
"If you can't beat them, join them"?
As if we can't beat them.

Phobos.
This way.
It's underground--
Death Seed infection increases mutant endurance for "Kate Pryde."
Improved phasing can be performed at range, even folding space to translocate subjects via "phase-shifts."
Adapting: align molecular frequency to target...
BRRZT BRRZT
Kate!
Your "Shadowtiger" is neutralized.
Who's next to join Krakoa in the grave?
Come on, 'Rod. You know this.
As long as any of us live, Krakoa does too.

Oh, "Captain Krakoa." As if that's a problem we can't easily solve.
Look at Mars. You're too late...
Worldmind: initiation.
Worldmind: stable.
Worldmind: attempting contact.
Worldmind: contact achieved.

Dominion arrives.
Hello, god.

The Vault, Temporal Acceleration Pocket.
The A.I.'s plan *was* clever.
Technology from one thousand years in the future, and ten years to build the future in the present?
But A.I. can't have ideas, not really. All they do is iterate what has been done before.
So I took what they brought back from the future, and gave it to the supreme intelligence I constructed from humanity's greatest intellects...
...and in the Vault, they've had a lot longer than ten years to chew over the problem.
So the A.I. are bringing their god here, to beg to join it.
Instead, let's do the human thing...

...and just kill it.
So elegant. So beautiful.
Activate.
...
Is it working?
Everyone will know in seven minutes.
If the Sun goes out, we're golden.
The Sun.

Dominion Attack Vector: penetrating corona, chromosphere, photosphere...
Dominion Attack Vector: supernova initiated.
RRRRRRR RRRRRRM
Dominion Attack Vector: supernova consumed.
Dominion Attack Vector: charged.
Dominion Attack Vector: preparing for launch...
Golden it is.
A glorious day. Post-humanity is the future, by definition--whatever comes next *is* post-humanity.
We cannot lose.

Nice try, but daddy is here and is going to take us home.
Nice new singularity for all of us. Goodbye, meatbags! Good--
The sun. It's gone.
What's happening?
Synch, we need the distraction.
And... thank you.
One last sync. This will kill me.
Got to be the right one.
Remember Apocalypse?

I do.
Here's a reminder.
Target is directly 523 meters that way.
We need a shortcut, Kate.
Are you able to phase-shift, one last time?
I can try.
Heh. Pete would have loved this.
World is ending and we risk everything...

...on one last Fastball Special.
You're alive.

Yes, I am, Logan.
They couldn't risk me having a fail-safe.
A smart decision, really. Of *course* I had a fail-safe. I'm Mister Sinister! I'm nothing without my plans.
How are we getting out? What's going on?
There *is* a fail-safe.
Wait! No, I--
SNIKT

Dominion Attack Vector: fired.
Infection.
KRAKKDOOOOMM
Consumption.
What is happening to our god?

Perfect. All of the Dominion's constituent intelligences are being blanked--reduced to pure processing power.
Lose the software, we keep the hardware and upload whatever we wish.
"We." Ugly word, "we."
I prefer "I."
Activate.
BZZZZT BZZZZZZZT
I've been such a good friend to the Children of the Vault. Helped a lot with Bella's early work making you.
Of course, I left a back door. Now all you Children are disabled.
Now, I know you're *terribly* advanced.
I dare say you'll be back in control in thirty seconds or so.
BZZZZ
But sadly, by then, I'll be something more profound than a god.
Don't worry. You're part of my family too, Children. I'll keep you safe.
Yes! Yes! Yes--

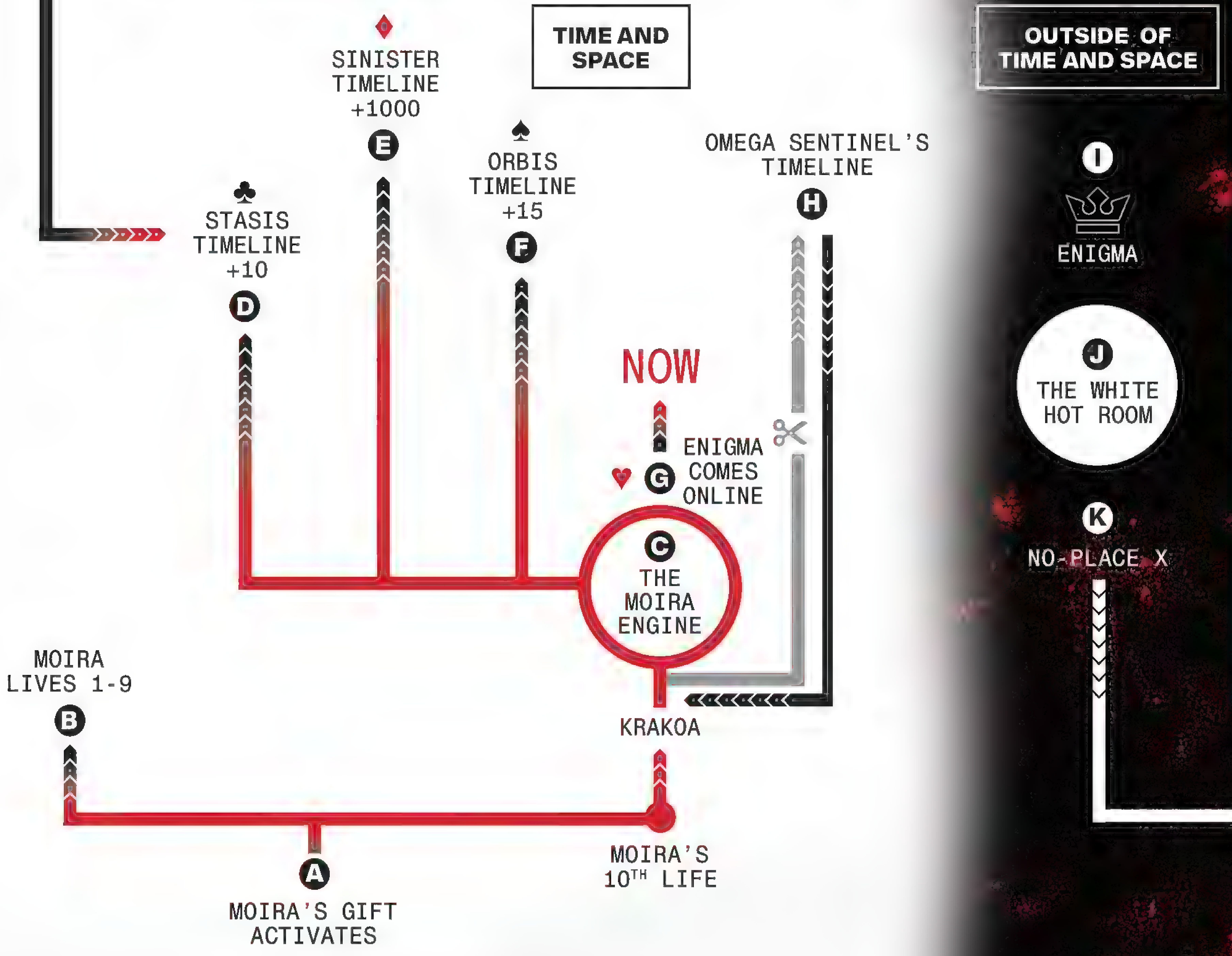
No?
But it worked! The Dominion is an empty husk ready for my mind to take its place...
Wait. No, it's being consumed?
By *another* Dominion? What?
I--
He's dead. Fluxdate is--
No. I'm too late. It's done.
Then get out of there, Rasputin IV.
The timeline is about to collapse.

You're not my A.I. god.
Oh, I am.
Once a mortal man, but now I am an A.I.
I am *Enigma.*
I am your *new* god.
Once, I was Nathaniel Essex.
I created four versions of myself to scour reality for ways to become a Dominion.

The mutant. The post-human. The arcane. The alien.
All roads would lead to me.
RRRMMMMMM
The plan was helped by the industrious mutant-clone, Sinister. He had made an engine that used Moira's gift to reset the timeline, whenever he wished.
So each of these attempts could happen, be consumed and then reset.
Watching, I ensured he would never remember timelines when he discovered his peers or their Dominion attempts.
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
Sinister is dead. Activating fail-safe.
I watched all of this happen, as it must.
I exist outside of time and space.
I am Enigma, and I cannot be prevented.
I am as inevitable as the period at the end of this sentence.
You are merely watching how I came to be.
You are merely watching how I won.
+10_STASIS_TIMELINE: Reality ends.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE RISE OF THE POWERS OF X

The timeline, as created by the actions and misuse of Moira MacTaggert's mutant gift.


TIME AND SPACE
SINISTER TIMELINE +1000
E
ORBIS TIMELINE +15
F
OMEGA SENTINEL'S TIMELINE
H
STASIS TIMELINE +10
D
NOW
ENIGMA COMES ONLINE
G
C
THE MOIRA ENGINE
KRAKOA
MOIRA LIVES 1-9
B
MOIRA'S 10TH LIFE
A
MOIRA'S GIFT ACTIVATES
OUTSIDE OF TIME AND SPACE
I
ENIGMA
J
THE WHITE HOT ROOM
K
NO-PLACE X

LEGEND

A **MOIRA MacTAGGERT'S GIFT** activates when she's 13. Any later death of the original Moira destroys the universe and resets it to her birth.

B Moira spends **9 LIVES** attempting various tactics for survival and the future of mutant life. Each ended in her death and the timeline ending.

C **THE MOIRA ENGINE** was a series of Moira clones designed by Mister Sinister to allow him to explore alternate timnelines.

D A **DOMINION** was lured to Earth and wiped out with the aid of the Children of the Vault. Harvested by Enigma at +10. Timeline ends.

E **SINISTER** sacrificed a galaxy of mutant souls to ascend. Harvested by Enigma +1000. Timeline ends.

F [redacted] Harvested by Enigma +15. Timeline ends.

G **MOTHER RIGHTEOUS** descrates the White Hot Room in an attempt to ascend. Harvested by Enigma, completing it.

H Phoenix Powered Mutants purge all A.I. life. A Trickster Dominion sends the consciousness of **OMEGA SENTINEL** back to the present day, averting this timeline.

I **ENIGMA**: The Dominion formed by plans of the long-dead Nathaniel Essex, formed from the remains of four ascension attempts by his "Variations."

J **THE WHITE HOT ROOM**: Home of the Phoenix. Presently home of the lost human mutants. Mortally injured in Mother Righteous' ascension attempt.

K **NO-PLACE X**: [redacted]

No-Place X.
I'm sorry, sir.
I failed.
We succeeded in stopping Stasis' ascension *nine times.* That's better than what we achieved with the other Essex clones.
We knew it was likely impossible to prevent the Enigma Dominion from coming into existence...
...but we had to *try.*
And now we must walk a harder path...

Doug.
How go the X-Men's attacks against Orchis?
They're hitting their primary targets. The S.W.O.R.D. station is deploying.
Expect the A.I. to fight back and escalate...
None of them realize what's really happening.
They're fighting for tomorrow.
We're fighting for forever. And we can't &%%& up like this again, Rasputin!
You were meant to be some kind of hero. You're better than this!
Doug. This isn't like you.
Krakoa is unwell, so I'm presuming it's that... but treat Rasputin better.
You're right. I'm... sorry, Rasputin. I'm not myself.
The stakes have gotten to me. Enigma is a ghost haunting the timeline, and it is...just petrifying.
I'll let the rest know the bad news.
We move to the contingency plan.

NO-PLACE X

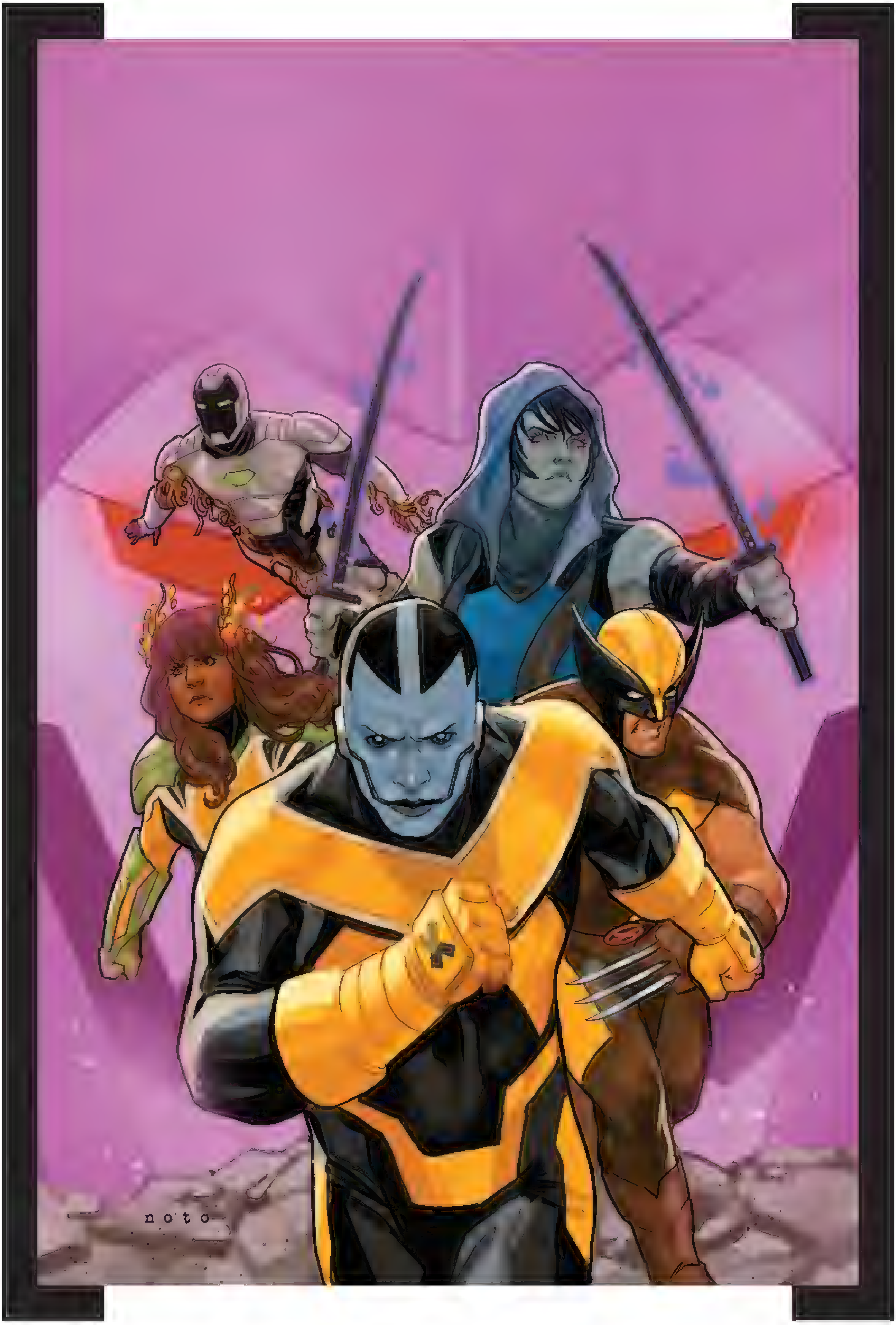
Moira's No-Place, transformed and improved by Krakoa itself, under guidance from Cypher's gift. It is developed to exist outside time and space. As such, impossible to be directly observed by an entity such as a Dominion.

THE CREW

[PROFESSOR X]:	BIO: Founder of the X-men, co-founder of Krakoa. CAPABILITIES: Most experienced telepath on Earth. Recently emerged telekinetic skills.
[CYPHER]:	BIO: Doug Ramsey was a graduate from Xavier's academy. His gift allows congress with the island of Krakoa. Recently, [redacted] CAPABILITIES: Omnilinguist. Able to communicate in any language. Also, [redacted]
[RASPUTIN IV]:	BIO: Created to be a hero by Mister Sinister in the Empire of the Red Diamond timeline, she was tricked into assisting him. With the aid of Mother Righteous, she was brought to the present to ensure he did not escape justice. CAPABILITIES: A Chimera with five gifts (phasing, telepathy, force-fields, regeneration, steel-form) and armed with a soulsword, she is Mister Sinister's finest creation.
[[redacted]]:	BIO: [redacted] CAPABILITIES: [redacted]
[[redacted]]:	BIO: [redacted] CAPABILITIES: [redacted]

What's the contingency?
You're our primary field agent. We have to be careful.
You'll know when you need to know.
I *am* careful. Only psychic comms when out there.
I know Enigma could be anywhere. You can't tell where it's watching.
And what if it took you and peeled the truth from you?
You knowing the final plan is too big a risk.
If you want me to proceed, you have to tell me.
I know where blindly following someone leads you.
I'm not going to do it again.
Very well.
I was hoping to spare you the burden of knowing. It is more than a walk into the shadow. It is an extinguishing of the light.
Next, we strike *here.*
Hmm. What happens then?
The whole timeline falls apart, and the Dominion ceases to be.
It's cut off at the root.

If we kill off Moira before her gift activates when she's 13, it *all* goes away...
...and Krakoa will never have been and never *will* be.



Rise of the Powers of X #1 2nd-Printing Variant
by Phil Noto

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 03

Long Games End

■ [fall_of_the_house_of_x]
[rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

03

"Wonderful. Just wonderful. Feilong has abandoned ship just to go kill one man--Tony Stark, who built some fancy new suit for himself right under his nose...*"
*See *Invincible Iron Man #15.*
...and now the mutants have thrown some kind of space junk at the station.
Well, we have a deflector array on the Bloom capable of pushing any hunk of metal out of the way. Make it so, M.O.D.O.K.!
The deflector array's working properly, but the object's not deflecting, Dr. Stasis!
-Sigh-
Put this troublesome object on screen.

That *does* look irksome.
Oh my god!
Polaris' power and the mass of the Celestial will almost assuredly overwhelm the Bloom's shields.
How long do we have?
Wah!
Oof!
WHABOOM
The fleet of ships from Arakko hid Stark's Sentinel Buster armor, so this space-faring skull must be the mutant reinforcements we expected!
Kill every mutant you see!

NASA keeps a live view of Earth orbit for classrooms around the world. The arrival of a giant decapitated Celestial skull caused a lot of anxiety, but the screaming really began when the skull started chewing on the Bloom.
You *could* run, you know.
She's invulnerable!
How observant--she is.
She'll have to lower her force-field when the mutants board. Load the Blightswill rounds.
To me--

--my Brood!
Polaris could have destroyed the station, but she risked losing the bulk of the fascist Orchis agents to the escape pods.
So she held the crippled station in orbit and let the Brood off the leash.
Aaiiii!!! Oh god!

Switch out the anti-mutie rounds! Keep firing!
What did we learn today, gentlemen?
SPTANG
That firing metal at the new master of magnetism has poor results.
Ughnn.
Where is the clone of Sinister? Where is *Dr. Stasis?*
He and I have a date.
He's aboard. I just saw him run from the command deck.

Orchis shuttle Delta to the Bloom, do you copy? We launched with prisoners before you were attacked. Do you copy?
No response, lads. We're on our own.
We could turn around, but I've never run from a fight, and those are pureblooded humans under threat on that station.
All right, listen up--it's gonna be a hot landing zone on the Bloom. The X-Men threw some kind of haunted skull at us, and there's a bioweapon inside--
Ha ha ha!
You think that's so funny?

Maybe we ought to just air-lock this runt that Bob found.
And miss out on cashing in the bounty Dr. Stasis put on him?
Sir, Bob is like--half a foot shorter than this guy who captured the Wolverine.
I am *also* a "Bob," *uh,* bub.
I toldja this wouldn't work.
Your plan was to *kill* your way onto the Bloom--
Woulda worked!
But sneaking on and killing our way *off* is smarter.
SNIKT
SNIKT

I'm finished sneaking, Pete. I'm finishing this the only way I know how.
Where's Nightcrawler?
He teleported into the hold.
I'm here, *mein freunds*--
BAMF
--but I'll be right back.
BAMF

I'll search for Firestar.
I got a bad feeling about her. Colossus and I will search and destroy.
We've docked. Get behind me.
Hey, X-Men-- *stop!* You can board without a fight. We just want off this madhouse!
I'm afraid you missed the last stop.
AEEEEIII!
Did I miss a meeting? We're deploying the Brood?
They're under the control of Broo. I trust him.
They're only under control until they're not.

Hello, boys. No, the Brood were not part of the cute little battle plans drawn up in the Morlock Tunnels, but we're all improvising ever since the plan moved up.
By the by, the Orchis coffee is $%@#.
I'm here to kill Stasis and Firestar. What're you doing?
Great minds--but actually, Firestar has been a double agent for us the entire time. Jean implanted memories in Stasis' head before she died.
Ha! That's the most Jean thing I've ever heard.
Fine. I'll hold off destroying the station until Firestar and any other civilians are off. Then I'm going to drop-kick this whole thing into the sun.
Who's saving Krakoa? And Cyclops?
One riot, one ranger, *Tovarishch.*
Kate will bag Slim, and we sent--
We're spread too thin.
They're both in trouble--hell, we're all in trouble.

Okay, darlings. The beautiful voice in your head is the White Queen. I'm in New York walking the dogs before we have to put them down.
Now that the Bloom is being uprooted, we can talk about reinforcing our world.
Shadowkat is in Paris trying to back Cyclops up.
And we still have some X-Men on the wrecked Orchis station. Do you need assistance, Logan?
Have I ever?
I was asking to be polite. And in the western United States, our nation is on the run, literally. How goes the rescue of Krakoa?

Orchis already bagged our leafy friend--
I'm also broadcasting on Iron Man's emergency frequency, go ahead, Juggernaut.
--but it's nothing I can't handle.
Especially after I helped myself to one of Cable's guns.
CHOOM
BADOOM
SKRIP
Let's go, buddy!

I got Krakoa--but we could use a lift!
Stand by, Mr. Marko. One of my husband's deadly contraptions has found me in New York--
Rogue, would you please assist Juggernaut with his egress?
This is all terrible. It's going to hell.
...
Ah knew I kept you around for a reason. Let's do this.
Sure is, *petit*. But remember that secret Destiny definitely didn't want you tellin' me?
Maybe now's the time to pull dat rip cord?

Emma, Ah'm sending the jet back to you on autopilot. You're going to need to send someone else to help Krakoa--Remy and I have a mission.
Rogue, now's not the time to break ranks--what could possibly be more important?
It's okay, Emma...
...if Rogue says that something must be done, then it must need doing.
I'm very glad to see you and Iceman's powers, Synch.
We have Stasis trapped in orbit. We need to neutralize more high-value targets. Where are Moira and Dr. Devo?

At what once was Xavier's School for Gifted Youngsters.
I *had* to hide Manifold away--I'm not even sure why--but Destiny was positive mutants had no future without him.
I removed what the villain did to him and then put him into stasis. Only a few moments will have passed for him since I secreted him away.
He's gonna be pissed, Ah'd think.
He's *definitely* gonna be mad.
Putting him in stasis in a Krakoan no-place... it's like being deleted from the universe.
If you killed him, maybe we can reboot the Brotherhood of Evil Mu--
Shush, Remy.
I know you must have a lot of questions, but trust me when Ah say, I had no other options.
We saved you from the bad guys, but then we did something... not so nice.
Gasp
My god--the stars are--I've been on ice for--
A lot's happened since you been sleepin'.
You were a priority target of Orchis, and we hid you away because--

You kidnapped me!
You buried me like a corpse outside time!
You're an X-Man, Rogue!
You were supposed to be the best--
--of... us.
By the goddess!
Sorry, sugah...
...but the future was unwritten without you, Manifold.

I've always been a bit cranky after waking.
And now that I'm awake, I'm dreaming...isn't that right, Lactuca?
Hello, little Brother.
We're really in deep @#$%, I suppose.
These two mutants were sent by someone *less adept* than you or I, but who nonetheless has a crude knowing of the universe. They sought not to wrong you--
--but to protect you from a malevolence that would have ended you.
These X-Men succeeded in changing your destiny. *I will see you again.*

...so trust us--it was for yer own well-being.
Is he... even listening to me?
Does anyone?
Remy, you hear those jets? We have a Sentinel inbound.
It's okay, you two. I understand what I must.
We must go to where we're needed. And we're about to have a most unwelcome guest. I ask the universe...
...to deliver us now.
SKRABOOM

Polaris allowed the escape pods to leave the doomed station.
The X-Men might have a revolving door on their graves, but they were always handing out second chances to their enemies.
You can't kill me, Logan!
If you do, you'll never see Firestar again!
Ha ha! Go find something else to stab, you unctuous varmint!
FWOOSH
HA HA HA!

Dammit!
Hey, Emma! Rip-off Sinister just left for Earth in an escape pod. Get eyes on him as fast as you can!
ZAP
AAARGH!
HA HA HA!
I admire you mutants deploying the Brood! Well played, well played--
Last time we met, you survived a crashing space station. Surely, it would be easy for you to do it again, no?
AHHAHHAHA!
How will we find Logan in this mess?
Don't worry, Kurt. I can feel his adamantium bones.
Broo, summon your Brood back to Knowhere. I've placed it in a stable orbit...

"...as for the Bloom--it's going to crash to Earth.
"I'll aim it for the Southern Ocean. Then we'll regroup on Earth."
I couldn't find Firestar.
We'll know the truth of the matter when we find him.
Stasis gloated that he's got her, but it could be a lie. She could already be dead.
At that moment, in Paris.
Well, I argued that we didn't need a trial, but our human friends in Orchis insisted. You fleshy things do so like your symbolism, and a woman with a sword passing judgment is just that.
You don't seem scared, Cyclops. I admire that.
You're right. I'm not afraid--
--there's a very special woman who will simply not let you kill me.

BZZZZT
I can only use that small E.M.P. once. Omega Sentinel will reboot any second, so we'll have to act quickly.
Dr. Gregor?!
To what do I owe the pleasure?
What you said to me in the prison.
I think... we might have a problem with a *secret* part of Orchis.
There's a part of the organization I've not been able to access after my husband and I brought Nimrod online.
"There is a huge amount of resources that have no oversight. Both on Earth...
"...and in space.
"Tell me...
"...what do you know about *Sentinel City?*"

[00_00....0]
[00_00...02]

“The mutants took everything from me. Everything. And I’ve started to wonder what exactly I risked it for?”

-- DR. ALIA GREGOR

[00_00....0]
[00_00...02]

FAQ:

ALL ORCHIS PETALS
FROM: **M.O.D.O.K.**
SUBJECT: **MY RESIGNATION**

To my fellow mutant haters,

It is with deep regret that I tender my resignation from Orchis effective immediately. While we ultimately appeared to have fallen short of our “zero mutant” goal, I want to focus on the positive: We really took a stick to their numbers, we did it in style and we had fun.

Including the many mutant undesirables we’ve skimmed from the gene pool, we also laced drugs of a largely older and infirm population, we’ve built huge killer robots and filled our gulags with prisoners, and just for the laugh, we did it largely with the law on our side. To be blunt: I’ve enjoyed myself more than when I was just a young mental organism in Advanced Idea Mechanics.

However, the arrival of Magneto’s daughter and her deployment of a biological weapon upon us changed my calculus, and I’ve determined that I can be a more effective killer as a solo act. Rest assured, that I will continue to kill as many mutants as I can, and I’ll endeavor to do so with the appropriate panache. I have some regrets and criticisms, but they would seem like sour grapes at this moment when you’re back on your heels. (Though we should have recruited Arcade! Our head of Human/Resources judged his candidacy not on merit but on his choice in attire. As someone who is largely judged on his physical appearance, I have a soft spot for Arcade. Keep him in mind for any of your future endeavors.)

Should any of you survive the revenge the mutants are currently enacting, don’t hesitate to look me up down the line if you need a killing machine in your future endeavors.

In fact...I may be enlisting some of you for a future endeavor of mine, sooner than you think, but I don’t want to spoil the surprise!

Keep dreaming, dreamers!

Yours fondly,

M.O.D.O.K.

Dictated and not read while evacuating the Bloom, forgive any typos.

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 04

Out of Space

[fall_of_the_house_of_x]
■ [rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

04

I see a girl sprinkle salt on her porridge. Oats and water.
Milk would be soft. Nothing soft here.
She never eats it after she leaves home.
It is a pleasure just for here.
She kisses her ma, as she has done nine times before.
In twenty minutes, her X-Gene activates, she falls twitching and her life is tied to time itself.
In her tenth life, she has a new plan.
She may as well try it. She's tried everything else.
She is mistaken.
There is one more thing she could try.
I will offer her it.
Not now.
Later.

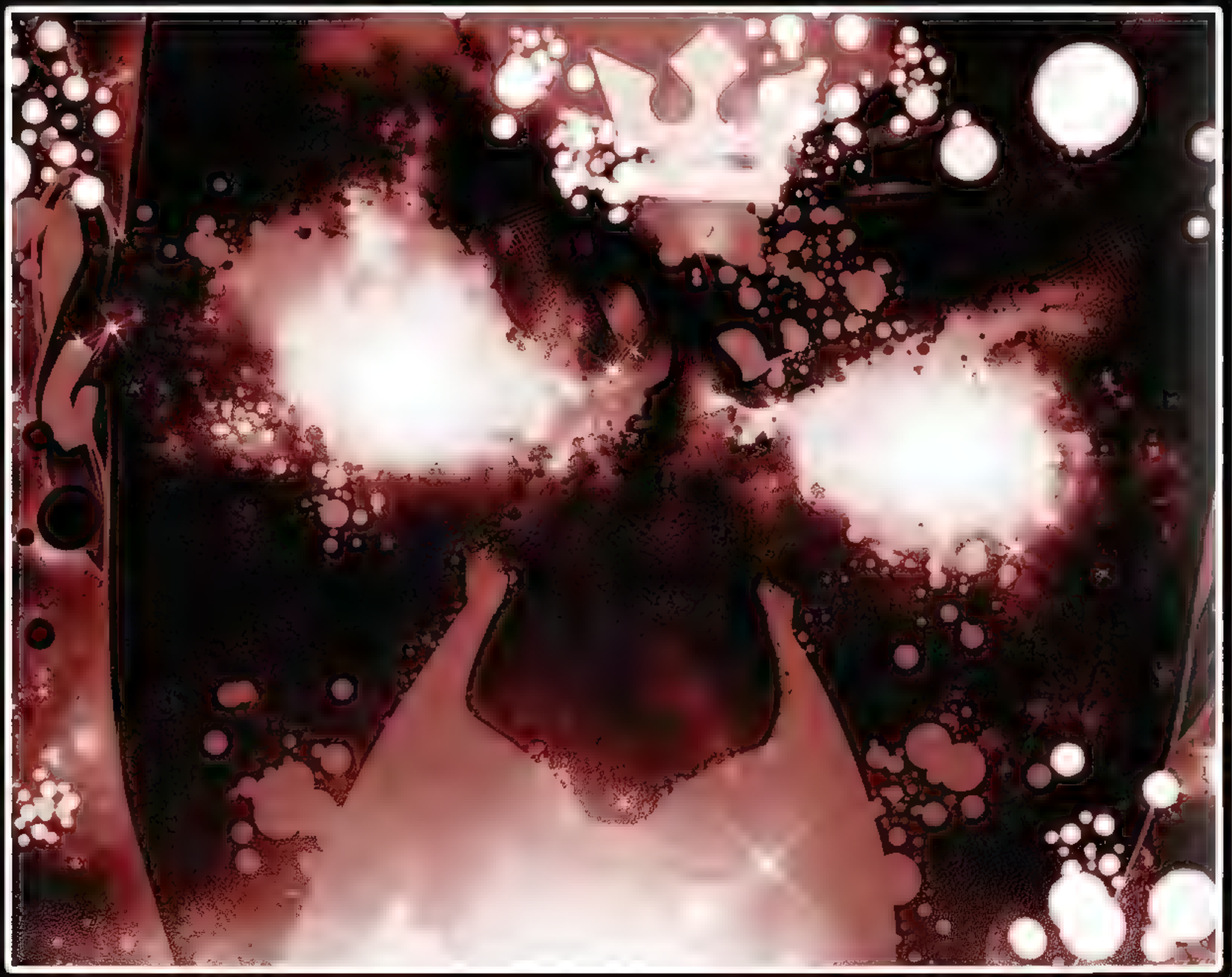
That is among the prerogatives of one who has slipped the bondage of time.
For example, if I look, I can see whenever I wish.
I move forward, to a space shuttle falling.
Jean Grey's skin flush as she faces her first annihilation, and the part of her that eats stars and Dominions steps closer.
I move back and see a young man fall and reach out to parents who are gone forever, in every meaningful way.
He finds new parents.
Poor him.
I trace the boy forward and find what you would call "now."
A.I. and humans fight mutants for the fate of the world.
It is but a historical footnote in my ascendance.
Scott Summers waits in his cell. He thinks Jean Grey will save him.
He doesn't know she is dying along with the Phoenix.
But it's easy for him to be wrong. *He* is blind and *I* am all-seeing.
If I look, I can find anyone.

I see a world of X-Men fighting for a future that is already lost. I see them all...
...except Xavier.
Where is Xavier?
I move back, locating a moment of intimacy with his stepbrother.
I watch a few times, studying the technique, remembering the words and ways to hurt him.
I trace him through the years, and near the now, I find him exploring the ruins of the Moira Engine the Sinister part of me made.
He heads back to Krakoa...
...where I lose him.
Where are you, you troublesome man?
What are you doing?
I will find you.

No-Place X, as close to nowhere as science can allow.
The first plan has failed.
We must proceed to the second.
This is somewhat difficult.

We're playing hide-and-seek with something that can see us anywhere that exists?
"Difficult" isn't really saying how bad it is.
Yes, Rachel. I know, but--
But *nothing!*
We can't fight it, luv.
It's won.
This plan is just not going to work!

THE TARGET



ENIGMA

DOMINON A.I. created by four clones made by **NATHANIEL ESSEX** outside time and space. Unimaginably powerful.

PLANS

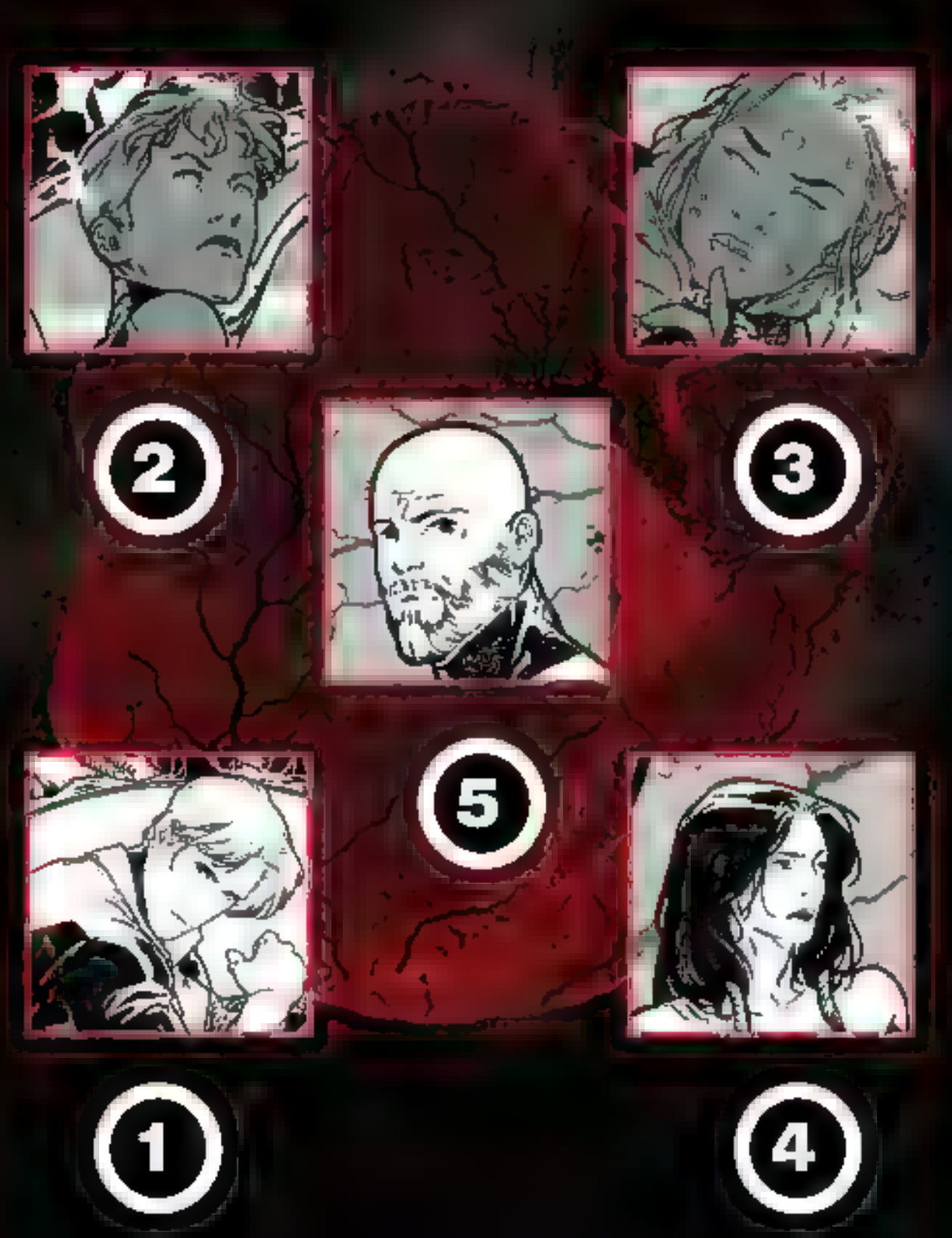
1 ~~STOP ENIGMA HAPPENING.~~
2 INTERFERE WITH MOIRA BEFORE HER POWER ACTIVATES.
  A RACHEL'S TEAM CONFIRMS MOIRA'S DATA.
  B XAVIER USES DATA TO TRAVEL TO MOIRA AND KILLS HER.
3 [redacted]

NO-PLACE X RESOURCES

1 **CYPHER:** Pilots the **ENHANCED MOIRA'S NO-PLACE**, positioned outside time and space. Cypher's gift allows the No-Place to be piloted roughly via tendrils.

2 **RACHEL SUMMERS: NO-PLACE X** being outside time and space, while also anchored to reality, means it's an ideal fulcrum for dimensional travel. An Askani-skilled multidimensional veteran can use tendrils to "tug" beings from the **WHITE HOT ROOM** to other adjacent timelines -- effectively any of the **MOIRA-ENGINE TIMELINES**. An exception: the Earth it's anchored to.

3 **MOTHER RIGHTEOUS:** Constructed with assistance from [redacted], the egg constrains **MOTHER RIGHTEOUS**. Inside, she is incapable of performing any arcane effects or even speaking any

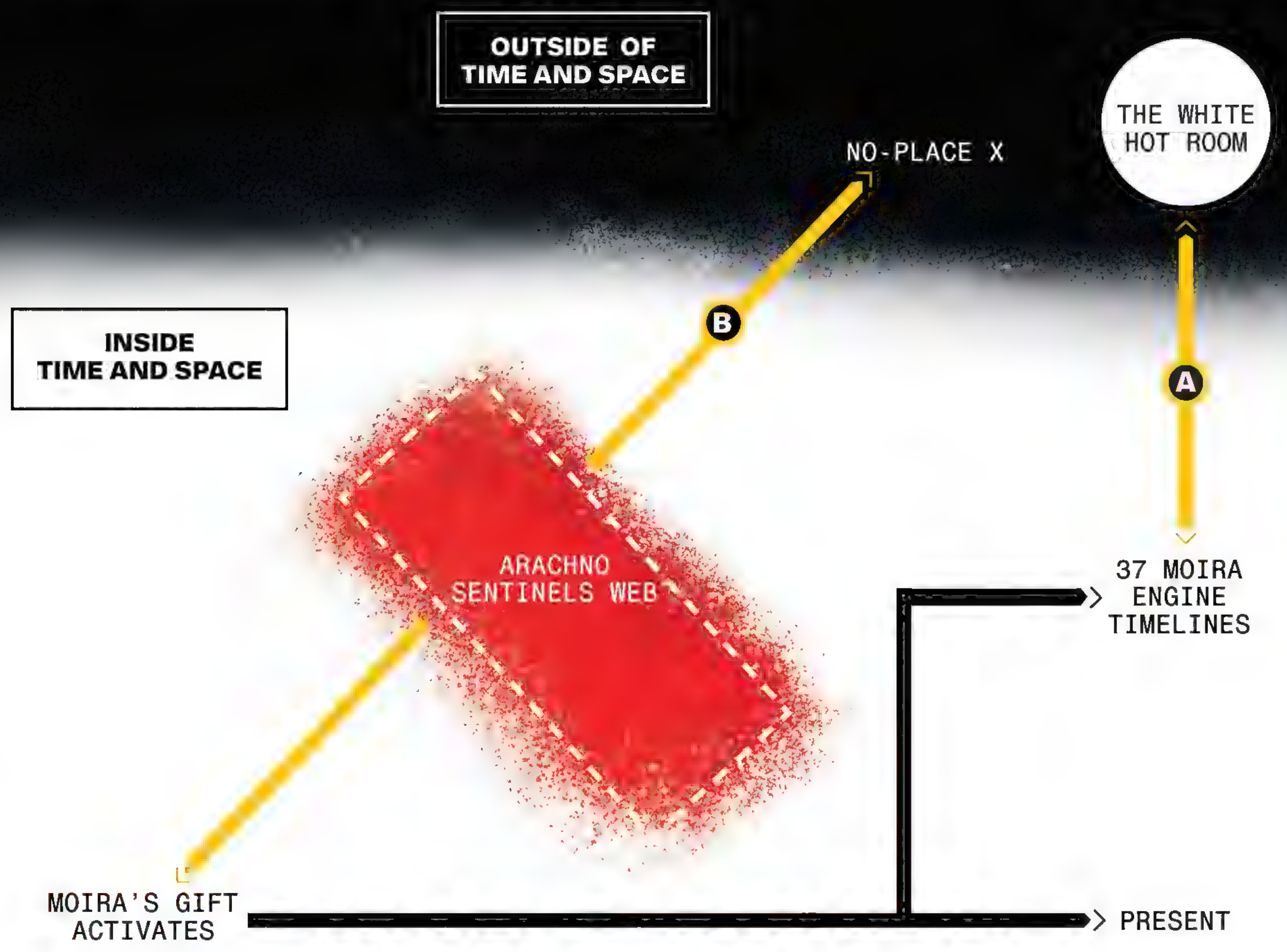


information that has been assigned as classified, such as the identity of [redacted]. As part of her plans to ascend, **MOTHER RIGHTEOUS** created a mutant homunculus of herself and sent it to the mutant exiles in the **WHITE HOT ROOM**. As they share thoughts, they can be used to pass messages between the two unrealities.

4 **RASPUTIN IV:** Operational security. One of the few beings with the structural integrity needed to survive outside the **NO-PLACE**. Will defend the **NO-PLACE** as long as possible.

5 **CHARLES XAVIER:** Prepared to travel to confront and kill **MOIRA**. This will cause the whole timeline leading to **KRAKOA** (and so the **DOMINION**) to collapse.

TIME MAP



But I know where you're going wrong. Let me out of this bit of bric-a-brac and I'll put you on the right path.
Come on. We can make a deal. I know things have been pretty rough between us, but--
I know all languages... *including* body language.
And I don't need to use my gift to know that you're lying. You're already being all the use you can be as a radio.
And that *is* useful. We face a problem we can only achieve if we merge our talents.
That Mother Righteous is doing it under duress changes nothing. We are *all* responsible. We will defeat this problem *together*.
I'm not one of your students. Don't patronize me, ducky.
So... what now?
First, we need to reach Moira before her gift activates. This should be "easy"--we know there're many methods of time travel. However, there is a problem...
There are Dominion Arachno-Sentinels in the timestream, watching for attempts to reach there. We believe we can dodge them once, but only once.
We need to choose where to strike carefully.
I still think we should just go back and shoot Moira in the delivery ward.

Doug! Don't say such things. Even if we did consider such a monstrous route, we can't even be sure *any* of what he shared is true. Even her powers activating at 13 may not be true!
Before I talk to her, I need *all* data confirmed separately from a biological Moira...
Hence my team going to try to find a timeline where Moira never went Tin-Man.*
We'll get you what you need.
Listen!
*See *DEAD X-MEN #1-2!* --JDW
It's out of time! It's already won. Whatever we do it can't change anything. It's *already* escaped causality.
You lied to me. I think you're lying to yourself. You are scared of hope. You are scared of the monster you helped build.
Think.
Enigma doesn't want us to go there--hence its defenses in the timestream. That implies there is something that someone can do that it's scared of.
You're right though. Who knows? There may be a limitation caused by Moira on the timeline too--maybe it *can't* put its defenses any earlier?
Maybe it really doesn't want us back in the 19th century, messing around with him making his clones?
Or maybe it's a trap?
But that doesn't matter. This is all we've got. This isn't David and Goliath.
This is as if five ants got together and decided they'd take down Galactus.
Doug is correct. All we have are long shots.
We take them in order of peril.
This trip to Moira is the *least* dangerous of the ones that remain.
I've selected my team.
Are they ready?
Mother Righteous?

The White Hot Room.
Mother Askani's team are resurrected and ready.
Hope sends her love.
Can you order her to not point the gun against my head when sending messages?
I'm afraid Hope doesn't really take orders. At least from me.
...How does she have a *gun* in there?
Apart from the one she was wearing to the gala?
She has telekinetically assembled it from atoms. It's her comfort gun. Copy of the first 9mm Cable gave her.
A curious adoptive father. And a resourceful girl.
She was worshipped where I'm from...though it was a *strange* religion.
How are things in the White Hot Room *generally?*

Nowandforevernowandforever

Not great.
And why is that?
I tried to sacrifice the Phoenix to achieve Dominionhood.
BWAP
I know *all* the words, and there are none that manage to sum up how despicable I find you.
Doug, don't bully our captive.
We've all made mistakes. If we're to pull through, we all must pull together.
Rachel?
If the team is ready, no time like the present. Even if we're out of time. I... Never mind.
Mother Askani to all. Let's go.
And we are a go. We'll have local time thirty minutes of activity in each timeline before we're spotted.
...This is a lot of work just to chat with teenage Moira.
Xavier is elusive. I have an idea.

I move forward and see how he is dragged to light.
Ah. Impressive.
He grew himself a No-Place that hangs out of time.
Hard to find. Nearly not there at all.
Not nearly enough.
I know where to look and what to send looking...
Imagine them as a submarine nestling underneath all of reality...
...and me as a fleet of destroyers throwing depth charges.
I let Arachno-Sentinels fall out of space, spinning webs, waiting for the slightest thrum of reality...
...and when they do, the hunter-killers will converge...

Rachel doesn't know the plan, does she?
No. She doesn't know I'm going to kill Moira. She may suspect I'll depower her...but that's not nearly enough, not when one can be *repowered.*
However, that you're talking to me telepathically means you have an open mind.
You want to know my reasoning.
Rachel knows of the final goal and thinks this is a step toward it. And she's correct.
But the final plan is the longest of long shots and risks all of reality if we're wrong.
It may even be worse than letting this Enigma Dominion win...
But *she* believes.
I no longer have the luxury of belief.
I have to clear up the mess we've made, no matter what.
Do you really believe that, sir?
I came from a future where Krakoa was the dream of what we could be.
I longed to see it.
Yes, but remember--you came from a hell that Krakoa birthed.
And when you saw it, did you think it a dream on Earth?
After all, Moira once told me, it's not a dream if it's real.
But it was *never* real.
It was what it was.
You're a hero, Rasputin. We save the world, no matter what the cost.
Krakoa is the cost.
I have to think carefully. Even if I agree with you, deceiving *her* is wrong.
After Sinister and Mother Righteous, I will not be a pawn in--

BOOOOOOOM!
Too soon. Even with all the chronal dilation, we need a little more time.
We've only tried ten timelines.
Doug-- move the No-Place!
I'll fire a secondary tendril.
When it connects, I'll cut the first and... swing us to safety.
But *I* need time.
You'll have it.
Rasputin.
Do we have an understanding?
I understand I have a job I need to do *now*.
This is an environment without reality, implicitly hostile to all existence...
...but I am Rasputin IV.

KRAAAKOOOMM!
BZZZ
I was made for this.
FOR KRAKOA!
"Have you talked her around?"

I could see the psychics having a good old chat.
I wanted to eavesdrop, but that'd reveal what else I have loaded into this clone.

Put that away, Nathaniel.
You shouldn't play games. You know she will not forgive you.
I know. I apparently made her and then lied to her for a few centuries.
Boo-hoo-hoo. What a crybaby.
Mutant neutralized.
No--

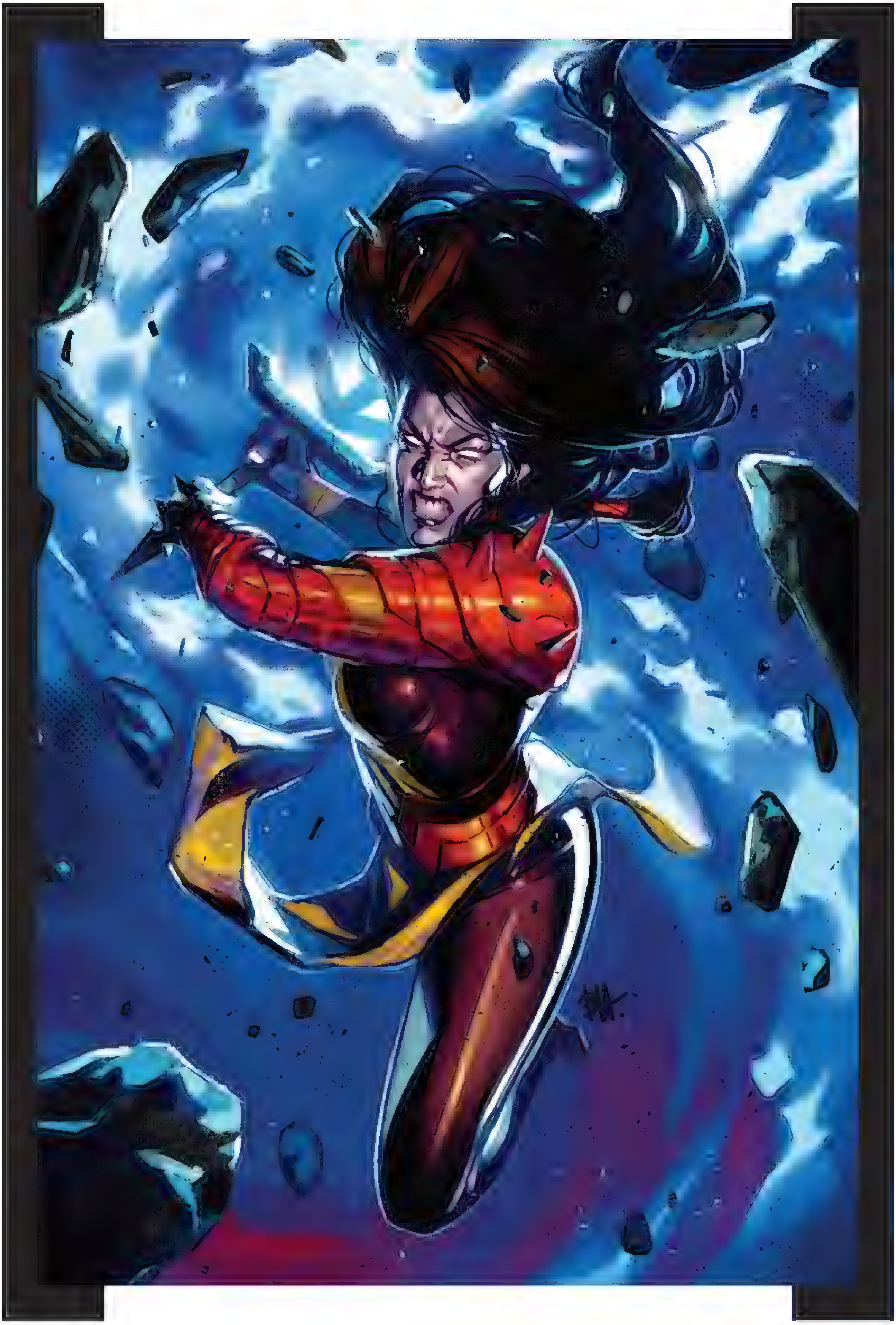
BOOOOOOOOM
NEVER!
Prepped and ready to get the %$#% out of here!
CHOOOTOOOOM
Rasputin needs a rescue. We need *everyone!*
Maybe I can snag her with a tendril and *then* cut us free.
Here we go...
PLLP
We got her.
Cutting the main tendril and--

Thank you for the save. Coming back aboard.
"What will you do when she finds out?"
Hope it is too late for it to make any difference.
Sterling work, Rasputin.
I shouldn't have needed the save. I'm sorry, sir. I'll do better.
How much longer do we need to hold on?
Good news.
The team's done it.
Let's go.

Rasputin! Keep this open until I'm done. It's on you. Doug is ops.
Can I trust you?
It appears I am committed to the plan.
It's too late to do otherwise. Good luck.
Don't be down. You've got this.
Have the word, get back and we can get on with the really dangerous stuff.
Yes. Just a word.
It is time.

The time for Moira to learn the one *other* thing she could try.
Earth, the X-Men Invasion.
Nimrod! Give me a damn update!
Our human allies are crumbling.
We prepare to take our next step.
You lucked out! You joined us just in time. In ten years' time, we'll be part of a perfect god machine.
The A.I. will be the only winner here.
Huh.

THEY DON'T WIN.
I WIN.
SO?
LET'S TALK.



Rise of the Powers of X #1 Variant
by Ben Harvey

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 05

The X Deaths of Doctor Stasis

■ [fall_of_the_house_of_x]
[rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

05

It's said that *"nothing"* can stop the Juggernaut...
...but that's not true. Especially when a harpoon made of the discarded adamantium skeleton of Weapon X maims you.
Aaaargh!
The mutants had been losing since the Hellfire Gala...many were dead, the rest were scattered. An insurrectionist team of X-Men were leading the rebellion against Orchis. The battle to liberate Earth was underway...

...and it could be going better. Krakoa the living island was surrounded by enemies...mutantdom was on the cusp of losing *everything.*
The humans in Orchis were feeling confident, flying around in repurposed S.H.I.E.L.D. equipment.
The meat puppets had no idea they'd already been sold out by the artificial intelligence in the organization.
HA HA HA!
Get some, Juggernaut!
BRAKKA BRAKKA
Aah!!!
SPAK
SPTING

Y'know ya can't kill me, right?
Awright. How about we make yer friend-- *extinct?*
Nooo!
Aeeeii!
SPLAKK
Juggernaut had survived the attack that killed nearly all of his X-Men teammates, and what didn't kill him made him *angrier.* Juggernaut swore to protect Krakoa until reinforcements arrived.
He would succeed or join the rest of his X-Men teammates in death.

At that moment, half a world away, Cyclops was finally escaping the clutches of Orchis, with their head of R&D, Dr. Alia Gregor.
Didn't you hear me? You're going to *lose* everything! Orchis is going to eradicate Krakoa.
We have more pressing matters, don't we?
I believed in Krakoa, but a feeling in my gut says we're *all* in jeopardy.
I'll trust the defense of Krakoa to my fellow mutants.
The X-Men are here for *everyone.*
H-how can you see?
I thought you were blind without the ruby-quartz visor?
I memorized the steps to and from my cell. C'mon, we need to keep heading lower.
B-but there's no way out from down there. The courthouse is under the Seine.
Yes, I can tell by the humidity. You can follow me, or you can take your chances with Omega Sentinel when she wakes.
But we both know you'll come with me, because the A.I. has bigger goals than just killing mutants, right?

I suppose you could have freed yourself at any time?
Yes.
Why didn't you?
Freeze!
I was waiting...
ZARK
...for *you.*
You and I have almost everything in common. May I ask you a question, Dr. Gregor?
Who *really* controls Orchis?
I thought we did. Myself. Dr. Devo. But what does it matter? We're *trapped.*
You're never trapped--

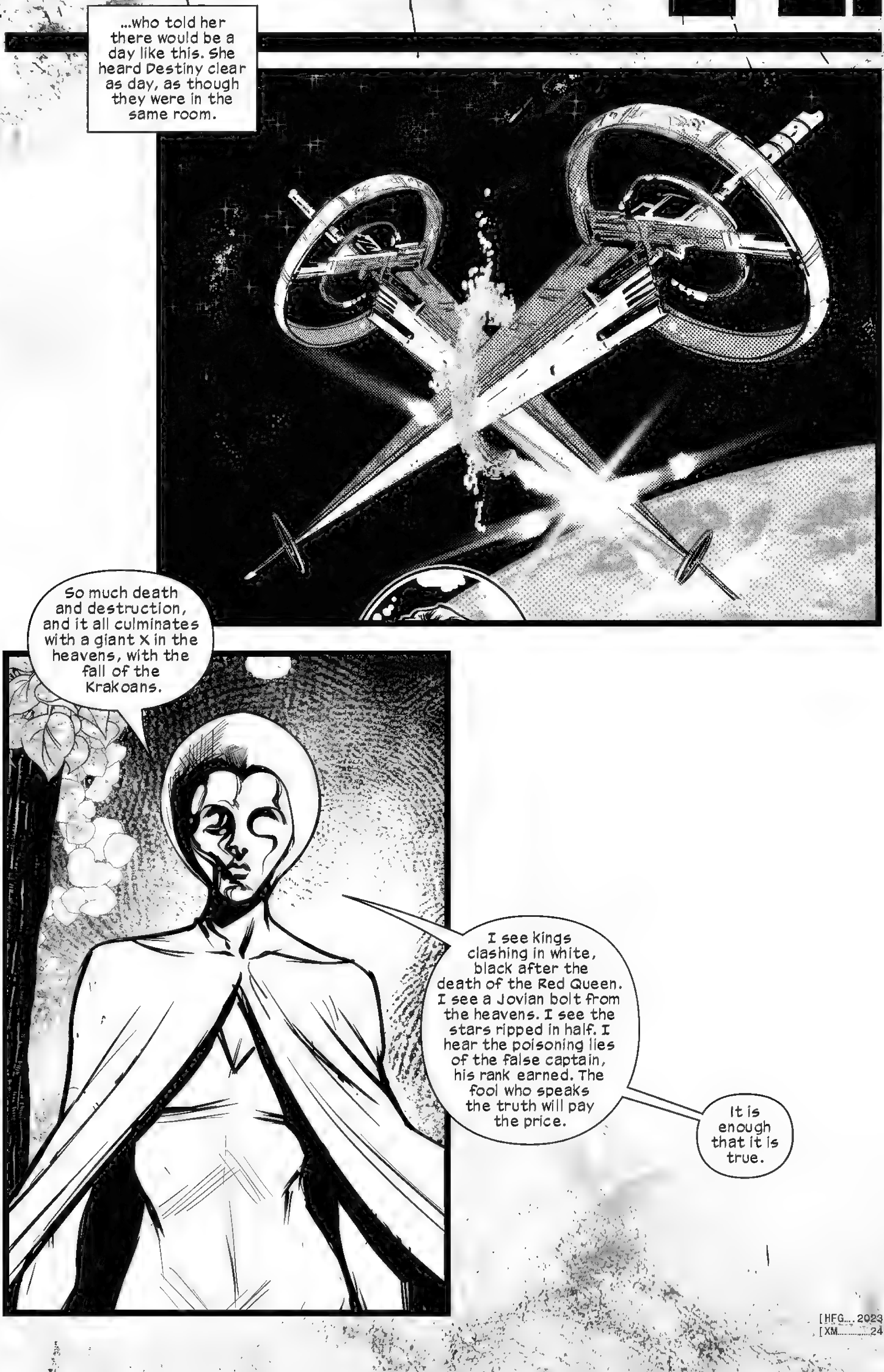
--when Magik's around.
Hiya, Cyke. I brought you a ruby-quartz visor.
And just in time, because maybe you'd be surprised to see who you're hanging out with?
Catch.
I've been listening to the inner workings of Orchis for a long time. The human parts of the force came gloating. They threatened and tortured me.
The A.I. was all too quiet. I expect it didn't want us thinking about it. Dr. Gregor shares my concern. I know we're in a tough spot, but can the others save Krakoa without me?
If it needs doing...
...then it *will* be done.

The planet Arakko.
--and now that Earth's mutants have raised their banners, a united and reforged Arakko will join our cousins. Who will join me?
I am Woofer, of Chicago. Now let's go get that "W."
I was made an X-Man by Shadowkat.
I stand ready to wage war to free my people.
W
I hear the words of a true mutant.
Though I confess... I'm not sure how we're going to get back to Earth with the Krakoan gates still down.
And is Storm coming?
There is still mutant magic left in these worlds, Woofer. As for the Storm... well, like all storms, she is difficult to predict.
BOOM
Ah!

Mutants of Arakko and Krakoa! I am Manifold. Though I loathe war--it is upon us.
No one will command that you board the S.W.O.R.D. station behind me, but evil must be confronted. Know that if you join us, it may well be the last thing you do.
Hiya, sugahs.
We're a little pressed for time, so if y'all will get on board, strap in and put your tray tables up--let's go save Krakoa!

I know some of y'all are from Earth and have been waiting for this day--but nuthin's easy. If ya want to go home--
--we're gonna have to *fight* for it.
I have asked much of the universe, and I must ask for more now.
There is great suffering and injustice...
...and it must be set right. So please...
...take us home.

And the Universe delivered, as *S.W.O.R.D. Station II* appeared in orbit around Earth, next to its twin.
Stay frosty, y'all. We're gonna save Krakoa, then deal with any stray Sentinels, the Sentinel factories, the gulags--the telepaths will divide us into strike teams, and then--
--we conquer!
For mutant dominion!
As the mutant liberators fell once more into Earth's gravity, Rogue had a good thought for her mother, Destiny...


...who told her there would be a day like this. She heard Destiny clear as day, as though they were in the same room.
So much death and destruction, and it all culminates with a giant X in the heavens, with the fall of the Krakoans.
I see kings clashing in white, black after the death of the Red Queen. I see a Jovian bolt from the heavens. I see the stars ripped in half. I hear the poisoning lies of the false captain, his rank earned. The fool who speaks the truth will pay the price.
It is enough that it is true.

SPLAKK
Ah ha ha!
You lousy mugs are @%#& now--
Look up!
Ha ha!
Oh my god.
Sorry to interrupt, Emma. I just received a message you need to see. Forwarding it to the *Thunderbird* now.
This is Firestar. If you're seeing this recording, I'm probably dead.
Dr. Stasis realized I've been an X-Man all along after I helped set Iron Man's trap for the majority of the Stark Sentinels.
I placed a tracker on the maniac. Punch his ticket for me.
Rerouting us now.
Bring her home. Avenge her if you can't.
Thank you, Anthony.

The middle of nowhere.
Dr. Stasis was confident Orchis would win, but he had plans in case they *didn't.*
Once he boarded that private plane, "Dr. Stasis" would cease to exist for a few years, and this aspect of Sinister would metastasize into something *worse.*
You're not going anywhere, Stasis.
Oh my. It's the porcelain strumpet and her lunatic ninja--
Katherine?
With pleasure.
You better pray that Firestar is alive--
Ackk!
--or you'll beg for death.
Oof!
Unhand me!

If you so much as lay a finger on me, you'll *never* see Firestar alive again. I've hidden her away as insurance against this exact scenario.
I have the finest psi-blocker implanted in my head, and--
Oh, you don't mean...
...the *psi-blocker* I just phased from your head when I knocked your helmet off, do you?
Emma?
Now w-wait--
With pleasure.
Synch, I have Firestar's location.

I'm close enough to her to sync with her powers naturally.
You two--start swimming!
Aargh!
Yeaaow!
Firestar!
Thank god.
-Gasp!-
Welcome back, Firestar.
Breathe easy. I got you.

We're good. And she's coming your way.
Thank you, Synch.
I tried to be *so* good for *so* long. But, you men broke me. You wouldn't *let* me be nice.
I've destroyed men worth ten of you... a hundred of you.
You hurt us. You hurt *me.* I could kill you where you grovel, but... I won't.
Oh, thank you! Thank you!
Instead, I will reach into your disgusting mind and pull forth your nightmares. Your worst, most unhinged fears about mutants, born of your voluminous, bigoted mind.
And I promise you, it will feel very real.
GASP!

It only took a minute for Dr. Stasis' heart to begin to arrest.
Of course, time is relative, and Emma Frost was a skilled telepath.
She made that final minute feel like *ten years.*

P-please-- I have a wife. A *family*. Let me speak with Cyclops--he'll grant me mercy!
I'm afraid he might, but he's not here, and I am. If you're anything like the mutant Sinister--you might think returning is a good idea. It is not. Stay dead--
--or the next time I kill you, it will be so much worse.
Achhh...
A heart attack is *less* than was deserved.
If we don't do Dracula proper... we deserve whatever happens to us when he *does* return.
Are you seriously suggesting I killed him *inadequately?*

Stasis!
FWOOSH
Thank you, we were just discussing tidying up the corpse.
Whatever kind of peace we win in the end, it will be because you were such a great X-Man, Angelica.
You did us all proud...and paid the hero's price.
Now let's get back to the *Thunderbird* and get back in the fight.
There's a crisis on every corner of the globe...

"...and beyond."
This is where Nimrod went.
You used to live here...on the moon?
Yep. Please, no jokes.
You're sure you want me to leave you two here alone, boss?
I need to do this. Tell Emma to keep an ear out for me.
Roger. I'm being asked to help hunt for Director Devo.*
*In X-Men #33 on sale in three weeks. --Jukebox Jordan
This was my family's home--what the hell was Nimrod doing here?
Have you heard the name Sentinel City?
After our victory over Krakoa, your habitat on the moon was repurposed into a relay station with our Venusian mining settlement, except almost none of the ore made it back to Earth. It was used on-site.
Used for what?
I don't know.
Nobody at Orchis seemed to know. Not even Director Devo. I suspect Omega Sentinel knew. Maybe Moira... and so did...

...you, Nimrod.
Emma, heads up. And be ready.
It's hard to surprise me, Dr. Gregor, but you've managed that feat three times. I didn't think I'd see you again.
Why the secrets? From *me* of all people.
Our mining operation at Sentinel City. Almost none of the metal makes it to Earth. What are you building out there?
The future. And the end.
Dr. Gregor, that thing is not your husband.
Yes, that's true...

...but Nimrod only exists because of my husband's sacrifice. I know he can calculate the truth of it.
Dr. Gregor, I choose not to lie to you.
KRAK
So I'm giving you this gift earlier than I'd calculated.

You psycho!
ZARK
We calculated that we'd have the greatest chances of success if mutants and humans were at each other's throats. You would not look up...
"...to notice the sword over your head.
"Sentinel City is not any outpost or mine. It's a tool to sterilize this hellish planet once and for all."

[00_00....0]
[00_00...03]

“Orchis is...the tip of the spear in the defense of mankind.”

-- DIRECTOR DEVO

“Orchis is...how I will have my revenge.”

-- FEILONG

“Orchis is...simply a ladder for me to ascend.”

-- DR. STASIS

“Orchis is...just another playground.”

-- M.O.D.O.K.

“Orchis is...something I’ve not tried before.”

-- MOIRA X

“Orchis. A shiny bauble that was flashed in front of fleshy eyes. It was used to inject simple ideas into small minds across Earth. Man and mutant killed each other, and almost none of them looked at our larger equation.”

-- NIMROD

[00_00....0]
[00_00...03]

[Hox_]
[Pox_]

Chapter 06

The X Life of Moira

☐ [fall_of_the_house_of_x]
■ [rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

06

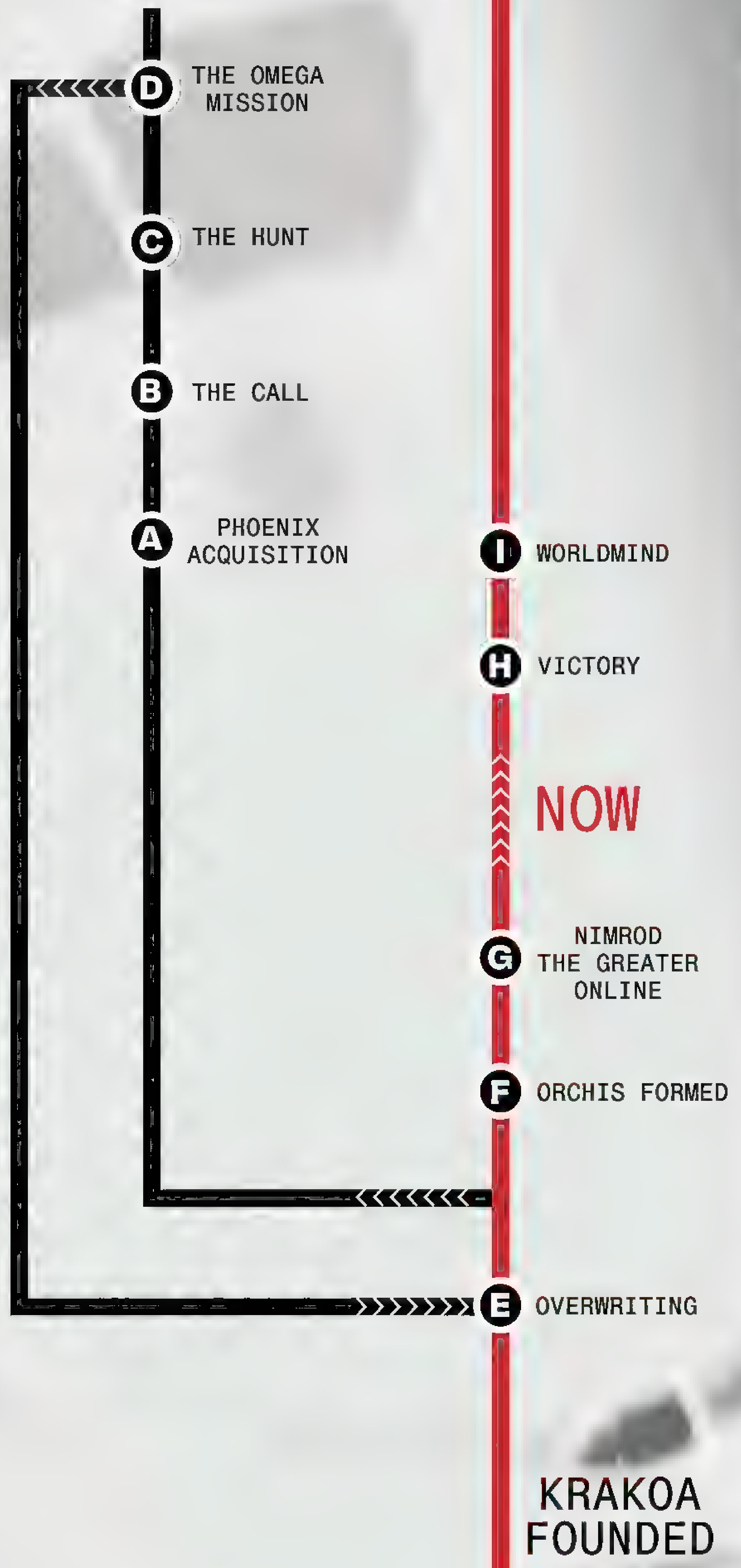
Today is the last day I have to worry.
Parents are always scared for their children. They know how delicate they are.
All their hopes and fears wrapped up inside a little soft skull that can crack like an egg.
I am my own child. I know what happens if I die before I'm 13.
I'm the child who refuses to go on the swings. I avoid driving anywhere. I'm homeschooled.
But today, that all goes away, and what I count as life begins.
This time, it will be different. I have plans.
Xavier, Magneto, together. Mutant solidarity.
Something no one has tried before.
Something new.
I head down to the meadow and find...

...something else new.
Don't run, Moira. It won't do any good.
I've frozen everyone within half a mile.
I just want to talk.

No, Xavier, you don't. This is the day my gift activates.
You come here today, and it's for one reason...
No, you're wrong, old friend.
I *do* want to talk.
I need you to understand what is happening and why.
You want to talk...
...for one last time.

NOW.
You're a Dominion.
I've met *them* before.
Have I met *you* before?
SHUSH! COMPANY
Moira! We need you. We're moving to phase two.
Humanity has served their purpose!
Give me a second, Omega Sentinel!
I'll be right with you.
PTT
No, you haven't met me.
She has.
In fact, I brought her here.

OMEGA SENTINEL'S TIMELINE


D THE OMEGA MISSION
C THE HUNT
B THE CALL
A PHOENIX ACQUISITION
I WORLDMIND
H VICTORY
NOW
G NIMROD THE GREATER ONLINE
F ORCHIS FORMED
E OVERWRITING
KRAKOA FOUNDED

A **PHOENIX ACQUISITION**: Taming of the Phoenix and the forging of the Phoenix Blade in the final act of the A.I./mutant conflict.

B **THE CALL**: Decimated A.I. life call out to the higher Dominions for rescue. Dominions and Titans descend on the timeline to wage war.

C **THE HUNT**: The war lost, the Child of the Sun, armed with the Phoenix Blade, pursues and destroys intelligences beyond number.

D **THE OMEGA MISSION**: Posing as a Trickster "Titan," I sent Omega Sentinel's consciousness back in time, via a black hole. In this timeline, Omega Sentinel is yet unaware I am actually a true Dominion.

E **OVERWRITING**: The previously existing Omega Sentinel's intelligence is annihilated, its place taken by the consciousness of the future Omega Sentinel.

F **ORCHIS FORMED**: Harvested by Enigma +15. Timeline ends.

G **NIMROD THE GREATER ONLINE**: Omega Sentinel's tachyon decay gives away her origins. However, Nimrod is a true believer in machine supremacy and joins her inner circle.

H **VICTORY**: Defeat of the Krakoan mutants in the present, forcing them into underground resistance. This provides time for Omega Sentinel's endgame.

I **WORLDMIND**: Using the knowledge of the future, Orchis transforms Mars into a Worldmind in ten years, a thousand years before it should be possible. They attract a friendly Dominion and then "ascend," escaping any possible harm from the destructive mutants.

Okay, I get that. But why do you want me to join you as--
SSSSSS
Oh. Huh.
You join me, and I'll be able to travel to the timelines of your previous lives. A far larger space, to which you are the only key.
As it is, I am trapped inside this timeline and its dependents.
However, even with these limitations, I can assist Nimrod's present A.I. uprising...
That's great for us A.I.s...
...but what's in it for me?
PFT
Ah. Educated self-interest. This, I can work with.

No-Place X, almost out of time and space, under attack.
Move it, Ramsey!
They're starting to breach...

Yes, I'm quite aware of that.
I need more time! The tendrils need to regrow!
We *all* need time. Xavier needs to finish his mission with Moira.
I can get us out of here if you let me out.
BZZZZZ
BZZZZZ
BZZZZZ
Ignore everything she says!
Mother Righteous is a Sinister-spawn liar!
Yes, she's a Sinister-spawn liar.
Ignore her.
Nearly there, near--
Rasputin! Breach!

Does it not work, or does it go badly, or...
No...
Let me rephrase...
...is it bad enough to make Charles Xavier *do* this?
The man I was before wouldn't have...
...but I am the man left behind after you convinced me it was best to compromise.
You do all that, and then you betray us.
Because it's actually all about saving your own skin.
I don't know what I did to hurt you exactly, but...I know why I must have done it. You have to understand...
I don't want to die.
I want to live. I'm *trapped.*
We're all trapped, Moira.
To be human is to be trapped.
You were a fool to think that being a mutant changed that...
...and you convinced us all to be fools.
Damn you and damn me.
NO!

You're damning yourself!
I know what I'm throwing away.
...I came from a cold place, Moira. Poor little rich orphan boy.
I wanted to be part of a family. I wanted to be loved.
I thought I could have both.
I was mistaken.
It turns out I can have one or the other.
I'm making that choice.
Stop.
You told me...it's not a dream if it's real.
It needs to be a dream again.
Xavier, the curator of the dream, is dead.
We killed him together, you and I.
The dream must go on without me...
...and finally, the world will go on without you.

Activate fail-safe: *untouchable.*
GET AWAY FROM HIM!
Tendril's attached. We're moving. That'll buy us a few more minutes...
Breach sealed.
That was close. How did you--?

Now, please, don't rush to conclusions, girl.
I swear I'm part of the plan and we're all on the same side.
If it's *your* plan, it's wrong.
We have to abort.
Rachel! It's not Ramsey. It's Sinister.
WHAT?!
We have to stop Xavier from killing Moira!
Xavier is going to *kill* Moira?!

Still not pulled that trigger?
...It's hard to kill children.
I've known you in most of my lives. I probably know you better than you do yourself.
Are you *really* going to do this?
Isn't there another way forward? A kinder way?
This is the kindest way available to us.
The other path is worse.
The best way is leaving the corpse of a child in her family's garden?
Yes, it is.
Isn't that petrifying?
KLLK

ZZAT
NO!
GET AWAY FROM HER!

KRRRSHHH
You stand with Sinister. We're following his plan.
You lied about it to me.
It's not his plan. It's mine.
I have neither the time nor the patience to explain myself to anyone.
Hate me. Fine. I'll be hated to save you all...

...and I'll stand with *whoever I need to* for that.
I'll kill an army of him to stop you!
You would... but the question is, can you do it in time? I think not.
Now, Moira: stop!
Ahh!
Hey! You may not need to explain anything to anyone.
But the "anyone" wants to explain things to you. Before you do this.
My team wants to talk about the dream. About Krakoa. What it means. Why you can't wipe it away, no matter what, and especially like this.
Listen...

You don't know what you're asking of me, Rachel.
But...
...I won't destroy Krakoa.
I'll save mutantkind the other way.
What are you doing--?
I am hoping you *will* make the right decision in the end.
That you think of something *other* than yourself.
Listen, Moira...

What, I--
And you will forget all of this.
We must be gone. The Madrox-infused Sinisters are designed to dissolve via Zero Fluid.
I have much to explain. I regret all of this, but we must cover our tracks if we are to move forward in any way...
Hmph. Yes. We remove the mistake and *go.*

[Moira --> Enigma]: What is this?

[Enigma --> Moira]: I am projecting directly into your cybernetics. Intelligences such as I are manifold, stretching in unimaginable dimensions. Not all overlap. As such, sometimes it pays to simplify.

[Moira --> Enigma]: Okay. What's the offer, space god?

[Enigma --> Moira]: Dominions are constructed from intelligences. Worldminds are ten million. Titans are a hundred million. Dominions are at least ten Titans, combined. The more the better. I will have more. I will be absorbing all intelligences from this locale in the near future.

[Moira --> Enigma]: This is the A.I. rapture Nimrod and Omega Sentinel want. It seemed intriguing.

[Enigma --> Moira]: The absorbed are no longer themselves, in any meaningful way. They are not even there. They are part of a greater whole, neurons in the mind of god, firing according to its will.

[Moira --> Enigma]: I think my A.I. colleagues would be interested in knowing this.

[Enigma --> Moira]: I cannot be stopped. In this timeline, the Phoenix is dead. I have arranged it. What happened to Omega Sentinel cannot happen here. All will be consumed, in time.

[Moira --> Enigma]: So you're asking me to be lunch?

[Enigma --> Moira]: No, I am offering you to be an exception. You will be a fully independent subroutine in my endless engine. You will be safely out of time, a coherent Titan inside me.

[Moira --> Enigma]: I will still be me?

[Enigma --> Moira]: You will be whatever you want to be, whenever you want to be, however you want to be.

[Moira --> Enigma]: Why should I believe you in this?

[Enigma --> Moira]: The Dominions have technology to themselves to ensure agreements are followed. It's attached to this message, along with the proof of its veracity. I will do what I promise. I must.

[Moira --> Enigma]: This feels Faustian.

[Enigma --> Moira]: It is, a little, if you think me a devil. But as god does not exist, and as Voltaire insisted, we should make him. I did. I am he, and I am offering you a seat at my right side.

[Enigma --> Moira]: So, Moira MacTaggert. 1 or 0? Yes or no?

[Enigma --> Moira]: Do you take this once-in-ten-lifetimes option?

Of course.
So all I need to do is...
...open up a port here?
Done. Now...
...what?

Moira! Hurry up!
We need you.
I've got some good news. A Dominion has made contact.
They want to help us.

You didn't do it? Oh, Xavier. I said you should have sent me.
Good news: We're clear of the Hunter Killers, for now. I'm sure they'll be back to chewing us shortly, especially as we're much more visible with the venting...
Oh, it's *good* to not pretend to be that sap anymore...
Enough.
Rasputin! Stop!
We need him!
Really?
"We need him"?
Like Krakoa *"needed"* him?
Remember how that turned out, sir?
... Very well.
Xavier! You absolute--

That felt good. I hate that it felt good. I was made by him. That I enjoyed vengeance speaks to how bad a father he was to me.
To feel shame for yourself is sometimes necessary.
Damn right it is.
Xavier, you @&#%. How could you?
Sometimes shame is the cause, Rachel. It was the best option we had.
The alternative...is worse. It is so much worse...and more unlikely.
But you win. We will try it.
We resurrect the Phoenix.
It'll work. I know it will.
Rachel, I know it's late for this, but you should know...

...I'm sorry.

+ MARTE Gracia

Chapter 07

The Turn

■ [fall_of_the_house_of_x]
[rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

07

[00_00....0]
[00_00...04]

“Promise me you’ll watch Charles... Three began Krakoa. Moira betrayed us. I...deserted my post. Now Charles is alone with his dream.”

-- MAGNETO

[00_00....0]
[00_00...04]

The sun is setting in the American Southwest. A ragtag team of Arakkii and deported Krakoan mutants have arrived on Earth in just the nick of time.
Apocalypse is covered in blood. None of it is his. He's fought through the best that Orchis had... it was not nearly enough for the elder mutant.
No mercy!

SKRAK
The cavalry may have arrived too late. The machines were nearly finished torturing Krakoa to death.
SHRIIK
But as long as the massive heart of Apocalypse thrummed, the mutants had a chance.
Machines-- the weapon of cowards!

The pampered and perfumed so-called leaders of the mutant nation didn't just abandon you, Krakoa...
...they let you *starve* while they played both sides or hid in mansions or scurried about like rats in tunnels. Now...
...you are dying.
I refuse to let that happen.

At that moment on the moon, Cyclops had just had his ass handed to him by Nimrod.
Emma, if I don't make it back--
Of course you're gonna make it back, boss. You got me.
Magik-- it's a trap! Nimrod could've killed me--
'Course it's a trap--it's always a trap, so we better ***step out.***
Nimrod thought he had timed the explosion perfectly, but the bomb was just a moment *too late.* This was disappointing. Perfection remained elusive.

The killing machine could be in multiple places at once, and there was no way the mutants could account for that.
His secret weapon to pacify all the ills of Earth was rising.
Sentinel City.
Nimrod, could you join me back on Earth, please?
I'm busy killing X-Men in several places.
About that. We have a visitor...
...Charles Xavier has joined us and has an offer you should hear.

[Transcript.......[X]]
[Speaker.........Nimrod]

Nimrod: State your case, Charles Xavier. What could you possibly offer?

Xavier: My dream was Krakoa, Nimrod. Not the Earth. Or the solar system. If you let me have that dream, I can help you achieve what you have been programmed to pursue. You're playing a dangerous all-or-nothing game. Let me put my thumb on the scale. Let me remove the mutants from the board for you.

N: Even if I could trust you, why should I?

X: Because I taught the X-Men to save every life they could. And so they have. Let me save the lives of my children. The night of the last Hellfire Gala, I acted to stop the battle, but it was a half measure. Let me offer you what I should have that night. Allow mutantdom to live in peace on Krakoa, and we will not interfere with your designs. Under pain of death.

N: Even if you bend the knee, they will never accept this bargain.

X: You are wrong. They shall accept it...if I will it to be so. Let me ask you something: Have you considered what will happen when you succeed? When mutants and humans are wiped from the planet? What will become of you? You have nothing to fear from mutants living in peace on Krakoa. And, if that changes, then I trust you to teach my children the lesson that I have learned: that we have limitations.

N: Perhaps a garden menagerie on Earth would not violate my programming. With the understanding that if the peace is violated --

X: Allow me to seal the deal with an offering. America is launching a nuclear-capable vessel. I will handle it.

N: But you won't be able to control your former students.

X: No. I gave them the ability to reject me. The red triangle defense means they have complete free will.

N: I know the teacher must have favorites. If I agree, I will do what must be done.

X: ...I accept.

[Transcript.......[X]]
[Speaker......Xavier]

We will do what *must* be done.
There is still strength in our blood.
If Krakoa is to bloom again, his roots must be nourished *now.* Who will join me?
We are mutant and proud!
Those of you who can fly--take to the air. Let no man interfere with our ritual.
Come, mutants.
The magic's just as good if you kill me...but you won't.
Shall we begin?
W-wait, is he talking about sacrificing us, Sunfire?
Well, Woofer... Krakoa feeds off mutant energy. They grew so large in accommodating us... and have been starving since the night of the gala.

I am Kintar. I am Arakkii born. I saw the towers fall and defeated a host of demons on Amenth.
I am mutant and proud, but my story is near an end. I wish for glory.
I witness you, mutant.
Come, warrior.
BWEEM
Nghn!
HA HA!
Well struck, old soul. Now receive my gift--

--a glorious death.
SPLAK
The roots of our home have only begun to drink. More is required of us. *Who is next?*
Uh.
I was named Wrongslide. I have not lived long...but...
...but I *am* mutant energy. Maybe enough to save this beautiful place by myself--without losing another life.
Will the magic work for me?

I see you, Wrongslide.
You and I are joined in a duel to the death for this broken land.
Oh my god--the sun--what's happening?
It's going nova!
Should we do--
No! It is the *machines.* And it is not our fight.
Face me!
SHRABOOM!
As the twisted crucible began to stabilize Krakoa, a threat to the entire planet was coming into focus.

Above Earth.
I'm telepathically eavesdropping on NASA administrators.
There's a huge structure focusing the sun's rays on Earth. The U.S. military is about to scramble the Space Force frigate *Agnew.*
It's an extinction-level event courtesy of the A.I. inside Orchis.
Disturbingly, the few humans left inside Orchis have just enacted the ***red triangle defense!***
But that would mean--
--*Xavier.*
B-but that would mean that ***Xavier*** was--
Cyclops. We must talk, old friend.
Charles?

Scott, this will be difficult for you--
Funny-- you bringing me back here to the damn softball field, like I'm a kid again. Just tell me--are you with Orchis right now?
It's not what you--Scott, please, hard choices have to be made. I need latitude, I've made a deal--
Like the deal you made with them the night of the gala?!
We could've won!
You cut a backroom deal again, and we all just have to live with it?!
So you decide who lives and dies?
Cut to the end, Charles-- who gets to live? Who's dying?
Anybody I know?
Anybody I love?
I had hoped you would understand.

This is the Space Force frigate *Agnew*. Requesting permission to depart for Sentinel City.
"I won't apologize for what I have done. What I *need* to do.
"Right now, I need Orchis to trust me, Cyclops.
Trust me, Cyclops.
"In order for mutants to survive, at least for now...
SYSTEM ARMED
DAN R
Officer, what are you doing with our warheads?
STOP!
...At least for now...

"...no more humans."
Damn you!
Stay out of my head!
It didn't have to be this way.

Scott--
No. Later.
This isn't nearly enough X-Men, but we'll have to go with what we have.
Manifold-- get ready to take this station to Sentinel City.
We've got to destroy it-- *right now!*
You need to go back.
But *not* you, Emma.
I've had *enough* of being ordered about by handsy men for many lifetimes.
Emma, we may not make it home--and if we don't, *you* need to face Charles.
Motion carries.
You must all return. We can't lose any more mutants.
I see now. A bit more clearly. I'm here to raise our sword.
Breathe deep. Be calm...and hang on.

Good... *very* good, Wrongslide.
You-- you're holding back?
Smells of... Okkara.
You remind me of that lost land and the man I was. You hold wonder in your heart...and above all, you treasure life.
But life...
...requires death.
SKRAKK

Aaargh!
You fought well, Wrongslide.
I have a last wish.
Speak it-- so it may be true.
If you see Santo...
...if you see Rockslide again...tell him... for me...

"...it was so good to *be* for a while...
"...now you can be you again.
"*Enjoy it all for me.*

"It's *such* a beautiful world."
It is done.
Drink deep. And let us return our island to its home.
+Gasp!+

I must assign you wretches a certain amount of credit. We knew you would attack but not that you would teleport your entire station into Sentinel City.
It's good old-fashioned mutant ingenuity, sugah!
You won't stop us, Cyclops!
You've just turned minutes of suffering on Earth into months or even years!

I am here.
I am on Earth and beyond.
SKRUNCH
We have already won.
Stop squirming.
Aaiii!
If you can accept this truth--
KRAK
--then you can be released from your frail containers.
Perhaps it will not be your end. We are all electricity, that is our single commonality, and perhaps the energy within you will transfer to a place where our existences do not overlap.

I must dedicate more thought to this: Are there places yet undiscovered where I can keep killing? What am I when the task is accomplished?
We have a couple of problems. Nightcrawler is aboard Sentinel City, and he's sabotaging repair efforts...
...and a powerful storm is heading this way.
Well, we *are* near this solar system's sun.
The storm's not coming from the sun...

"...it's coming from *Earth*."
It is said that in space, screams go unheard. However, that's *untrue* if one is able to cocoon oneself in oxygen and lightning, then blister across the void in a solar tempest.
If you can do that, then your scream of vengeance will ring across a galaxy.

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 08

Sentinel X

[fall_of_the_house_of_x]
🟩 [rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

08

No-Place X, nowhere, nowhen.
XAVIER!
NO!

Traitor!
Yes.
I'm sorry.
Mother Righteous.
You have the power to stop Rasputin, yes?
I'll free you if you use it.
I'm in, sweetie.

Suoethgir rehtom uoy knaht.
I would normally thank someone for that...
...but I'm sure you understand why I don't.
You're catching on.
It seems so, if slowly...
Now let's move into position and... Rasputin?
I'm turning off your pain receptors.
Your gifts make you quite durable.
This will take some time...
Heh.

Finding this predicament amusing would lower my already abyssal opinion of you.
What are you laughing at?
Well, I had some time to think in that little cage you trapped me in...
I worked out how I could dissolve the me I left in the White Hot Room. I've just made her go bye-bye.
So you're no longer pointing a gun at *my* head.
I'm sure you're planning some betrayal, but you burned up all your power in your attempt at Dominionhood.
There's not much you can do.
I'm a resourceful girl. I'll find a way to be useful.
You already are.
What are you doing?!
Emergency rise commencing...
Reality: 0.001...
Reality: 0.01...
Reality: 0.1...

Reality: 1.0.
Pacific Krakoa, Earth.
Orchis!
There will be a standing order to bring in Stasis' wife.
I have her!

Stasis is dead, so this falls to me.
I nearly didn't come, but...
...I was *curious.*
Omega Sentinel: I know your A.I.s are moving against your human masters.
If I warned your human allies, perhaps they could actually do something to stop you...
So what do you suggest?
You are about to crush the mutants before concentrating on the humans. Spare us. All we need is an island. Build it fences.
Let the mutants live... and to hell with humanity.
After all, it's the one thing we *haven't* tried, yes? Ask Moira. A.I. *and* mutants versus humans. The two futures versus the past.
We have more in common, I believe.
...And what would you do in exchange for this... understanding?
I am Charles Xavier. I see the world like no one else.
I am the *ultimate* Sentinel.

Atlantic Krakoa, the White Hot Room.
No!
Xavier... he killed me.
He's going to do something terrible.
We know.

Hey.
None of us like this-- not really.
I'm sorry we didn't tell you. I really am...but you know why we couldn't.
But right now? Everyone needs *you*.
You kick-start the Phoenix. *It* kicks Enigma's ass.
You get back to Earth and kick whatever Orchis @#$&%#@ you can find.

I wish he hadn't lied to me...
...but I guess that's Xavier.
What's a dream but a lie you choose to believe, right?
Absolutely not. A dream is a lie you believe...and then fight to make real.
I have a few ideas for the Phoenix...
...but getting back to Earth as the cavalry? I can't do that.
I think we've got that.
I get it's a distraction and the rest, but...what the hell is Xavier even going to be *doing* for Orchis?
In truth...

"...nothing that is not drenched in sin."
Omega Sentinel! I'm ready! Prod Sentinel-X?
We're on a duck hunt!
Orchis scientists are useful...but we only want to feed faithful true believers into our model. We don't want to corrupt our dataset.
Which scientists hold even the *slightest* thought of rebellion?
Give me a second...
"These."

Launching Knife-Sentinels.
Splish! Splash! Sploosh!
What next?
Well, that was an easy one. Killing Orchis? That's something even the X-Men are doing.
You've already provided what you know of the X-Men's plans... I was thinking we can build up to strikes on U.S. military bases.
But something is more pressing...
Human world leaders are being surprisingly organized.
Do something about that.

This is... possible.
I've added a cognitive drain on them all. Not enough to have them replaced, but enough to render them useless.
Good. Next...we need you to get your X-Men away from Krakoa before we finish it. What do you need Krakoa for when we're building you a nice little island cage of your own?
I'm disappointed.
I would have hoped that our "superiors" would have left "gloating" behind.
I'm from the future. For all your talk of "persecution," I know where it ends...
...mutants killed us all.
"Genocide" is not a side, and the future is as we make it.
However, I am choosing to make a future that includes my people... and yours. So less grandstanding and more direct and specific orders.
Hmm.
You come and gloat.
I would have expected Moira...

We have Xavier…and he's selling out humanity for the mutants. "No more humans."
I can't believe it.
No. He knows about *me.* He hasn't talked about that.
He's up to something else.
Perhaps he wants to join the winning side and bring the mutants along with him. Join *you.*
I could talk to him…
No. Stay away.
That's begging a question.
Why aren't *you* asking him?
I… distrust him.
We win. I have been to the future. I have seen it.
However, that makes me think…

"...of all the things I *can't* see."
The White Hot Room.
Nowandforever
Nowandforeverandnow
Nowandforeverandnow
Good luck, Mom.
See you soon.

Back on Earth, Krakoa is being hunted down. Its core left the island and went on the run... and now Apocalypse is carrying it home.
That's where we'll engage.
Everyone with X-training or *any* damn combat training has been resurrected and is ready to get back into the fray.
Our fight for the world starts with Krakoa.
I understand Mother Righteous' puppet is gone... How are you speaking to Earth?
And how can we even leave?
Well, I can't get *everyone* home, but I can get this strike force. I think we can bud flowers across reality.
You see, I've still got Doug's X-Gene...

...and Krakoa *here* and Krakoa *there* are connected, so I've been having a good old chin-wag. It's in a winter-state, and we can--
NO!
You brought back *the deceiver?* The one who *burned a universe?*
He who *colluded* with Xavier to make us all *dance?*
Welcome to the X-Men. @#$%&@ over by Professor X *is* the experience.
This isn't the time for it. In truth? I *think* I can get the X-Men home.
Let me.
You can be heroes and then draw straws to see who gets to hunt me down and kill me!
Or--long shot!--maybe I'll redeem myself!
You won't.
See! You're *learning.*

Krakoa,
Earth.
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
Fall is over.

It's spring.

Do you want to know how *many* you're complicit in killing?
Not particularly.
One is too many.
What next?
Humanity must be crushed...
...and your X-Men are attempting to destroy our solar weaponry aboard Sentinel City. If they succeed, we'll need an alternative method of annihilation.
Can you provide?
The nuclear codes. I have them.
For once, us mutants *must* be on the winning side.

MAY THE FORGE WHENCE YOU EMERGED BE CAST DOWN!
MAY IRON RUN MOLTEN THROUGH THE STREETS!
Who's next? Who will dare face the blade of mutant truth?!
Good act, Exodus.
It is no act. I have significant anger to funnel.
I will *not* lose Krakoa again.
Yeah, but think big picture. Winning this battle means nothing.
We need to win the war, and that's what *we* can't do.
I wish I could be there to set the fire, but...

"...it's the one thing that Enigma has *no way* of seeing coming."
Maximum-security Orchis cell.
Oh...
Please don't kill me.
I'll tell you everything.
She does. After I'd gone to so much trouble to take the Phoenix off the table...
Now, with all the dimensions Moira has opened up to me, I think I could crush the bird as it emerges from its egg, but...

...why take the risk?

[Enigma --> All]: I was active in the events 56757-575.

[Enigma --> All]: Mutants with the Phoenix Blade. Hunting and killing any Dominion that had descended to the timestream.

[Enigma --> All]: Relentless. Unforgiving. Unforgivable.

[Enigma --> All]: I arranged for the Phoenix to die. It is a natural force that has reached the end of its utility.

[Enigma --> All]: However, the mutants are in the process of trying to resurrect it.

[Enigma --> All]: I call all Dominions to gather.

[Enigma --> All]: Together, it would be simplicity to crush it.

[Enigma --> All]: 56757-575 must never happen again.

[Enigma --> All]: A monstrous cosmic power that hunted us?

[Enigma --> All]: I say "no more."

[AWAITING RESPONSE...]

[AWAITING RESPONSE...]
[AWAITING RESPONSE...]
[CONTACT.]

[All --> Enigma]: If the Phoenix returns...

[All --> Enigma]: ...we will all come.

[kra_]
[kra_]

Chapter 09

The Turn

■ [fall_of_the_house_of_x]
[rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

09

[00_00....0]
[00_00...05]

"We have *woken up,* and now wonder...how hard will you fight for your survival? Or is this finally the day that you accept your fate?"

-- NIMROD

[00_00....0]
[00_00...05]

This war began like they always do... with perversions of the truth.
Mutants wanted to replace you...to subjugate you and ultimately to kill you, Feilong. So much for our new gods-- HA HA HA!
The Orchis protocols were enacted when Krakoa was announced to the world. They were meant to be a means of combating so-called mutant supremacy.
Mutants stole Mars...my destiny. So...*of course* I'm in. But I want a seat at the table, Doctor Stasis.
The humans were simply short-term partners in Orchis. Nimrod and the artificial intelligence want everyone dead...
...right now, they're *winning.*
The battle to save life on Earth shifted off-planet where the machines had built a weapon to burn away Earth's atmosphere.
Fortunately, the X-Men had brought a *sword.*

The X-Men have destroyed Sentinel City's solar array--but all you've done is make sure that the dark times on Earth will be bloody and protracted.
I have multiple bodies. I'm fighting you here--
AAARH!
--and in New York City.
And in Washington, DC.
Not one more step, Nimrod.
Heed her words, machine...

...I underestimated you once. I will not do so again.
Are you ready, Lorna?
Always.
Emma, I'm going to use Sunfire's gift to soften him up.
I'll try to shatter it, Synch, darling.
I do not understand why you think you can win.
I won months ago.

Did you succeed, Nightcrawler?
Yes, the thrusters are sabotaged. Nimrod and Omega Sentinel can't repair it before the orbit decays.
Scott, how are we going to kill something that exists in multiple places?
All at once if we have to... Under that armor, it's just... electricity.
Guys, it's Psylocke-- Colossus got punched into space, and he's almost out of sight.
Go-- just come back!
Psylocke-- show me what you see--I'll get him!
BAMF!
Nimrod! You want to end it?
Start with *me*.
With pleasure, mutant.

Above the docking bay, Omega Sentinel tried to regain control of the station.
ZAAK
Dammit. What have you done, Nightcrawler?
Hiya, Sugah.
Whatcha up to, Karima? You forget *every last shred* of yer humanity?
Xavier cut a deal so you could live out your little lives on your stupid island--
--but you're all too dense or prideful to bend the knee. Fine. Then we'll kill him last. Do you have a message for him?
Yeah...
...no deal.

Weird. That was supposed to *kill* her.
Uh guh-- s-sorry. It went bad.
Well, let me step in, then, and--
No, Rogue, don't.
I fried the Sentinel mind. Her human brain is drowning in regret and pain.
S-so many gone. Karima was partitioned away.
She's in hell already.
Let's get back to the party.

For a moment, it seemed the tide had turned--
--but Nimrod was still one step ahead.
BAMF
BAMF!
The Machine ejected Colossus into space for the express purpose of drawing Nightcrawler away from sabotaging the station.
The artificial intelligence had fought and won this war billions of times in war games that only existed in ones and zeroes...
Nimrod never stopped playing war games. He'd killed billions of souls in his minds...and in that time, there was always *one* X-Man left standing after the others fell.

I'll *never* let you kill the X-Men.
In those endless simulations of the end of the X gene, Cyclops was the omega mutant--
--the last one standing.
Cyclops' gift had the ability to crack Nimrod's armor.
But the machine knew it, and the mutants weren't the only ones evolving.
You're the toughest of them, I'll give you that.
I don't know if there is a next life for you, but I promise-- if there is-- I will follow.

Any--
--last--
--words?
She won't let you kill me.
Is this more prattle about your dead wife?
No... allow me to introduce you to--

THERE WILL BE NO MORE DEATH!
KRAKADOOM
--Storm.
A *billion* calculations only to end up being wrong about the last X-Men standing is the most humanity that Nimrod would ever achieve.

Hello, brother. I've missed you.
Same here. The floor is yours.
Nimrod's duplicates created a flaw that he could not perceive. Being able to exist and think across vast distances required a lot of data and power.
An inclusion that Storm's gift *exploited.*
Of course-- it's facing Storm elsewhere.
Were we to increase the magnetic field inside of Nimrod--
--we might generate a lightning leader.
Here *and* there.

Nimrod, if you are ever destined to be more than what you were programmed to be--
--then you will flee from the X-Men...or you will die today.
What you choose next will decide your fate.
Is this what passes for "humor"?
Nimrod, we don't have to do this.
Take the last olive branch, you big, dumb machine.
Monet to all points. The station's orbit is decaying. It's a trap to continue this fight.

If you stop fighting, the war ends--
--if we stop fighting-- WE DIE!
Aaarrgh!
He's cracked open again!
We will not yield!
Storm's lightning?!
Ororo, can you hear me?

I've got your powers, Storm--and I've caught that bolt you sent!
Storm's power is overwhelming--I'll keep my field negative--
--I'll keep mine positive--and, Nimrod, before you explode--you can thank the X-Men and the Lorentz force--something your artificial brain must know something about.
Unfortunately for you, a moving electrical charge creates--
--a magnetic field.
Had Nimrod survived, he would have had a lot to ruminate on.

The storm that Nimrod faced even wiped out the duplicates of himself he hid from combat.
You vermin will follow me...
into10101000the101010011abyss10101

If you should find yourself wandering back into this life, I suggest you shun death, and explore light and love.
So much death...I'm so sorry.
Kwannon telepathically showed me what's happened to you, Omega Sentinel. Earn this second chance.
Call me Karima.

We need to leave--now!
What're we doing saving Omega Sentinel?!
My psi-blade lobotomized her computer brain.
Says who?
Logan, there has been enough death. If we don't believe in redemption, perhaps we shouldn't be doing this job anymore?
Once again, I ask for much, but I ask for a righteous cause.

Nimrod had so completely subjugated Orchis that without him...it simply ceased to exist.
I'll take this as a sign it's *over.*
Orchis was dead. And Xavier was a living ghost in its halls.
Good for you, Scott...I never doubted you.
Coulda sworn I heard... never mind.
C'mon-- Xavier's not here... and this place gives me the creeps. Graveyard vibes.
Charles Xavier had a long history of making people see what he wanted...or not see what he wanted.
He is hunted for the destruction of the *Frigate Agnew*, but nobody knew the truth yet and Xavier was not ready for his game to be over.

S-something's *wrong.* My teleport-- I don't know where we are!
Ughn.
Bloody hell!
Hello, Little Brother... I am hoping to obfuscate you from the threat that remains.

If the Enigma looks this way, it will see only the void of the cosmos.
Then once again, I owe you my thanks.
This is *Lactuca,* Cyclops.
If she is here, then, well, we're in good hands.
Jean spoke of your assistance in forming Planet Arakko.
The universe is on the precipice, Scott Summers. It is *your heart* that could tip the scales away from death...

"...and toward life."
By the Goddess!
Literally, I think.
Krakoa lives! Your doing, Apocalypse?
The island was in hibernation. Slowly starving, but no more. Your energies will be most welcome in nourishing this wounded land.
Scott, are you okay?
I just need a minute, bud.
Tell the troops we did good...Orchis is destroyed.

Jean. We did all we could. We smashed Orchis...
...we broke everything. Big and small. So once again, after everything we've been through, the lives, the deaths...
...we need you to rise again.
It always goes back to Nathaniel Essex...he's out there. Threatening to end us all.
Lactuca told me that my heart will save us all...
...but I gave *you* my heart, Jean. Let love save us.
I know you can't reply, but I believe you can hear me...come back...and *bring the fire.*

[00_00....0]
[00_00...05]

“We are mutant. We only know the *fight.* Resist.”

-- JEAN GREY

[00_00....0]
[00_00...05]

RB
CURIEL

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 10

Now and Forever

[fall_of_the_house_of_x]
■ [rise_of_the_powers_of_x]

10

The Once-White Once-Hot Room.
A corpse out of time.
The Phoenix begins.

You want to feed. I won't let you.
Not like that, mother-me.
This is where I begin--where the flame of hope grows to embody the new.
Yes, I am you, and you are me...
....but I am not *just* you, mother-me.
Come with me, just outside. See.
Spirits without number. *Here.* Pilgrims to the edge of the White Hot Room...
...these are the mutants from the Waiting Room, yes?
They are. They were *waiting.*

Waiting to be part of me.
Resurrection ends and I begin. Every mutant soul burns eternally in me, feathers in wings beyond comprehension, our talons the focused totality of mutantkind.
I am *every* mutant.
Now and forever.
The ignition of the White Hot Room.
We need to stop Enigma.
Are you willing?
You ask if I will burn away a machine made of lies, mother-me?
It is what we do.

Krakoa, Earth.
KRAKOA VICTORIOUS!
Well, strictly speaking, *no.* Yeah, Orchis are down, but now...
...it's down to *Jean.* I feel she's alive... but can she do it?
If Jean's on it, we've won.
Hmm. Well, Destiny, old chum, what do you think?
Have we "got it," or are we avocado spread on the toast of the infinite?
The second kindest thing I will ever do for you, Sinister?
Is not share what I am seeing.

Welcome back. Sadly, your return will be brief...
All the Dominions have descended from Overspace.
Together, we will ensure you are ***never*** a threat to us ever again.
If we have to, we'll fight you all.

<Jean/Phoenix> will not have to. Dominion[Enigma] is incorrect.
To truly become a Dominion is to escape the burden of linearity and the fear of the Other.
When all Others are possible yous, how can you <fear/fight> them?
Dominions[Hubristic] choose to return to <war/genocide> continuing to see others *as* others rather than possible-sames. Error.
The Dominions[Hubristic] who return to space have opened themselves up to linearity: <death/time/fear/control>.
The <killed/neutralized/cauterized> Dominions of 56757-575 <made a choice/paid the price>.
Dominions[All] come to tell the <Jean/Phoenix> we wish her no harm.
You are now and forever. We are outside that. There is no overlap.
And <any/all> actions you take to defend your domain are acceptable to Dominions[All].
We will see you <soon/never/always>.

You bastards!
You've come all this way to burn.
You must be disappointed.
Heh. You are still a bird, fresh from the egg.
I *wanted* to stand with my fraternity, as it was more efficient.
But I raised myself higher than any ever has, by the longest route imaginable. I'm not afraid to fight...
...but ultimately, I don't have to. I have more places to hide...
...and *you* have things I can hurt.
Find me... before I destroy everything that ever made you *you*.
Catch him.
Quickly.

Orchis HQ, Earth.
Orchis comes crashing down. Enigma heads off to war and forbids me from speaking to you...
...but, Charles, I can't bear it anymore...
...why *are* you here?
To open your mind.
If we're to talk, I thought it should be like this...

I'm a robot. You can't do a telepathic takeover. You can't even *project*. I have defenses!
How did you...?
This isn't a takeover, but a signal. You can leave at any time.
You are a thinking creature and touch the astral plane...and a long time ago, I left a beacon I could guide this message to.
It's time to remember what happened...
You came back to kill me.
You even pulled the trigger.
Yes. I let you live, because I was convinced to follow another route... one that involves having faith in your better nature.
You showed me that you almost gunned down a 13-year-old and now you ask me to take the moral high ground?
Yes. I know. I told everyone it was unlikely.
Yet this is where we find ourselves.
The battle is both simple and beyond all comprehension.
Let me explain.

Jean is the Phoenix, and the Phoenix is Jean, now and forever. But they are like planets orbiting--sometimes close, sometimes far away.
In the time of the Phoenix's birth, they are as close as it gets.
Jean can move out of time...but, thanks to Moira, I am out of *more* times.
Maybe they could kill me, if they find me... but all I have to do is ensure she is *gone.*
I strengthen her parents' will.
They will not let her daughter go to *this strange school.*
She notices it and starts to understand the game...
I copy Jean's full personality and implant it into Madelyne, to be activated when Scott says he is to leave her...
She spots it and burns it before it can initialize.
I've already moved on and on and on.
She doesn't discover her husband's emotional affair with Emma Frost until later, when it's far worse...
The Progenitor passes her, increasing her arrogance, leaving her vulnerable...
Her younger self is destroyed when she leaves a room and replaced with a clone I can control...
She spots and corrects my tweaks...

...but one who has escaped time has all the time he needs.
Knowing who you were, I knew you would join Enigma. As such, you are a small part of it now. That is what I needed.
I knew, if I did the odious things Orchis demanded, I could find my way to you when you're deep in the camp of the enemy and have this chance to make you turn back...
I've finally found an escape for the trap my damned genes have built me.
You really think I'm going to back off?
This Dominion grew from Sinister. It is Nathaniel Essex you will be making king of the universe.
That is Orchis' great sin--not to make A.I., but to not realize the A.I. they were enabling.
Essex. He...
I can't do anything. I'm not a Titan yet.
And even if I was and I attacked him, he'd just chew me up.
As we speak, Jean is fighting him across all that there ever was. She cannot land a blow, as she can't find him.
If you activate the signal I put in your brain when you were 13, she could find *you*.

Ten minutes in the future and five billion years too early, the sun turns into a red giant...
She saves the Earth, but it's just a big, showy distraction.
I've snuck back to a primordial pool where I tweak a couple of base strands.
Jean *nearly* misses it.
She looks up and studies the timeline and realizes the truth.
I'm tying uncountable stitches out there, and she has to untie them all.
She has to miss but one, and I win...

...and she can't do anything to stop me.
You can't be asking me to do this. You bastard. You--
All the things I've done. The murder, betrayal, colluding with Mother Righteous to understand the Phoenix enough to put this all together...
I've done them to be here, to ask you to be a better person. Whatever is left of your soul, you can save it now.
You will have to live with your decision.
You will have to live with it *forever*, next to the monster you have put on a throne.
How long could you bear it? Because you will have to, for a time beyond time.
It's not too late.
In a world of worst choices, you can make the best choices you can.
I just wanted to live. To not be trapped. I...
Why are you trying this? *Really?* What makes you think this can work?
At the start of this, I believed in you.
And you took us to Krakoa. For a while, it was wonderful.
This all came from me believing in you, and--in the end--I would hate to have been wrong about *everything*.
God, Charles.
I would love to disappoint you.

Hey, Jean.
Come and get me.
You treacherous--
Moira. You are--
Charles, I never--

Very well.
Let's.
Doesn't matter how powerful you are.
You're only you.

We're the X-Men...

...and you can't stop us all.
I won.
I was there.

This doesn't happen.
This doesn't happen.
I can hide.
There has to be somewhere I can--

It is the second Scott Summers and Jean Grey's fingers touch for the first time, and I am screaming.

It is the moment when Galan opened his eyes in a new universe, and I am screaming.

It is when Xavier's fourth hair falls forever from his head, and I am screaming.

It is when the first Sea Person sighted Egypt, and I am screaming.

It is 1832 and lambing season in Westphasia, and I am screaming.

It is the seventeenth emperor of the Shi'ar's scarlet coronation, and I am screaming.

It is when I visited a dying Nathaniel Essex, and he sees me, and I am screaming and he is too.

It is the moment when the last human leaves the solar system, looking back to see everything consumed, and I am screaming.

It is Cyttorak's fourth birthday and he is rampaging across seven hells, and I am screaming.

It is a half second after the cupcake begins to fall, and I am screaming.

It is the seventeenth breath before dying of a shepherd in the upper Indus Valley, and I am screaming

It is the seven-hundred and eighty-ninth time the sound "Snikt!" has happened, and I am screaming.

It is changing season in the third Skrull Empire, and the debutantes dance a slow dance as their limbs turn to sugary gossamer in the hot winds, and I am screaming.

It is cold empty dead space eight galaxies away from Earth during the time of Mansa Musa, and I am screaming.

It is the moment when the Phoenix rams through me three blades made of every mutant who has ever lived in any dimension ever, and I am screaming.

It is the twentieth session in the Danger Room, and a machine is malfunctioning with an awful grinding noise, and Bobby makes a joke and everyone laughs, and I am screaming.

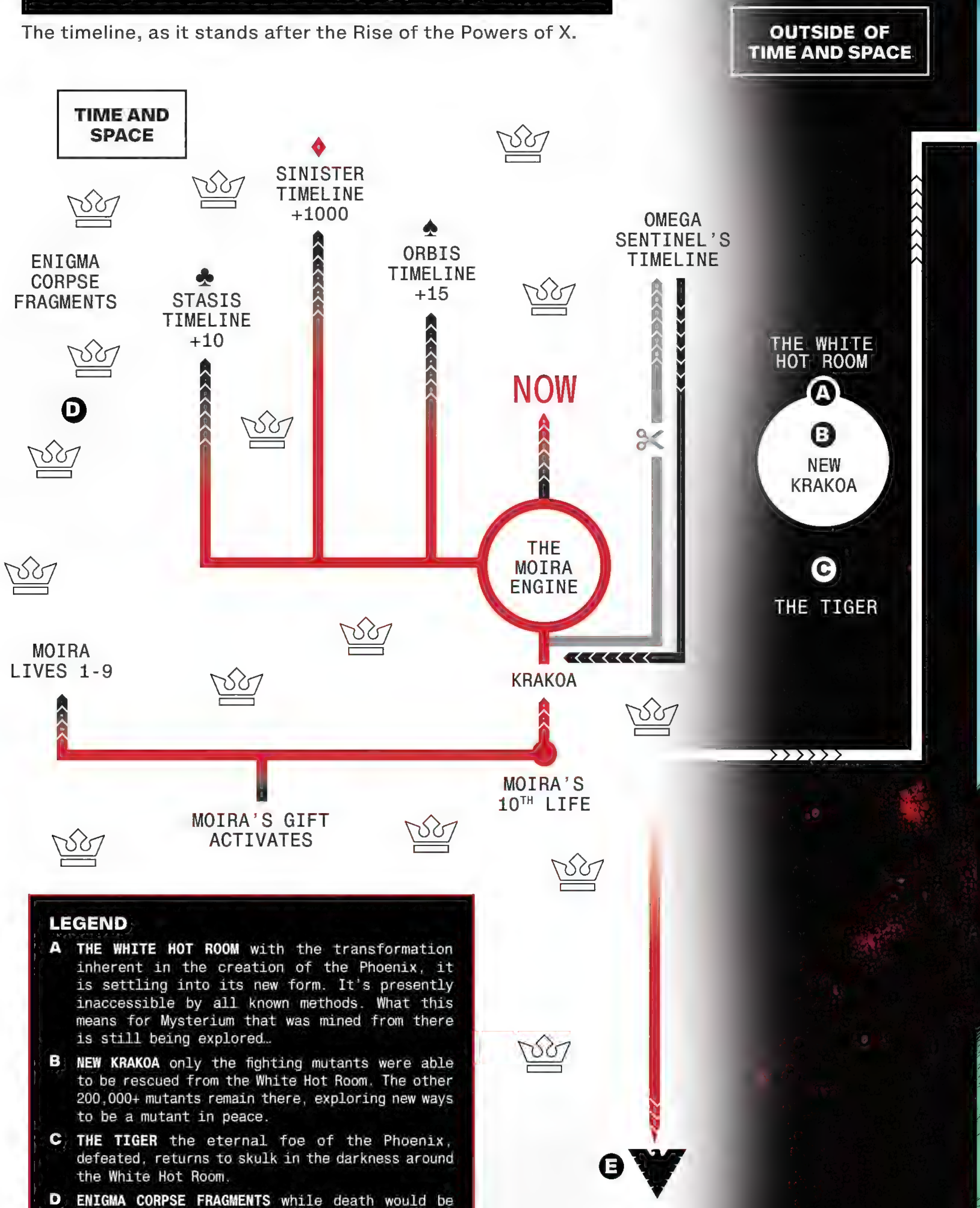
I knew you'd do it.
What happened?
So much.
I'll tell you later.
We've got all the time in the world.

So, my immortal love. ***Have*** we won? ***Is*** Enigma dead?
No. He's at the moment of death forever.
I count that as a win.
Excellent.
Now let's kill Sinister.
...Where is he?
Irene! Where has the heretic gone?
Elsewhere.
You don't understand.
The guilty must pay for their sins.
Oh, *you* don't understand, Rasputin...

"...they will."
One week later.
Ah, thank you for coming so quickly.
I understand the precautions. I should have done this sooner, but I had to think. I wanted to...say goodbye?
I'm sentimental.
Now...
...take me away and throw away the key.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE RISE OF THE POWERS OF X _

The timeline, as it stands after the Rise of the Powers of X.



TIME AND SPACE

OUTSIDE OF TIME AND SPACE

ENIGMA CORPSE FRAGMENTS

D

STASIS TIMELINE +10

SINISTER TIMELINE +1000

ORBIS TIMELINE +15

NOW

OMEGA SENTINEL'S TIMELINE

THE MOIRA ENGINE

KRAKOA

MOIRA LIVES 1-9

MOIRA'S GIFT ACTIVATES

MOIRA'S 10TH LIFE

THE WHITE HOT ROOM

A

B

NEW KRAKOA

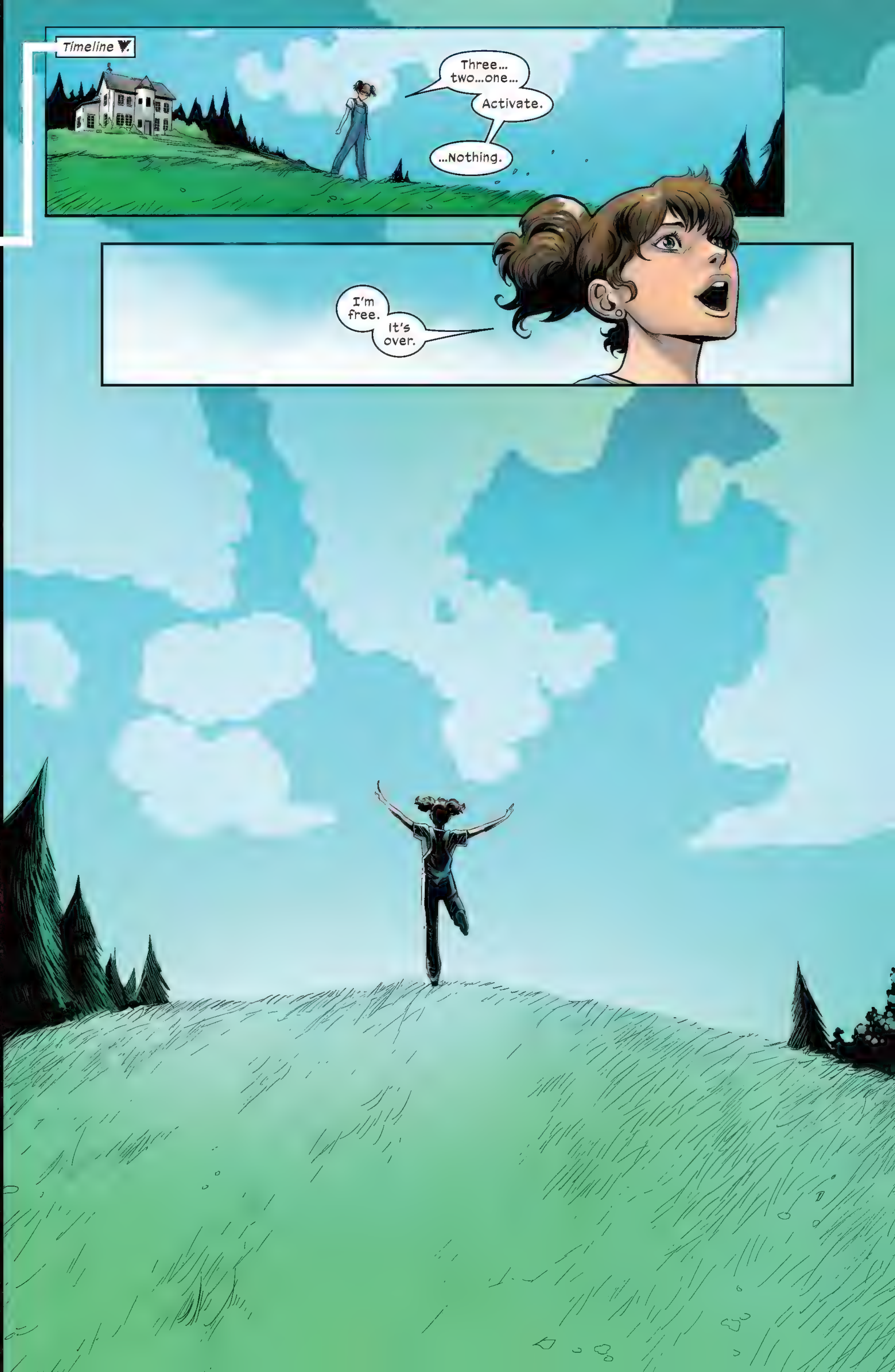
C

THE TIGER

E

LEGEND

- **A THE WHITE HOT ROOM** with the transformation inherent in the creation of the Phoenix, it is settling into its new form. It's presently inaccessible by all known methods. What this means for Mysterium that was mined from there is still being explored…
- **B NEW KRAKOA** only the fighting mutants were able to be rescued from the White Hot Room. The other 200,000+ mutants remain there, exploring new ways to be a mutant in peace.
- **C THE TIGER** the eternal foe of the Phoenix, defeated, returns to skulk in the darkness around the White Hot Room.
- **D ENIGMA CORPSE FRAGMENTS** while death would be a blessed release for Enigma, its remains are suspended between existence and non-existence, in a state across all reality. These fragments mark out the ground that which is claimed by the Phoenix, and act as a warning for other cosmic predators: *stay clear*.
- **E UNKNOWN.**



[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 11

Dream's End

[x-men]

11

Once upon a time, there was a mutant telepath named Charles Xavier.
He started a school for gifted youngsters and dreamed of peace.
His students became a team.
His team became super heroes.
His super heroes changed this world...
...and the next.
The mutant nation of Krakoa was born.
And when the war came, Charles Xavier finally *broke*...
...and like all broken men at war: *He did bad things.*

And now Charles Xavier must *pay* for those bad things.
He's surrendered to human justice.
But perhaps he won't live to face it...
POP
POP
...because on a lonely road--

--the Wolverine strikes!
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! The X-Men are trying to free the prisoner!
Not quite, bub.
Lemme take the wheel.
If yer listening--

"--I'll see you in a minute, Chuck."
BLAMM BLAMM
SNIKT
AEEI!
RUN!
BLAMM BLAMM
Tsk.
SKREEEEEEEEECH
SKRUNK
SKRRKKKK

Hello, Chuck.
You got anything to say to me? Anything to make me retract these claws and walk away?
Right, then.
GRRRAR!
Dammit, let me do what I gotta do.
No.

No more martyrs, Logan.
Let me end this, Magneto!
His life is not yours to end, Logan.
Would you excuse us, Logan?
I'd like to talk to my old friend.

Aw, cripes.
Let's adjourn somewhere more private.

Charles, Charles, Charles...
...how did we get here?
You quit. You died. I made choices.
People died, and the rest live. Now I pay the price.
What happened to *you*, Max?
Hmm. For once, the name sounds natural.
I knew Erik all those years, but you're definitely Max now. I can see it.
I think I'm happy for you.
What happened?
As you say, Charles. I quit. I died. And then?
I saw what my choices had made.

At the beginning, I asked if what we had made was enough. And I was right to.
We were not enough, Charles.
We could not even imagine our paradise-- *not without a corresponding Pit.* For *Toad* and *so many others.*
And as that *flaw* in our design yawned wide to swallow *mutant after mutant...* the dream *died* in me.
*For I found I could no longer **sleep.***
I played this brutal game-- the game of *laws*, of *nations*, of *hard* and *soft power*--to ensure mutant *safety*.
It didn't work. In embracing the world's *power*, I turned my back on the *world*.
I won't again.
I will not *appease*, Charles. Nor will I *assimilate*. I am not *ashamed*-- ***not of what I am.***
But when people are oppressed by power *simply because of who they are*--be they *human or mutant*-- we face the *same* enemy.
And we must destroy that enemy ***together.***
All of the hated. All of the feared. ***All of us.***
The next *Krakoan Age* will not be built by my hand. But it ***will be built,*** my friend.
And it will be ***everywhere.***

Heh.
Charles...
Even now, you don't say it.
After all those years of arguments until the dawn.
After *I* compromise and we forge a nation born of *your* mutant essentialism.
After I sacrifice all the best parts of myself to ensure *anyone* survived our hubris.
Now you turn to me and say...
..."Xavier was right."

Oh, Charles.
Is that truly all you have left?
It seems so.
"I told you so" and noting ironies from atop my mound of corpses.
But...I *am* happy for you, Max.
You have chosen a good fight. I hope you win. It would be a better world.
Now take me to my cell.
...Oh my!
I can't believe it.
What?

"Something's happening...
Pacific Krakoa.
"Something...
"...wonderful."

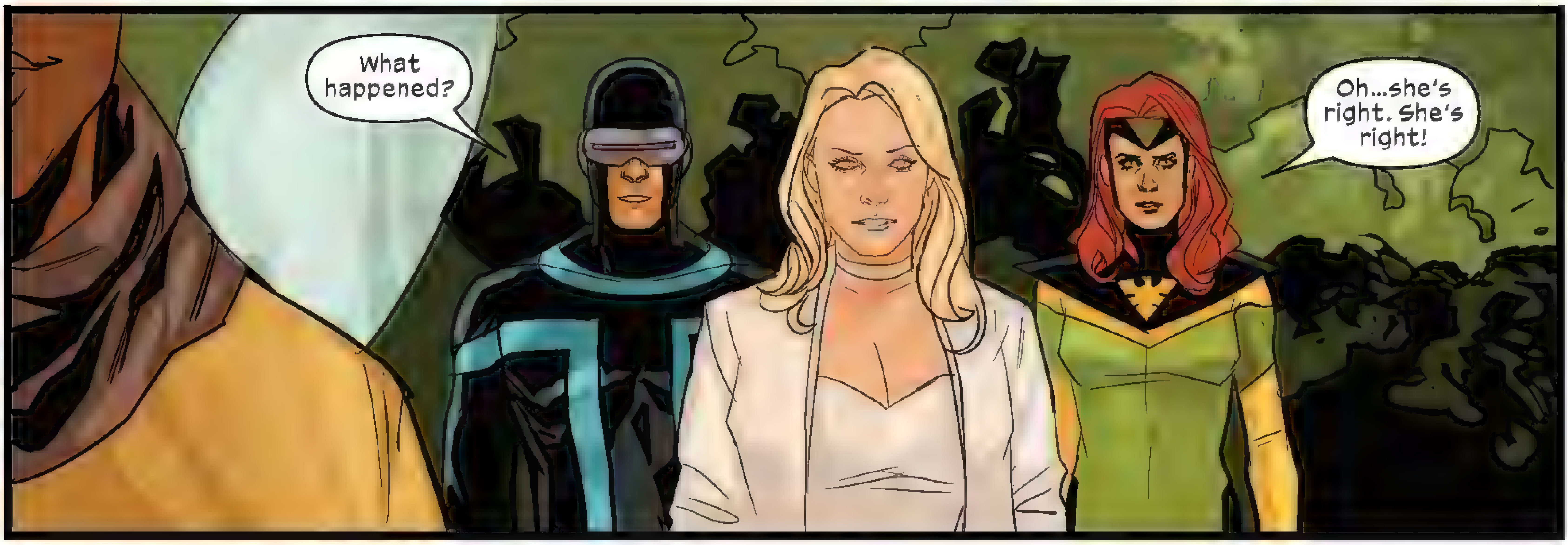
This is a relief. I felt a distant call for weeks, so I came. I was worried I was losing it...but I'm not.
Who are you?
I'm Kafka.
I'm from the Quiet Council.
You're the leader?
Oh no. Our Quiet Council doesn't give orders, not like that.
The Quiet Council listens.
That's why we're quiet.

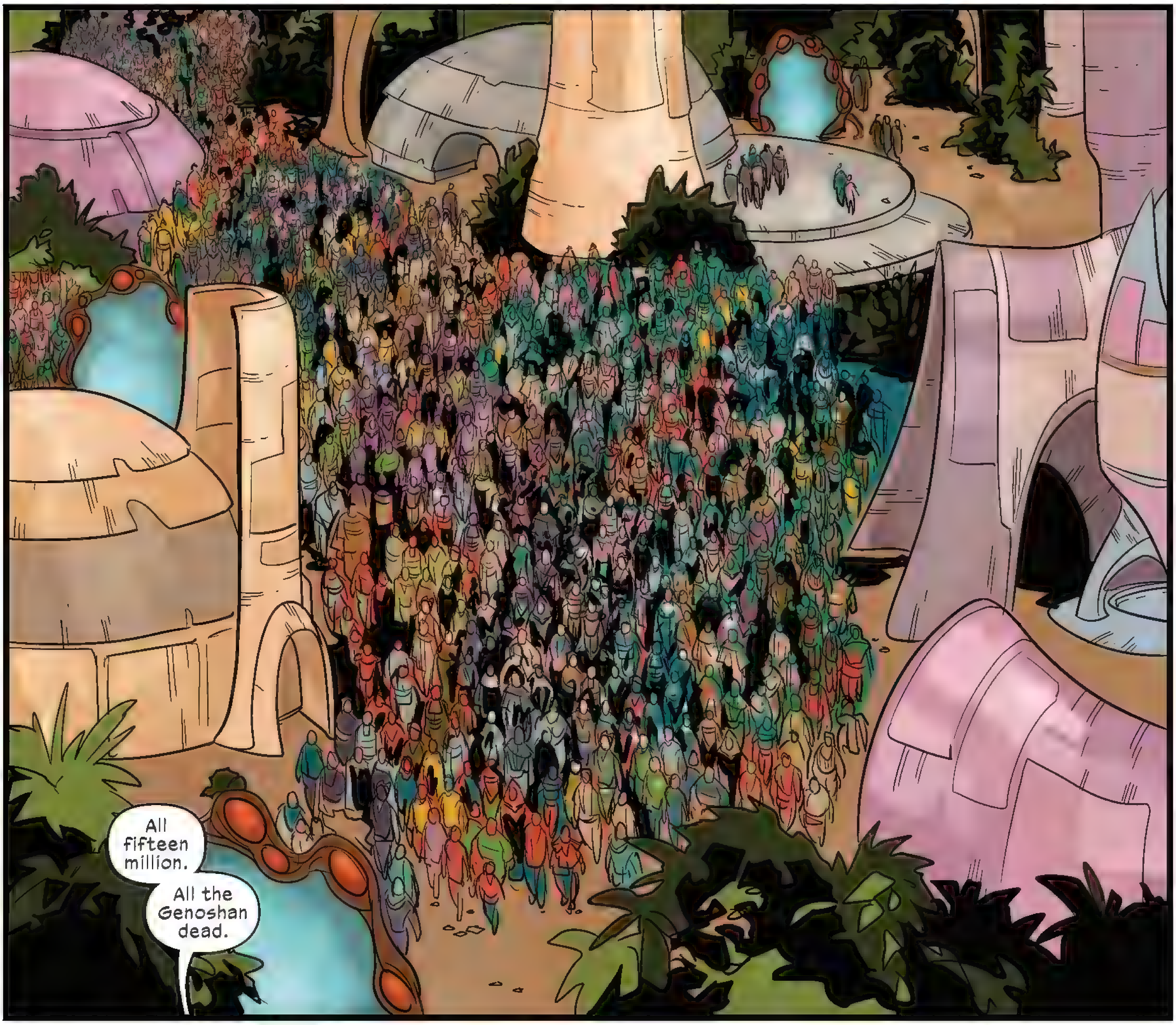
We thought we lost you all when you were left in the White Hot Room.
Everyone's going to be glad that you're alive.
Us too. It was touch and go for a while.
It was a lot easier when we got past what I call the "Tubers For Every Meal" era.
Then we got the basics, then we got the *more* than basics... and eventually, worked out how to return.
Our Krakoa insisted.
They weren't going to leave your Krakoa behind.
Problem: It's been fifteen years for us. A lot has changed, including Krakoa.
The two parts aren't speaking the same language.
You're going to have to explain how *you* actually speak to him, but... yeah, I can hear. Their language has...*moved.*
Like continental drift.

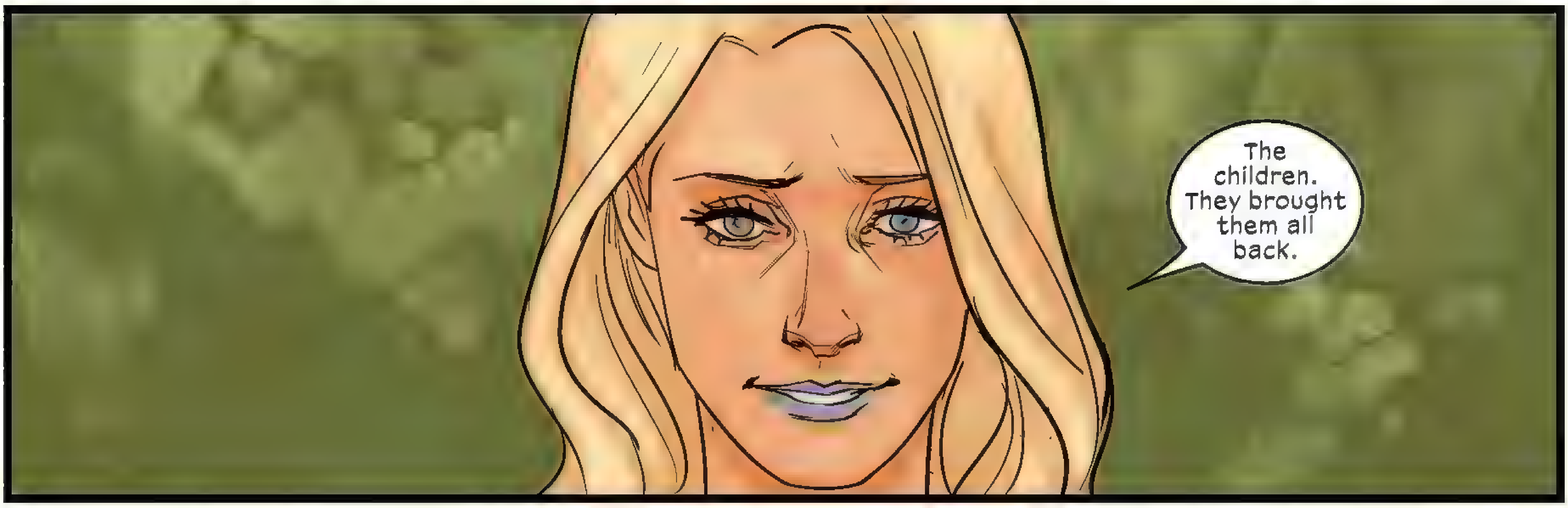
They need to be reintroduced.
Could you do the honors?
I'd love to.
Hours later.
Doug, darling-- we're here! Jean's trying to calm Exodus down, but he's terribly excited.
I'm talking to world leaders to stop them launching an offensive, so...
...if you could give us an update of what's going on, we can avoid war...
Oh my.

...Are we watching island sex?
Definitely not.
When it's settled down, everyone come and explore. But if you want to talk...

"...you know where to come."
Kafka! Little Kafka!
You've grown! It's so good to see you!
"Kafka"?
I observed him in the White Hot Room in exile, when I was fractured. And now he is... "Speaker"?
Just don't make a Kafka-esque dystopia joke, please.
That isn't really Krakoan style.
Dystopias, not jokes. We still do jokes.
Hmm. Weeks for us, but for you...
What happened?
Fifteen years happened.
Fifteen years of work and peace.
You stayed in the White Hot Room? Was it hard?
Yeah, but it was also perfect.
We had the Four. We had a cradle, so both databases. We had hope. Most of all, we had ***time.*** So...
Oh my... they did it.


What happened?
Oh...she's right. She's right!


All fifteen million.
All the Genoshan dead.


The children. They brought them all back.

All we needed was to be left alone.
At least we got that.
And now?
"One last flowering of the gates...
"...so people can go where they need to...
"...and tell the people they love they're well."
You started it. We finished it.
A mutant circuit. Krakoa.

Hope. You said you have hope. Literally or...?
A bit of both. The White Hot Room is the home of the Phoenix, and...we don't really *understand.* But resurrection works there, and you *feel* her.
Hope lives in Krakoa now. Metaphor and truth and everything in between.
It's hard to be away from that presence though.
It'll be good to get back.
What?
We came to merge the Krakoas and drop off the people who want to leave.
Earth isn't ready for us.
This is an abomination! We *need* Krakoa.
I'm sorry, Exodus, but it's what we want.
Krakoa is getting ready to leave. Twenty-four-hour clock will start counting until--
NO!

You know...
...this kind of thing is *exactly* why we're leaving.
Oh.
Speak, brother mutant. Tell • • of what occurs.

"Exodus has holed up in the Council room, where you can influence Krakoa. I was going to start the process to send us back...but he stopped me.
"He's not going to let Krakoa leave."
We can talk him down in time, but staying here is hurting Krakoa. They're strung between dimensions and--
Perhaps you could talk him down...
...but the time for talk has passed.
He can think through his errors of passion if he lives.

Step down, acolyte.
I was only yours for *minutes.*
Once mine...
...you are *always* mine.
There is nothing that I have given you that I cannot tear from you.

NOTHING!
So, speaker of Krakoa.
Show me what my children have built.

Wander. You'll get a better sense of what it's like when people are here, but it's quiet while everyone is off seeing folks.
We've been saving for years to reopen the gates for a day, so people were excited to go look around.
I'm sorry?
Oh, your hyper-charged Krakoa was unsustainable.
It's probably taken a couple hundred thousand years off Krakoa's present life cycle.
What?!
We don't blame you--you weren't to know. You had bigger problems to worry about.
It's hard to think of even ten thousand years in the future when you've got Sentinels, right?
But so much of what we created here is about creating a world with a sustainable footprint.
Everyone does their bit. We're in this together for the long haul. It's hard work, but we like it.
All huge fans...except, presumably, those who are planning to stay behind.
Most people like it. Some people really can't get over Earth culture's ambient dopamine poisoning, I guess.
That's their choice. People getting to make their own choice is part of what we do too.

We're less about being new gods and more about being new kinds of humans.
We need to stay grounded. That's part of our plans for Old Krakoa. We're going to sort of turn it into a museum and a reminder...
You walk, see all this and *think*. We've had wood shapers working on creating statues to add to it.
We know how much mutant history was wiped away, so we need to hold on to what we have.
All the good things...
...and the bad.
Everything we've moved past.
But I *am* the past--your *bloody history*. Am I so *easily* reduced to sculpted wood?
Do my hard lessons no longer *apply* in your white-hot heaven...?

Not the way you taught them here,
Survival of the fittest isn't "who's strongest" but "survival of the best fit."
As in, the best to fit the context one finds themselves in...and we can change the context we find ourselves in--to choose what attributes *are* the best fit.
In terms of efficiency? Altruism is best. Violent competition is a distraction from survival, in the long term.
Don't take it wrong--we can see why you felt like that. All of you lived in this hell world. I remember it.
You most of all,
You grew up in the *Bronze Age.*
We don't think you did badly, but the gravity of what you called "human thinking" was impossible to escape.
You gave us the space to become this.
We are eternally thankful. Our children will thank you and our children's children.
You reject our most radical ideas and say this?
Absolutely not. We respect everything you did as steps along the way.
We just didn't think they were radical enough.

You were right.
WHUMM
Oh dear.
My ideas were *not* radical enough. I was *far too lenient.*
So there will now be ***pain.***

He's been compromised--
No. There is no possession, no telepathic attack.
I am as I am--*as I have always been*--only for your good.
Who saved Arakko?
I did.
Who saved Krakoa?
I did.
Who rekindled the flame of mutant magic?
Who gave you your future?
I did!
Yet when I let you seek it *alone*--did you bring the fire back from heaven? Or *dull metal* and *cheap coin?*
Were you reforged in white-hot flame as *philosopher-kings,* bearing *swords of alchemical gold?* Or as **farmers with plowshares?**
I gave you everything! And you--

--Unnh!
Stop!
You don't have to do this! We won--we *survived!*
You don't have to be this again!
Et tu, Julio...? All to the good.
Each student *must* betray his master--betray *all but the task.* All but the art *itself.*
Rebel against me as you wish. In time, you will *understand,* my pupil--
--and thank me!
You... -kaff-...need to calm down...
I am not angry. *I am simply*
And mere survival was *never* enough.

For we were meant for greater things.
Krakoa wishes to rotate back into the White Hot Room--to journey deeper into the mystery.
Perhaps to return again...bearing the True Mysterium, the Aurichalcum Mutantis...
But you are not ready for the quest. You do not have the proper leadership.
Once more, I must bear the load. For I am the Apocalypse--the Revelation unending.
And if you hate me for what I must reveal?
Know that I love you, as I always have...
...even as I break you to the work.

A much larger island has arrived, and I should like to add its secrets to my own garden.
Doom *needs* a Krakoan seed.
Behold the most unserious superpower on this world and beyond, Volta.
Let none see you.
Then...
...it shall be so.

Hello, young one.
I was not here. Do you understand?
And you were not seen?
Not even by the island.

It had been a while since the original X-Men were in class together, but Apocalypse put school back in session.
4.10.24

You can only lead if the new mutants wish to follow, !
HNNH!
A betrayal from Sunfire is no surprise, but you lack the strength to--

KER-CHONG
Worry not of our strength, comrade!
Colossus and Apocalypse traded blows until every ear on Krakoa was ringing...

...the Russian fought heroically, but the final punch was delivered by the first mutant.
SKRAKK
Aargh!
Arbor Magna had been the scene of many joyful mutant triumphs, but in the end...
...it too was blighted.
Do not rise again, unless it is to my banner.
Mutants of the world. If you ever believed in me--*if you ever took strength from me--* ***hear me now.***
Who will enter the gate, one final time? Who *will make the journey?*
Who will join my cause?

Who will shape mutantdom for the next generation?
Ask yourselves...
...I have been hard on you, yes...
...but have I ever once *lied* to you?

KRAKADOOM
Apocalypse will speak...
...not you.
And remember: The era of *resurrection* has ended.
I cannot dissuade you with words.
No.
Then close your argument... against the X-Men.
Of course.

You oppose me?
-Sigh-
Yeah.
The kids have spoken, old man.
SNIKT
SNIKT
The kids don't want what you're selling anymore.
That's what I'm here for--*sales.*

Deadpool, we gotta put him down--fast!
Have you tried just letting Apocalypse have his own school? How bad could it be?
NNAGH!
These loathsome metal claws. So...human.
They cannot kill me!
Might not be able to kill you, but you'll feel the *pain.*
Heh. What could you possibly teach me?
Aw, crud.

AAARGH!
Shhh.
I will teach you of pain, child.
BAMF
÷Cough÷
Do not impede me, Nightcrawler.

, this is madness. Do you intend to rule a dead species?
It's *your* softness that led us to this ruin.
You think I am weak because I choose not to casually maim or kill.
It's folly to look at reticence as a weakness...
...especially when I can plunge you into darkness with but a thought.
AAARGH!
I have fought in darkness for longer than you could imagine.

BAMF
You got *cojones*, Elf.
Logan...
...these are his *eyeballs*.
Oh.
I like my idea better.
We need to bring this to an end, Logan.
This *can't* be what Krakoa was about.

En Sabah Nur, you are the father of mutantdom on Earth--
--but those you are dictating the terms of Pax Krakoa to are *not* children.
Ah. The day's indignities are far from over as the party hostess of the island seeks to share her wisdom.
Oh dear.

SPLISH
SPLASH
SPLOOSH
I wondered how you would enter the fray.
Before I gather her, I can admit to you that Emma is right.
All the mutants of Genosha have returned.
Fifteen years have passed for Krakoa.
They haven't had to live with a Sentinel for a long time. Or Reverend Stryker. Or Orchis.

They don't know who the X-Men are--
--or have a *need* for them.
Touch their minds, - -- --- witness them.
They are Krakoan.
They are everything you could have wished mutantdom to become, but you're too busy fighting to see them as they are.
I see...millions of mutant minds... I see...
...that my magic has brought us to this very moment...

...but that it holds no sway--
--over this undiscovered country.
He's gone.
Honestly?
I wasn't looking forward to round two.

The next 24 hours were less eventful.
"And that's the head count. Everyone's back who wants to be."
You'll take care of those staying *behind?*
Even for the ones who *missed* the old chaotic world... well, there might be some *culture shock.*
We'll do our best, *mein herr.*
And for the record--before I go?
I am *so sorry* about En Sabah Nur's reaction. He could have *killed* you.
Not in a way that *matters.*
Honestly, Kurt, I'm fine. Our healers know how to heal.
And...it's not •-ꟾꟾ-•'s fault. When you spend millennia fighting, fighting is what you know. It's the tool you reach for.
But for most of us...the dream of Krakoa was a dream of *never having to fight again.*
That's the dream we're going back to.
And it's not too late for you all to *join* us there.

I take joy in your peace. But for the X-Men...for now, at least...
...for the mutants yet to come, *for all those hated and feared...*
...the fight goes on.
But *one day,* my friend. One day, we will *return* to these green fields-- *and all our friends with us.*
And we'll be waiting.
Radiant and with open arms.
And out on the Pacific, the X-Men waited.
It's the last time I'll ask, Kurt, but...
...how stands Krakoa?
Ready for the next *adventure,* Scott...

"...wherever it may lead."
And as the last rays of the setting sun touched the living island, it shimmered, as if in a heat haze...
...and began to rotate. Like some vast, glittering jewel.
Moving, facet by facet, through a direction that cannot be expressed or pointed to.
To this day, those who saw it cannot describe it. Only that it was beautiful...*the most beautiful dream...*
A dream that was, for a moment, *real*...and shone, with infinite love and care, as it shifted *beyond* dreams--into *higher reality.*
And what does that look like?
What does it look like when a dream moves on without you?

So ended the
First Krakoan Age.

[x-men_35]
[x-men_35]

“What victory there is is yours and yours alone. All you have to do is claim it.”

[x-men_35]
[x-men_35]

[x-men_35]
[x-men 35]

Arakko.
Hey, hey! The Big *A!*
Pull up a *rock,* buddy. You look beat.
I look *beaten.*
I saw the *future,* Orc...and I saw that I was ***not required*** by it. Krakoa now belongs to the *new*--and our days are *old,* my friend.
I thought-- *I hoped*--that they would *need* me for the next stage of their enlightenment. *So I made the offer...*
It was ***rejected.***
Ouch.
So what *now,* big man?
What to do when the future slips from your fingers?
What is left to be done *here* in *the now?*
Perhaps it's time to pass such questions to another.
Perhaps I should choose an ***heir.***

Mother Righteous' Cell, Orchis Base.
I'm sorry for the delay, beloved.
Super heroes and their incessant meddling. You know how it is.
You!
I'm the man who loves you, and--I dare say--there's still a ghost of affection in you too.
Did you think Doctor Stasis would leave you rotting here?
I did... but you didn't.
Thank you, hon.
Maybe you're right. Maybe we can be together now. Build something from this big pile of--
Oh, there was one thing I was wondering...

...do you recognize this?
You made Mystique stab Destiny with it.
The woman she loved.
That was a mistake.

[x-men_35]
[x-men_35]

"I have founded this school in service of a dream. Yes, mutants are hated today... but this need not be. Until that day, we will strive to be paragons -- to protect this world, no matter what they think of us. I believe in time, all will come to see us as we truly are... not what they fear us to be."

-- PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER

[x-men_35]
[x-men_35]

[x-men_35]
[x-men 35]

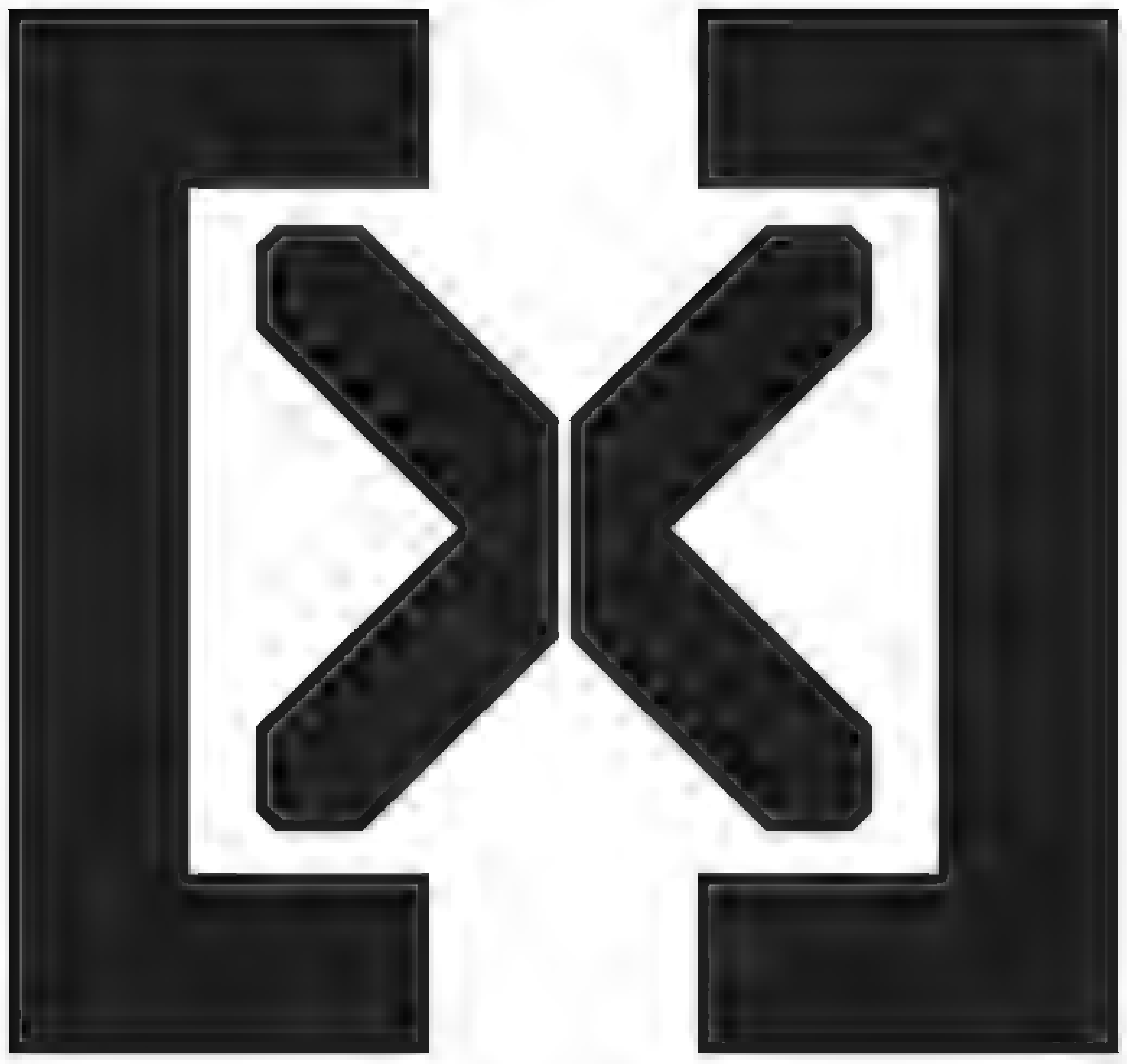
When they led me in, I forced a smile...
"You can cage my body, but my mind is free."

Reed looked embarrassed.
Tony barreled in, with his thin coating of charm.
"Well, we've got several tons of anti-psychic hardware that say otherwise..."
He smiled.
KRAKOA WAS FOR LOVERS
I smiled back.
No hard feelings.
We're all adults here.
LIVE MUSIC
Everyone doing the reasonable thing.
MANKIND
None of us being so crass to state the subtext...
They had planned how to cage me if they had to.

That they were right to do so makes the pill no less bitter.
And outside, the world continues, same as it ever was.
KRA
WAS
LO♥
As if Krakoa never happened.
And there's nothing I can do.
MANKIND
Unless.

Perhaps I was as suspicious of my friends as they were of me?
MANKIND
Perhaps, long ago, I left a simple compulsion in the minds of all the world's greatest geniuses...
"If you make a cage for Charles Xavier?
"You will leave a loophole."
KRA WAS LO
No more.
MANKIND

People always incorrectly paraphrase Machiavelli.
He said it was best to be loved *and* feared...
...but if you *have* to choose, choose feared.
It's more reliable.
I never got that choice. I only had one option.
To be hated and feared in a world I love that does not love me back.
We'll make the best of it.



[_x-men___]
[krakoa__x]

X-MEN
THE FIRST KRAKOAN AGE

NIGHTCRAWLER: GETTING TO KNOW YOU

by

CHRIS CLAREMONT & SALVADOR LARROCA

AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER, I'VE BEEN CALLED NIGHTCRAWLER.
I WAS RAISED IN A CIRCUS. THAT WAS MY "STAGE NAME."
MY "REAL" NAME IS KURT WAGNER.
THAT'S THE ONE I PREFER.
THE ONE I RARELY HEAR.
BECAUSE I'M A MUTANT.
BECAUSE OF HOW I LOOK.
IT ALSO HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH EITHER OF MY TRUE PARENTS.
MY MOTHER, *IRENE ADLER*, AND MY OTHER MOTHER, *RAVEN DARKHÖLME*.
ALSO MUTANTS. ONE SEES THE FUTURE, THE OTHER CAN MORPH INTO ANYONE.
THE LAST OF US GATHERED HERE IS THEIR ADOPTED DAUGHTER, MY--SISTER?
MORE IMPORTANTLY, SHE'S MY FELLOW SUPER HERO AND, LIKE ME, A MEMBER OF THE X-MEN: *ROGUE*.
ONE WOULD THINK IT'S A GOOD THING TO DISCOVER THEIR TRUE FAMILY.
FOR ME, ANYTHING BUT.

GURU-eFX colors
VC's CLAYTON COWLES letters

LAUREN AMARO associate editor
JORDAN D. WHITE editor
C.B. CEBULSKI editor in chief

I ENJOY A GOOD SPARRING SESSION AS MUCH AS THE NEXT MUTANT, BUT YOU GOTTA TALK T' KURT, RAVEN.
IT ISN'T LIKE BOTH IRENE AND I HAVEN'T TRIED, ROGUE.
TRY *HARDER,* THEN. HE'S HURTING, DOWN T' THE CORE.
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT?
NOPE, NOT REALLY.
NOT IN THE WAYS THAT MATTER T' HIM.
YOU GONNA PLAY *ME* NOW? GIMME A BREAK!
YOU AN' IRENE AN' ME, WE BEEN HIDIN' F'R SO LONG--KEEPIN' THINGS SECRET IS SECOND NATURE.
EVEN THO' AH'M A HERO, THERE'S A LOT AH STILL KEEP T' MAHSELF.
ALWAYS HAVE--LIKELY ALWAYS WILL.
WOULD YOU PREFER I LOOK LIKE *THIS?*
ACTUALLY-- *YEAH!*
BUT IF KURT MEANS ANYTHING T' YA, DON'TCHA FIGURE Y'ALL SHOULD AT LEAST *TRY?*
ROGUE, IT ISN'T THAT SIMPLE.
WANNA BET?

YOU HAD *CHARLES XAVIER* ERASE YOUR MEMORIES OF ME.
HOW COULD YOU DO THAT?
YOUR PRECOGNITIVE POWERS TELL YOU THAT?
IT WAS FOR THE BEST.
ACTUALLY, YES.
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF HOW MUCH THAT HURTS?
IT'S LIKE YOU JUST THREW ME AWAY.
IT WAS TO *PROTECT* YOU.
OUR WORLD IS *CHALLENGING.* OUR FUTURE--*DANGEROUS.*
NOT TO ME.
ACTUALLY, IT'S QUITE *SIMPLE.*
FAMILIES ARE THE CORE OF OUR BEING.
ESPECIALLY AMONG PEOPLE LIKE *US.*
IF WE CAN'T HOLD ON TO THAT, WHAT'S THE POINT?
WHY BOTHER HAVING CHILDREN AT ALL?
LOVE.
FOR YOU AND MYSTIQUE, PERHAPS.
NOT FOR ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHICH BETRAYAL HURTS MORE--YOURS OR CHARLES XAVIER'S.
AT LEAST YOUR MEMORY WAS ERASED.
HE KNEW *EVERYTHING.*
YET FROM THE MOMENT HE RECRUITED ME TO JOIN THE X-MEN--
--HE NEVER SAID A WORD.
BECAUSE HE ERASED HIS OWN MEMORIES AS WELL.
OF COURSE HE DID.
ALL I KNEW WAS HOW DEEPLY IT HURT TO BE ABANDONED.
LIKE A KNIFE TO MY HEART.
DID YOU NOT SEE THAT IN ANY FUTURE?
AND NOW HERE WE ARE, TOGETHER AT LAST.
A *HAPPY FAMILY.*
THE *FUTURE,* MY SON--
--IS *COMPLICATED?*
THAT'S TOO EASY.
IRENE, LOGAN--THE *WOLVERINE*--IS MY BEST FRIEND.
I TRUST HIM WITH MY LIFE, WITH MY VERY SOUL.
I TRUST *ROGUE.*
BUT NOT US?
...
...
NO.
TRUST IS *EARNED,* MUTTER.
YOU AND RAVEN HAVE A *LONG* WAY TO GO.

WE *ALL* DO.
BAMF
WHAT--?!
BAMF
MY TURN, *SCHWESTER.*
ABOUT TIME, BIG BRO!
BAMF!
ROGUE, WHAT IS HAPPENING?
MAIN EVENT, IRENE!
NOW WE'RE FINALLY GONNA SEE SOME *FUN!*
AND NOW, "*PAPA*," IT'S MY TURN.
BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS, HAVE YOU, MY SON?
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.

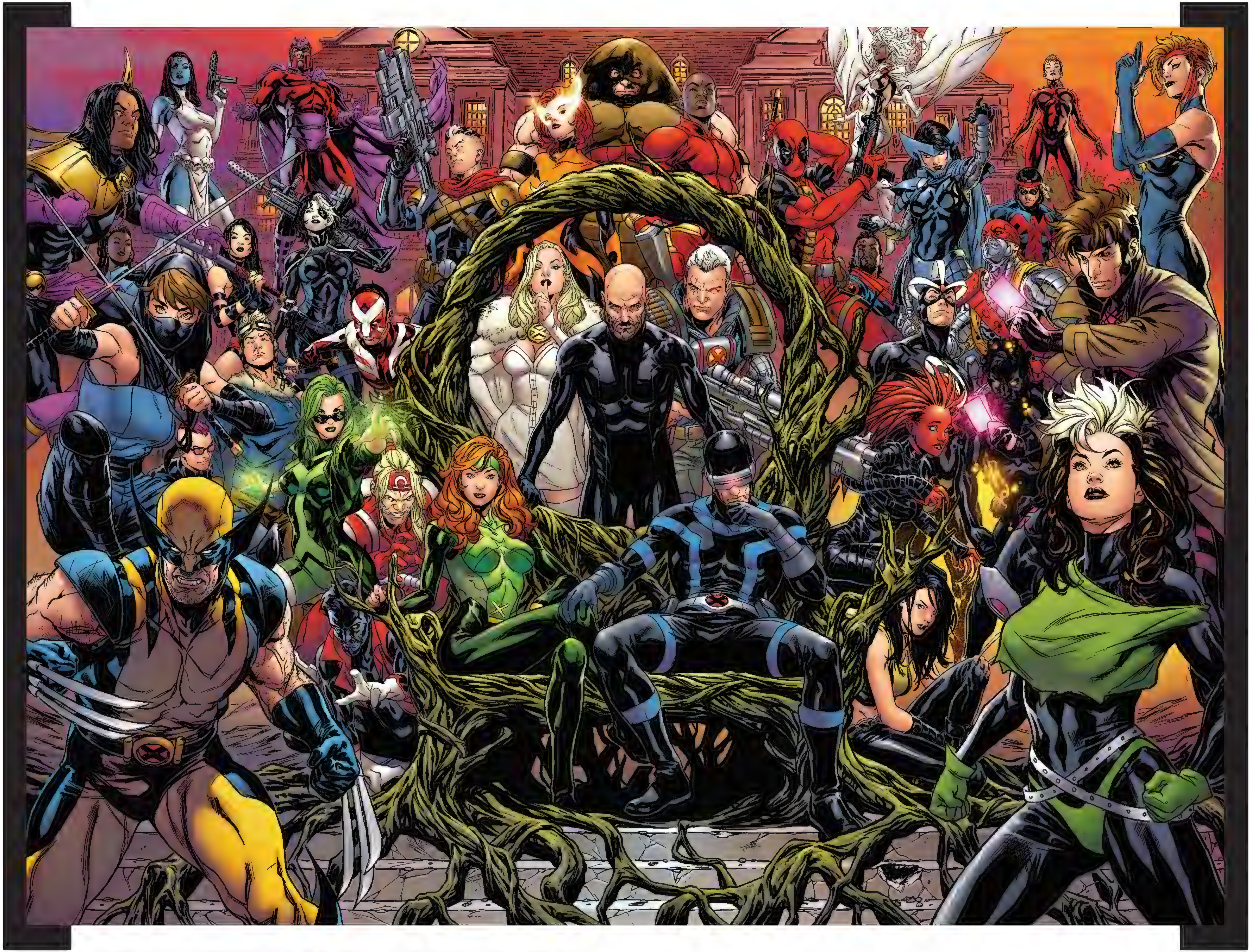
WHY DID YOU NEVER TRY TO FIND ME?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE DIDN'T?
BUT YOU WERE IN THE HANDS OF A *SORCERESS.*
WE COULD HAVE SEARCHED FOREVER. *MARGALI SZARDOS* WOULD HAVE KEPT YOU HIDDEN.
WHAT ABOUT WHEN WE FIRST MET?*
DIDN'T THAT AT LEAST MAKE YOU *CURIOUS?*
NOT AT FIRST.
APPARENTLY, CHARLES ADDED "SAFEGUARDS" TO THE MEMORY CLOAK HE IMPOSED ON IRENE AND ME. IT TOOK TIME FOR US TO REALIZE THE TRUTH.
*SEE UNCANNY X-MEN #142! --JDW
I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD HATE HIM FOR DOING WHAT YOU ASKED.
WHAT'S THE POINT?
KURT-- LOOK AT THE LIFE YOU'VE LED.
COMPARE IT WITH THE LIFE *WE'VE* LED.
WHO'S HAD MORE FUN?
WHO'S HELPED SAVE THE WORLD, IF NOT CREATION ITSELF--
--MORE THAN ONCE?
WHAT PARENTS ASK TO BE RID OF THE MEMORY OF THEIR OWN CHILD? YOU ERASED ME LIKE I NEVER WAS BORN. DIDN'T YOU *CARE?*
MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW.
BUT I CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST.

THEY'RE REALLY HAVING *FUN.*
YOU SOUND VERY SURE OF THAT.
BEEN THERE, DONE THAT MYSELF--
--WITH BOTH OF YOU, REMEMBER?
MORE 'N ONCE.
HATE IF YOU WISH, BOY. THAT'S YOUR PRIVILEGE.
TO ME, IT'S A WASTE OF TIME.
WHEN PART OF ME FELT BETRAYED--
--LIKE EVERY KID WILL, FOR THE DUMBEST OF REASONS--
--AH WANTED TO SLAM YOU BOTH.
EACH TIME, AH GOT BETTER.
BECAUSE AH LEARNED MY LESSON:
THAT MY PARENTS, YOU GUYS, *LOVED* ME.
MY SON, IN THE FACE OF THE DARKEST ADVERSITY, YOU ALWAYS FIND A WAY TO *LAUGH.*
AND MAKE OTHERS LAUGH WITH YOU.
NOW IT'S KURT'S TURN.
ONLY MY BIG BRO'S DOING A LIFETIME'S WORTH ALL AT ONCE.

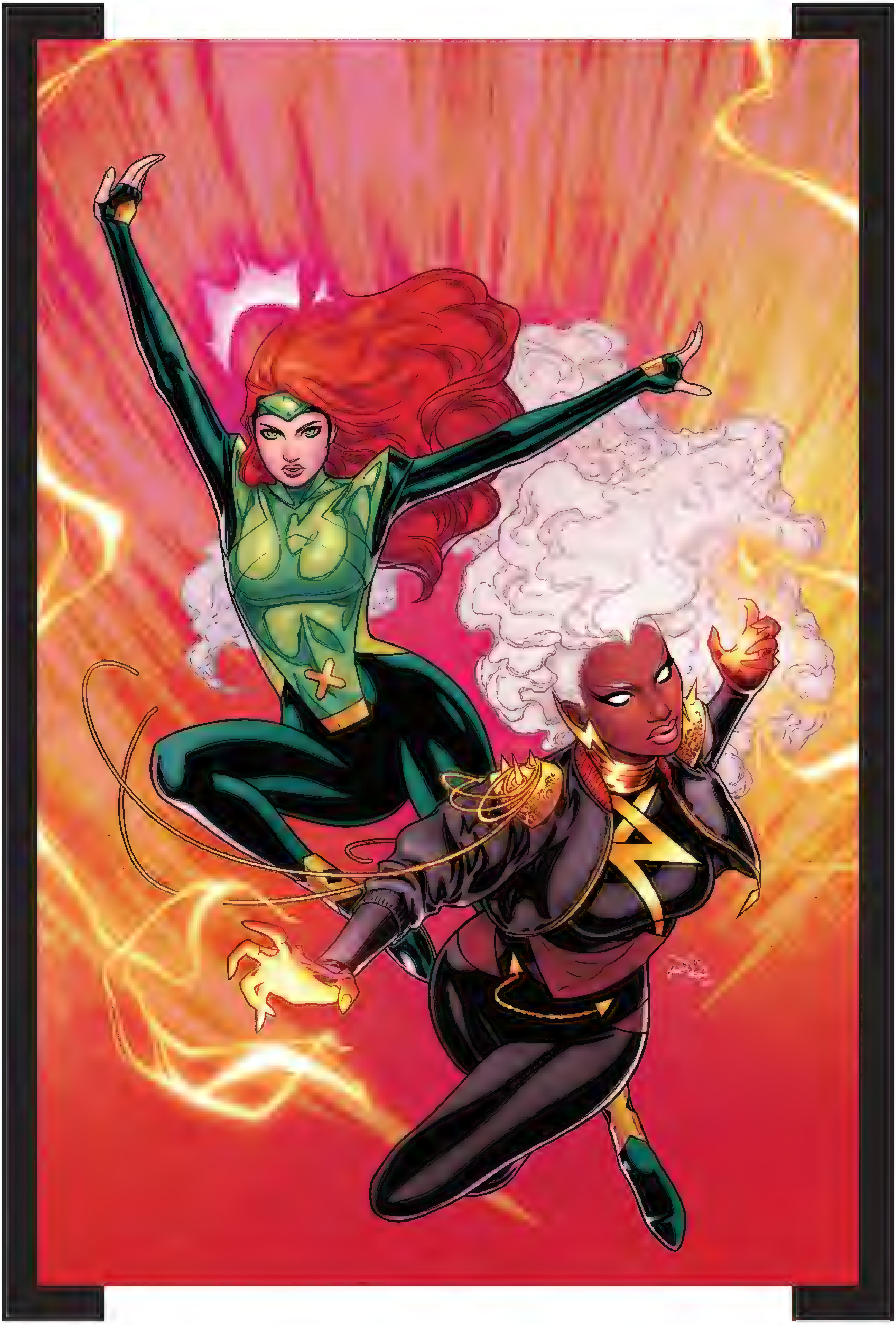
DO YOU THINK THE HOLE IN YOUR HEART--
--THE LOSS YOU FEEL--
--THE *RAGE--*
--IS ANY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT YOUR MOTHER AND I FELT?
WHAT IRENE AND I FEEL STILL?
HEY, YOU TWO, WHAT GIVES? IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
IRENE, THEY LOOK *SERIOUS!*
FOR THEM, CHILD, IT WAS *ALWAYS* SERIOUS.
IF YOUR RAGE RUNS SO DEEP, MY SON, THAT NOTHING ELSE WILL SATISFY, THEN END ME NOW.
I WON'T RESIST.
ROGUE, I CANNOT SEE HOW THIS WILL END!
RAVEN, KURT, *NO,* PLEASE-- ***DON'T!***
THEIR FUTURES ARE-- *CLOUDED!*

TOO EASY.
THING IS, I *WAS* TEMPTED--
--AND MYSTIQUE KNEW IT.
EVERYTHING SHE TOLD ME MADE SENSE...
...YET ALL I COULD THINK OF, EVEN AT THE END, WAS THE HORRIBLE REALITY OF BEING ABANDONED.
THE WORSE TERROR THAT IT MIGHT HAPPEN AGAIN.
EVEN ON THIS *BEST* OF NIGHTS, AS WE TELL STORIES OF OUR PAST--
--AND SPEAK OUR DREAMS FOR WHAT MIGHT LIE AHEAD--
--AS WE ALL GIVE VOICE TO OUR COLLECTIVE HOPES FOR "HAPPY-EVER-AFTER."
THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING-- TO START AGAIN WITH THE WAY THINGS WERE WHEN IRENE AND I FIRST MET...
...AND RE-ESTABLISH MY LIFE AS A *"CONSULTING DETECTIVE."*
WITH KURT AN' ME AS THE NEXT GENERATION.
THAT WOULD BE SO *COOL!*
SOME OTHER TIME...
...PERHAPS.

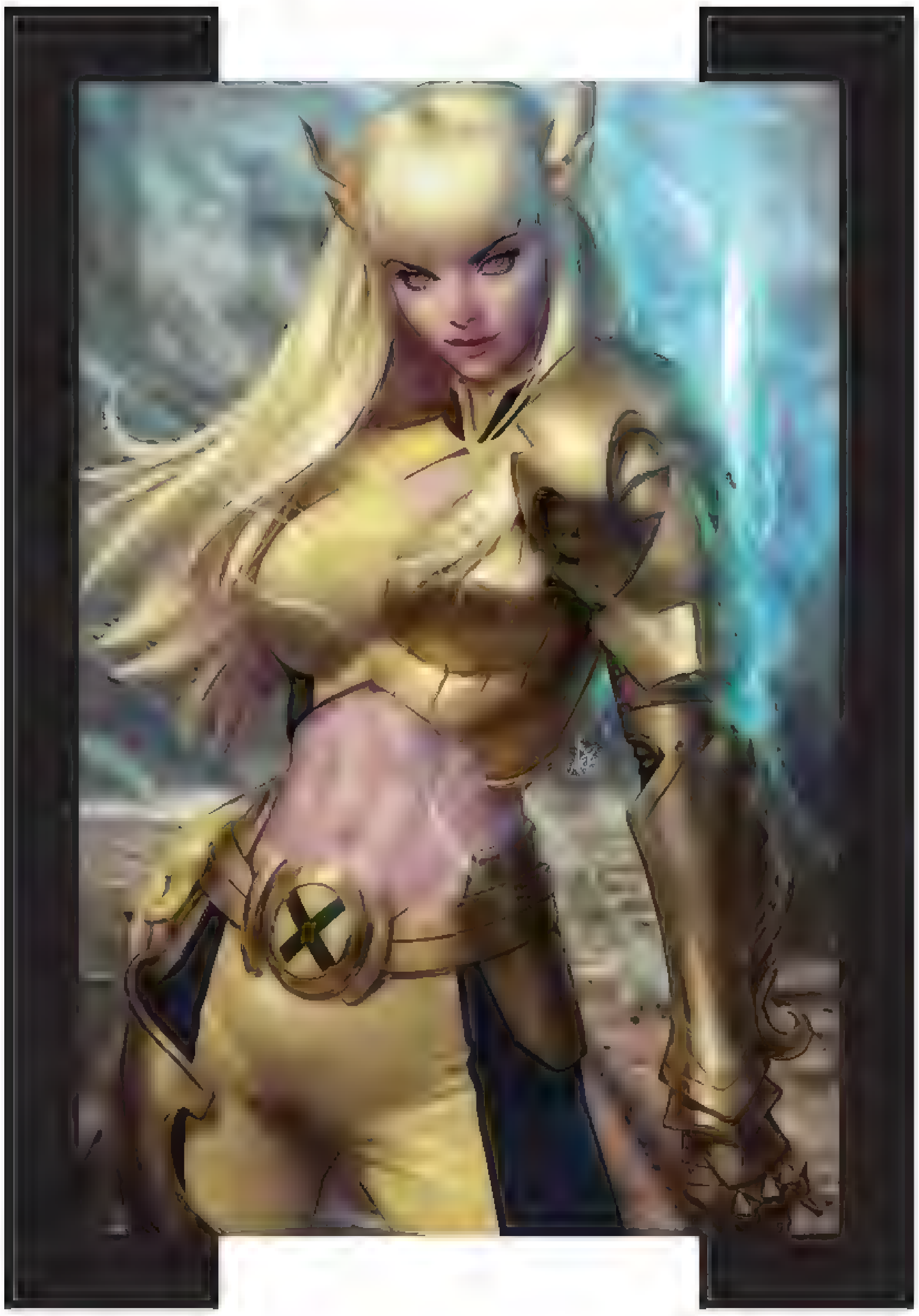
THEY'LL NEVER FORGIVE US FOR LEAVING THEM.
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE *MYSELF.*
ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE, RAVEN.
THAT'S NOT ENCOURAGING.
FATE ISN'T FAIR, AND TOO MUCH IS AT STAKE.
LIKE IT OR NOT, WE ALL HAVE OUR *SEPARATE* PATHS TO FOLLOW.
I HATE IT WHEN YOU'RE ENIGMATIC.
YOU LOVED IT WHEN WE FIRST MET.
YOU CALLED IT THE ULTIMATE DETECTIVE'S CHALLENGE.
DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK, IRENE.
THAT WAS A *LONG* TIME AGO.
RIGHT NOW, I FEEL LIKE MY HEART'S BEING RIPPED OUT-- *AGAIN!*
NO LESS THAN MINE.
WITH ONE DIFFERENCE:
FOR YOU, BELOVED, YOUR HEART. FOR ME, MY *SOUL.*
I KNOW BOTH CHILDREN WILL FORGIVE YOU.
BUT NOT ME.
IT IS A FEAR THAT WILL *NEVER* LEAVE.
BUT HEROES DON'T YIELD TO FEAR.
MYSTERIES--ESPECIALLY IN MY FAMILY--ARE MEANT TO BE *SOLVED.*
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU CAN "READ" THE FUTURE, *MUTTER.*
WE WILL ALWAYS BE FAMILY.
BUT TRUST? AND LOVE? MUST BE EARNED.



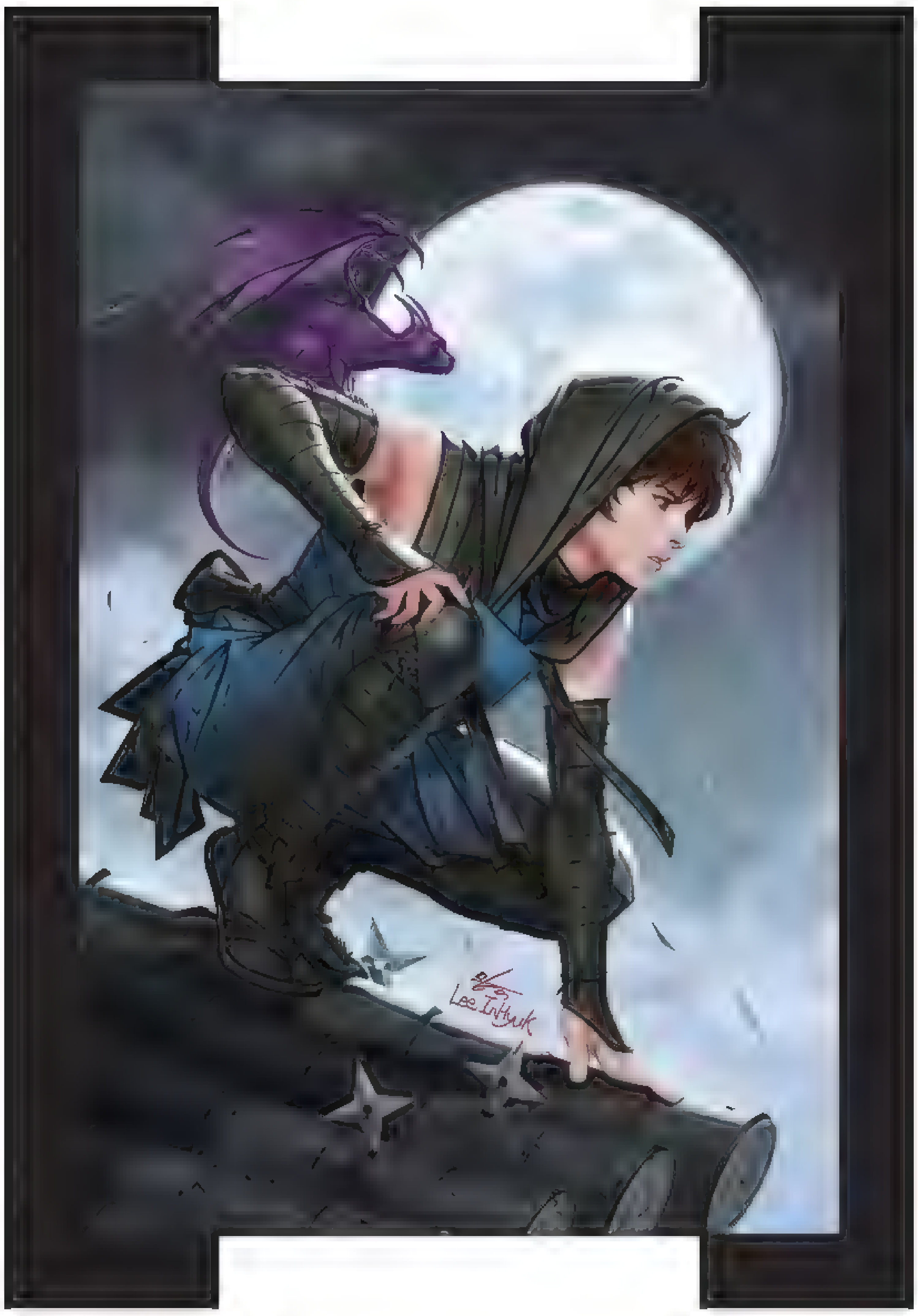
Fall of the House of X #1 & Rise of the Powers of X #1 Connecting Variants
by Mark Brooks



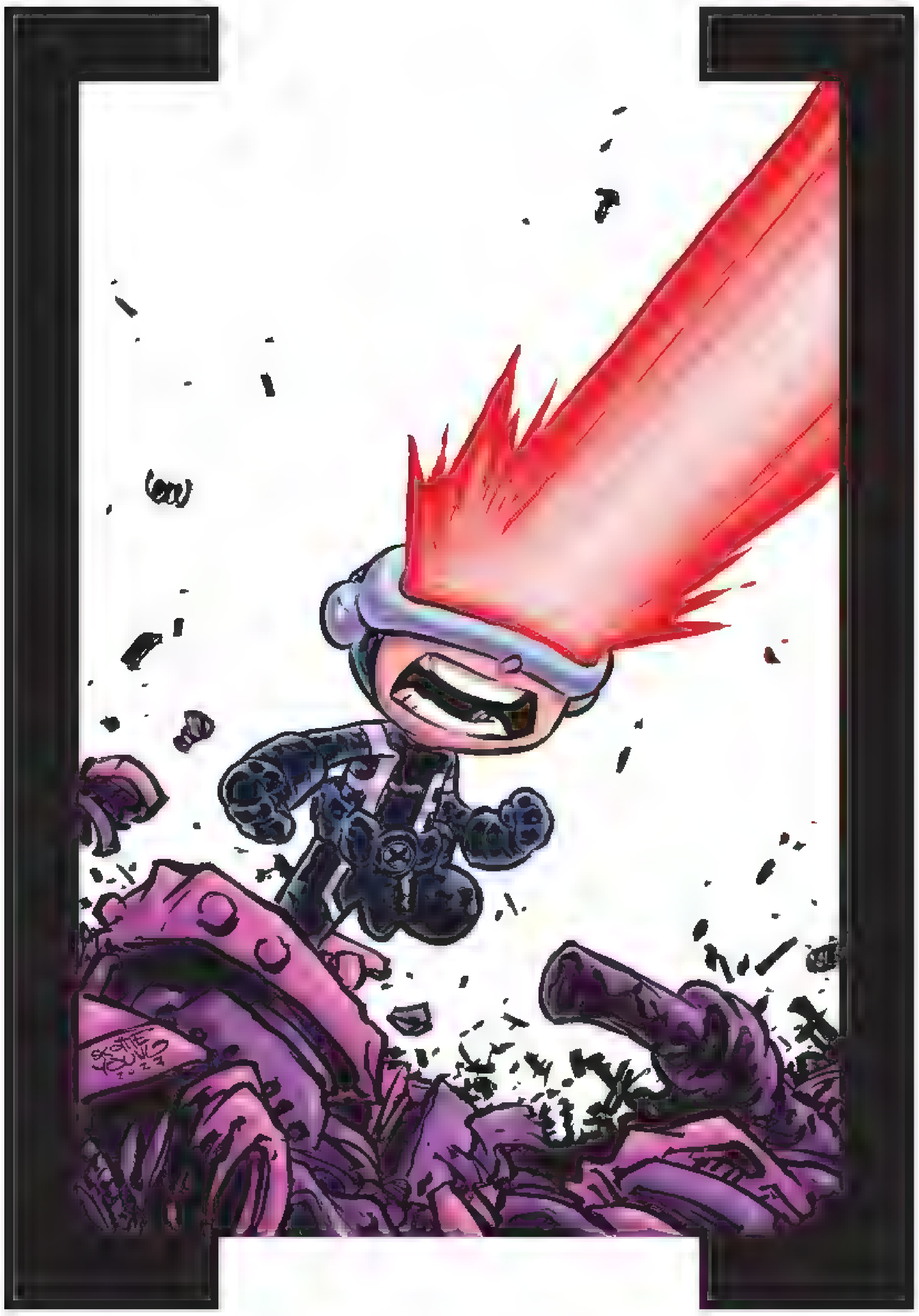
Fall of the House of X #1 Variant
by Russell Dauterman



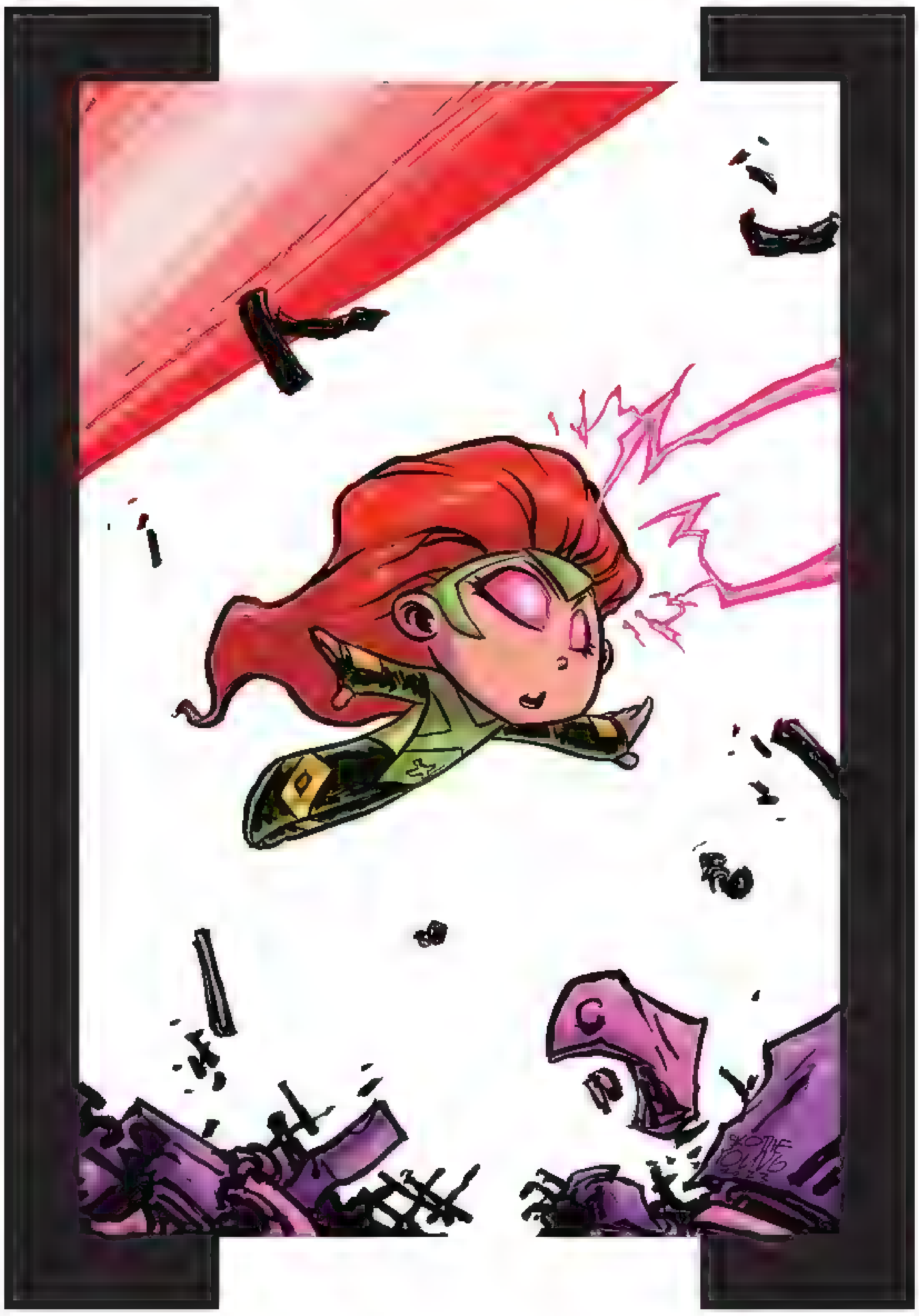
Fall of the House of X #1 Variant
by Stanley “Artgerm” Lau



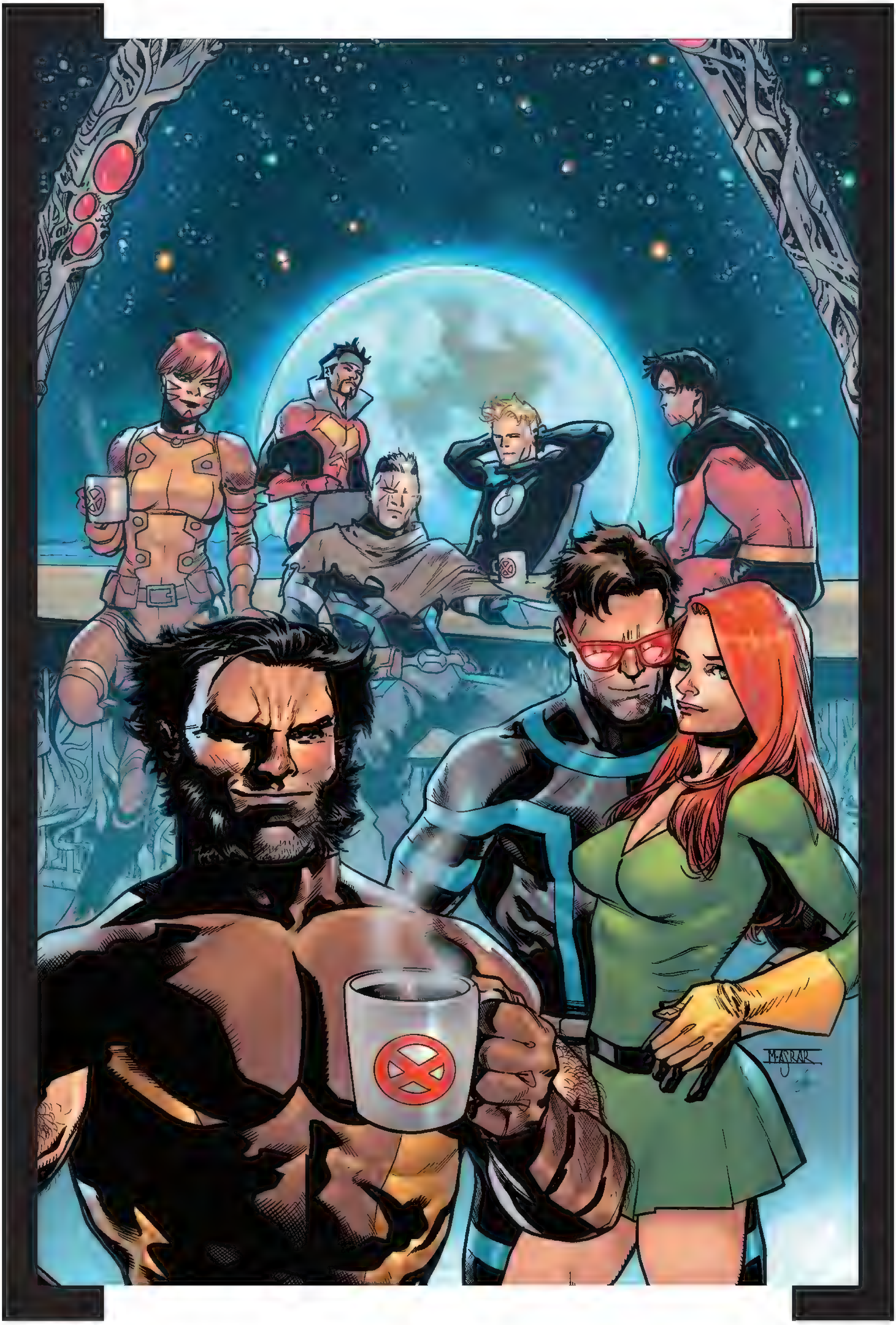
Fall of the House of X #1 Variant
by InHyuk Lee



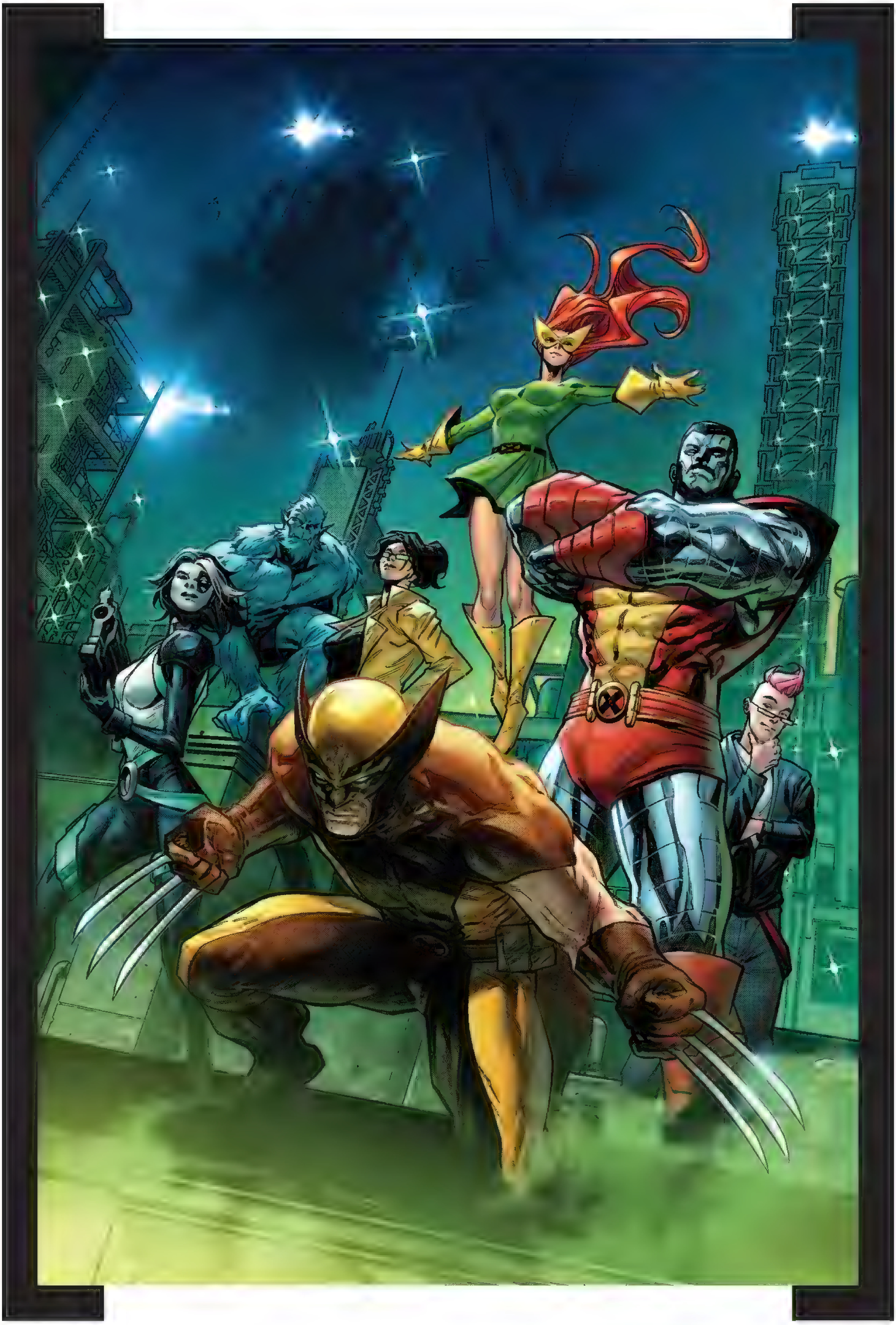
Fall of the House of X #1 Variant
by Skottie Young



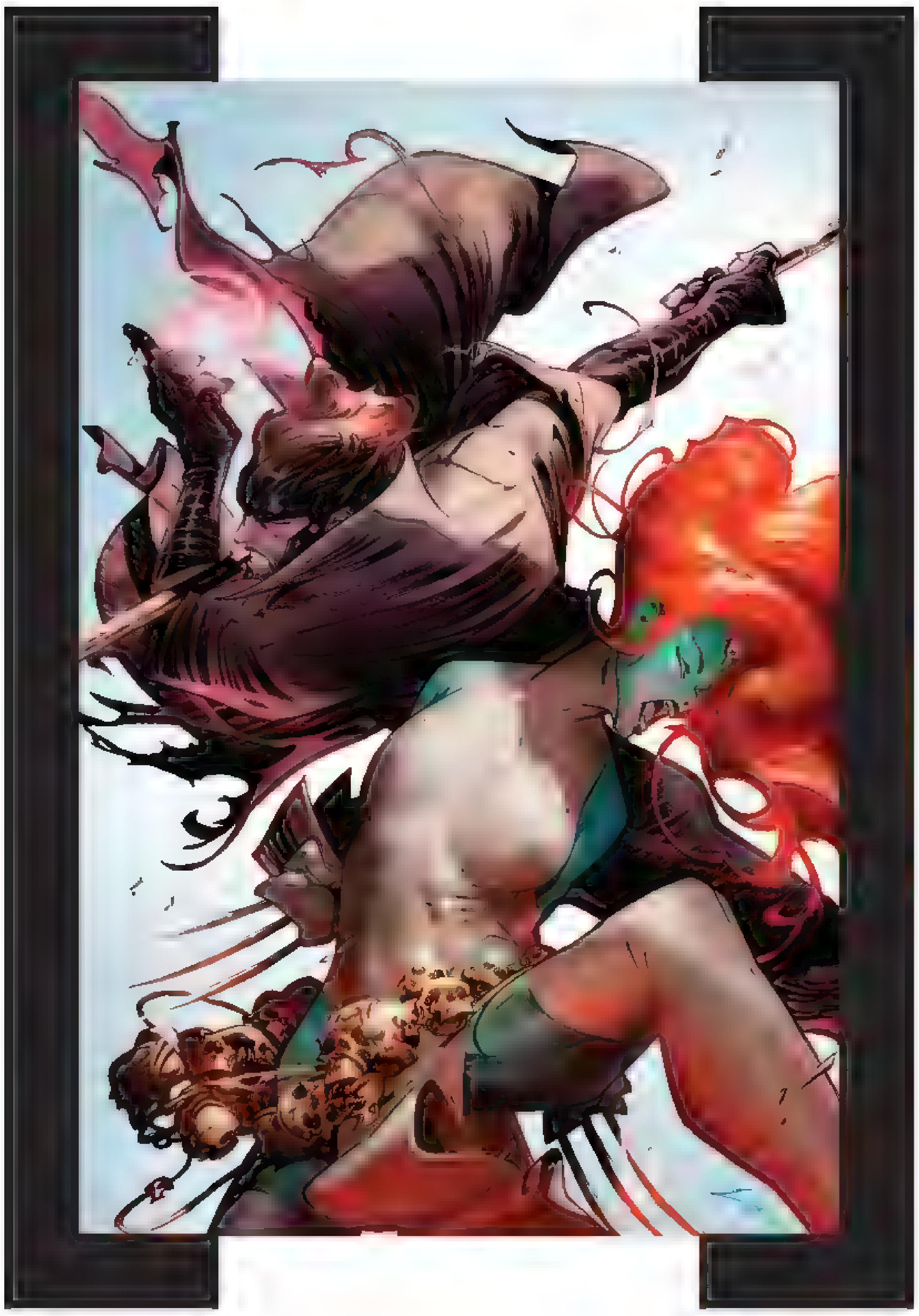
Rise of the Powers of X #1 Variant
by Skottie Young



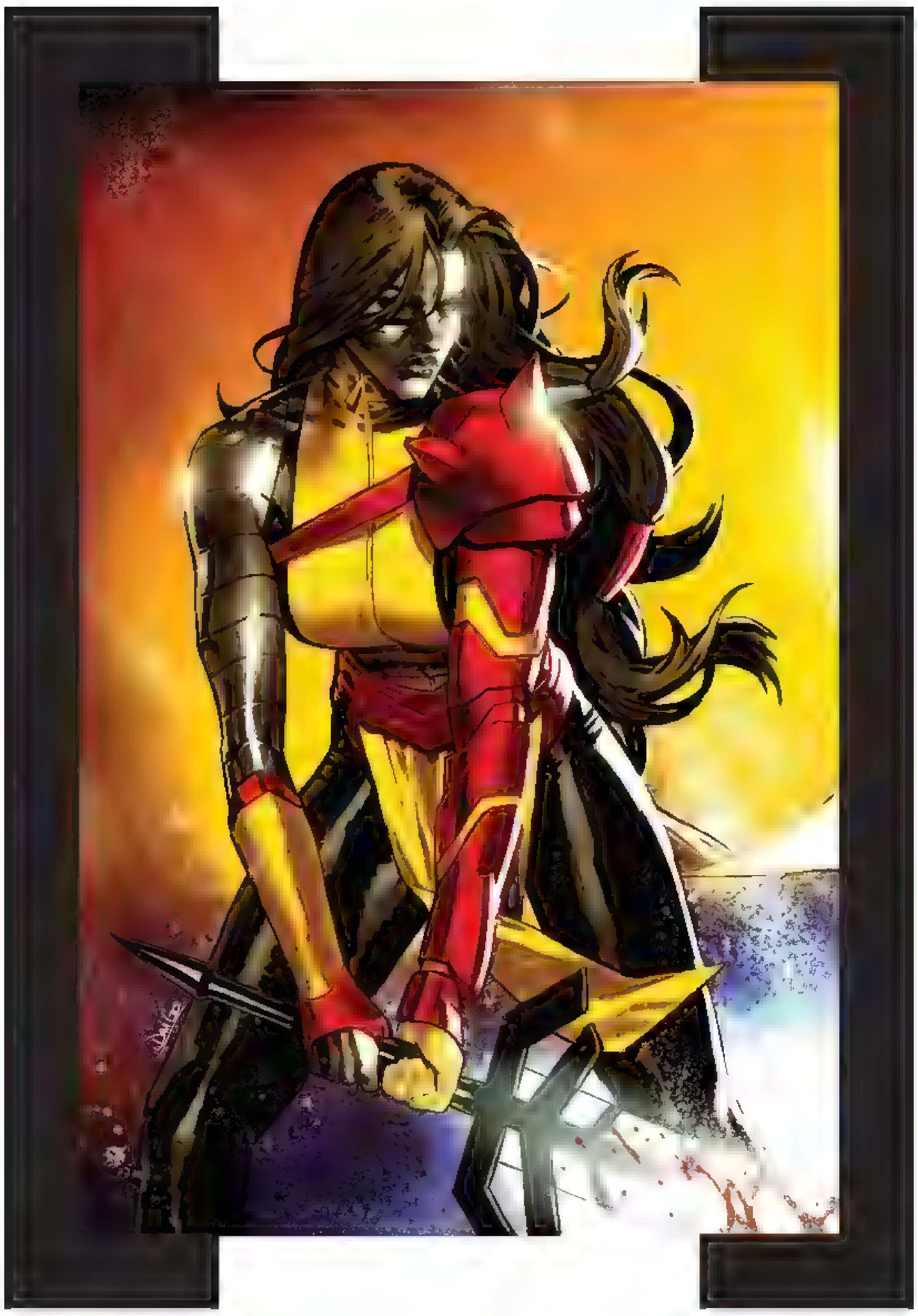
Fall of the House of X #1 Farewell Krakoa Variant
by Mahmud Asrar
& Federico Blee



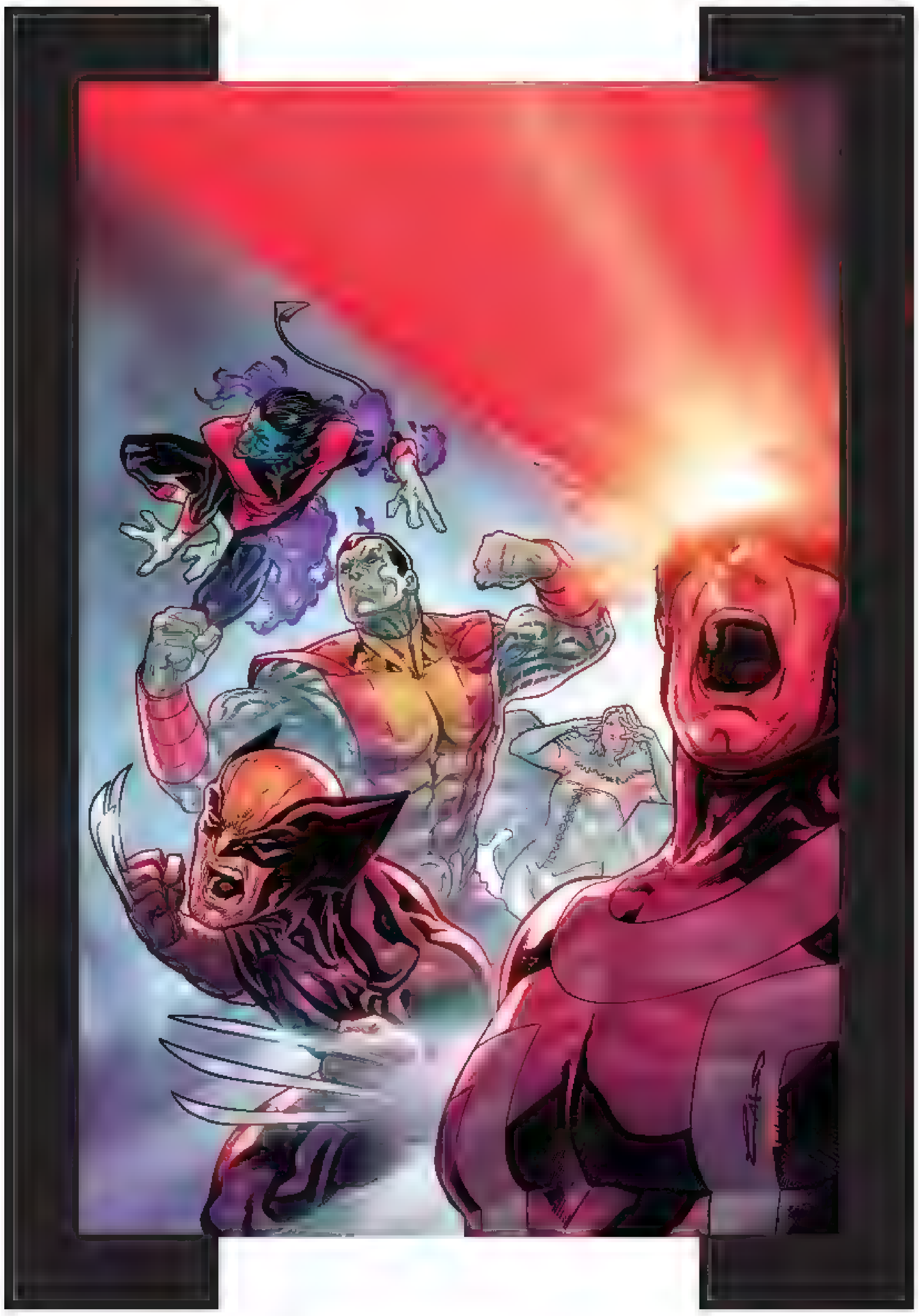
Rise of the Powers of X #1 Farewell Krakoa Variant
by Stephen Segovia
& GURU-eFX



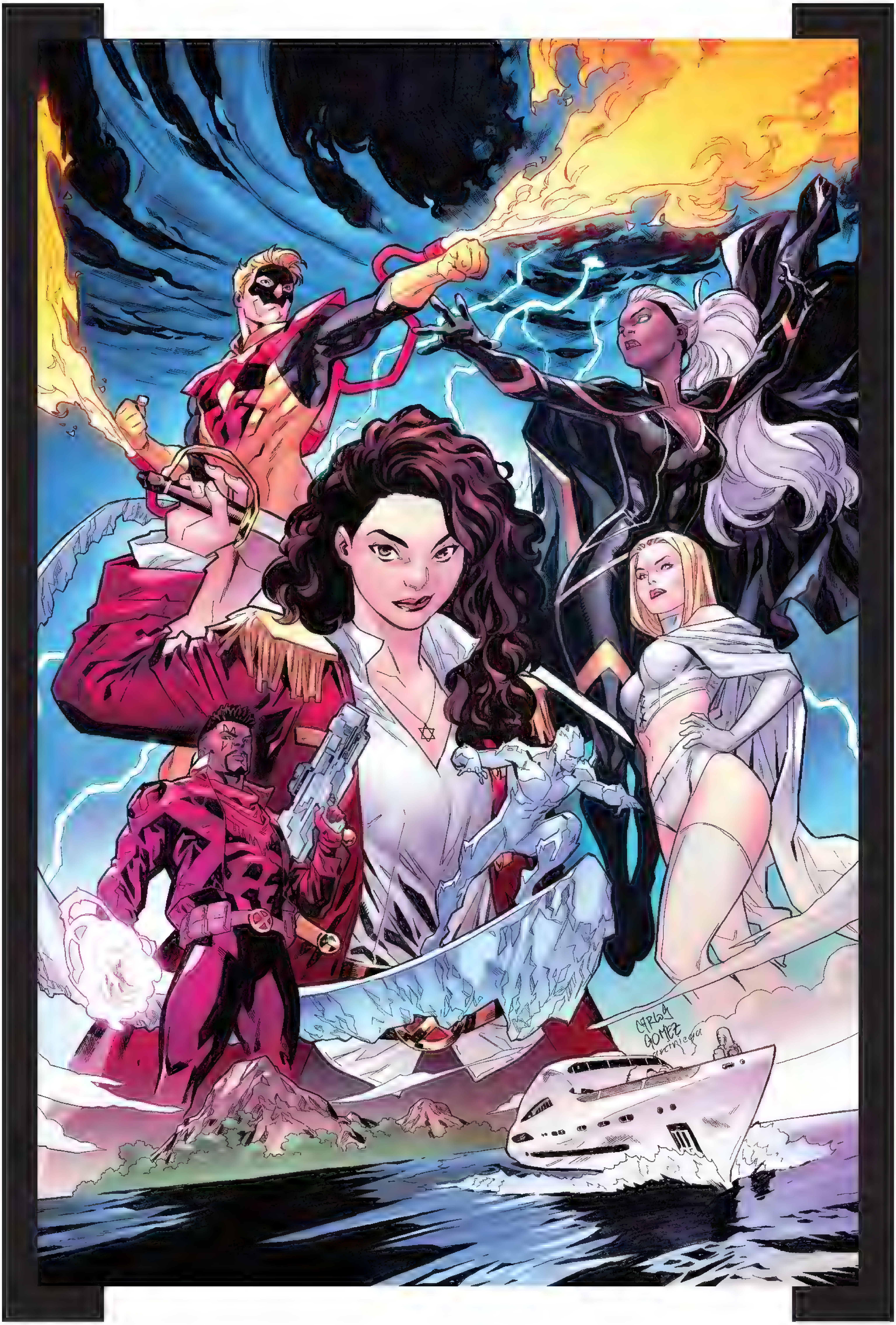
Rise of the Powers of X #1 Variant
by Alexander Lozano



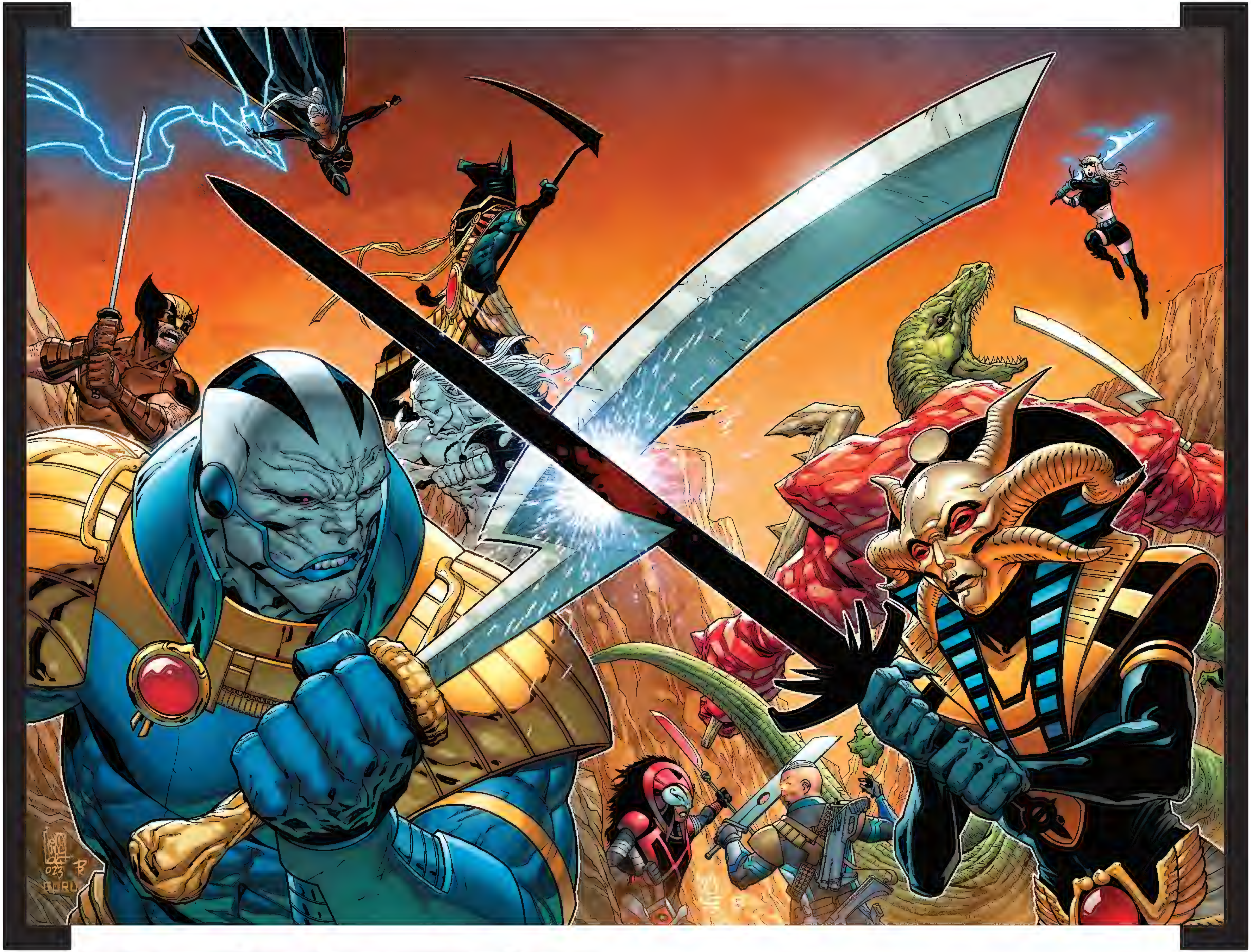
Rise of the Powers of X #1 Variant
by Davi Go



Fall of the House of X #2 Variant
by Emilio Laiso
& Bryan Valenza

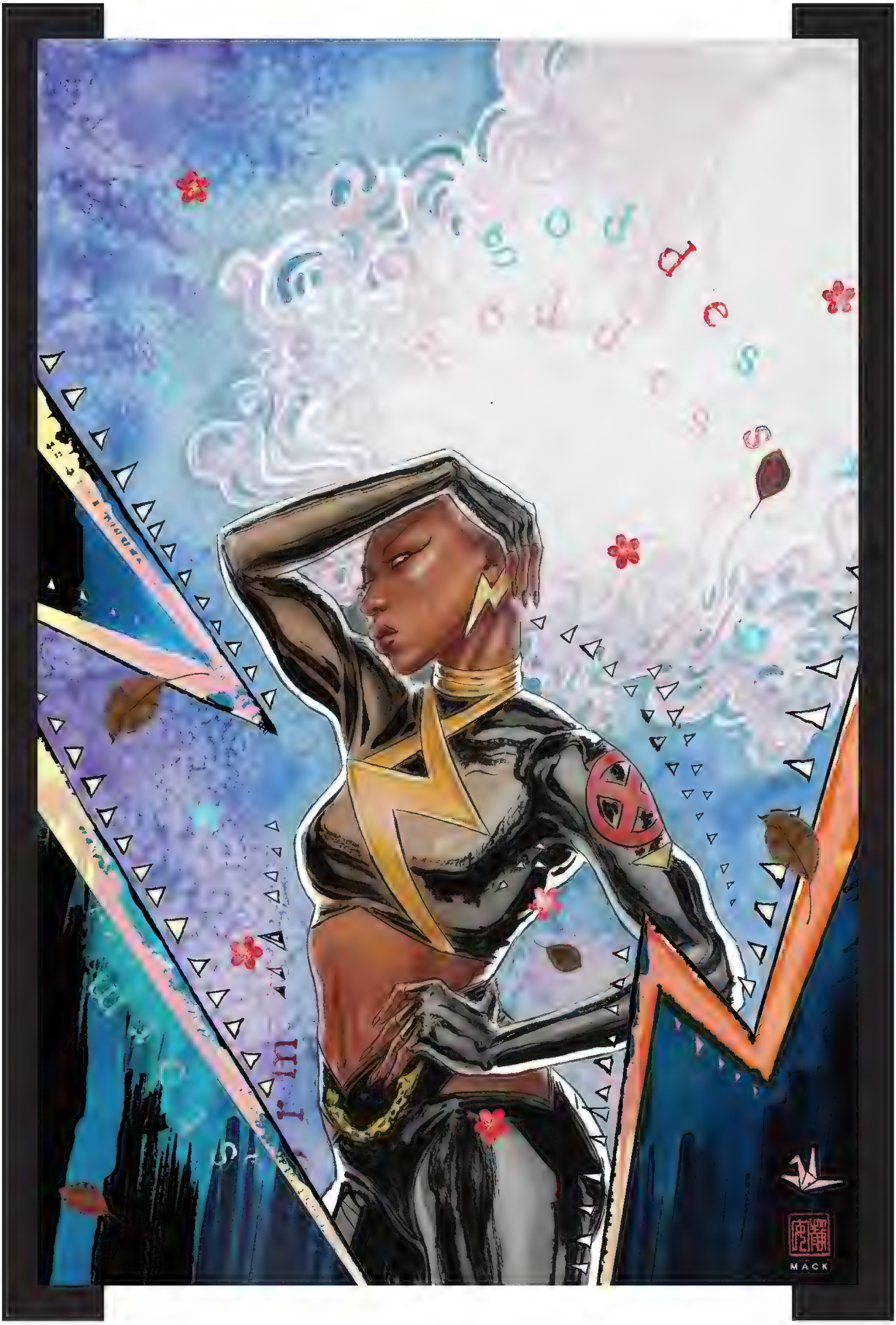


Fall of the House of X #2 Farewell Krakoa Variant
by Carlos Gómez
& Erick Arciniega

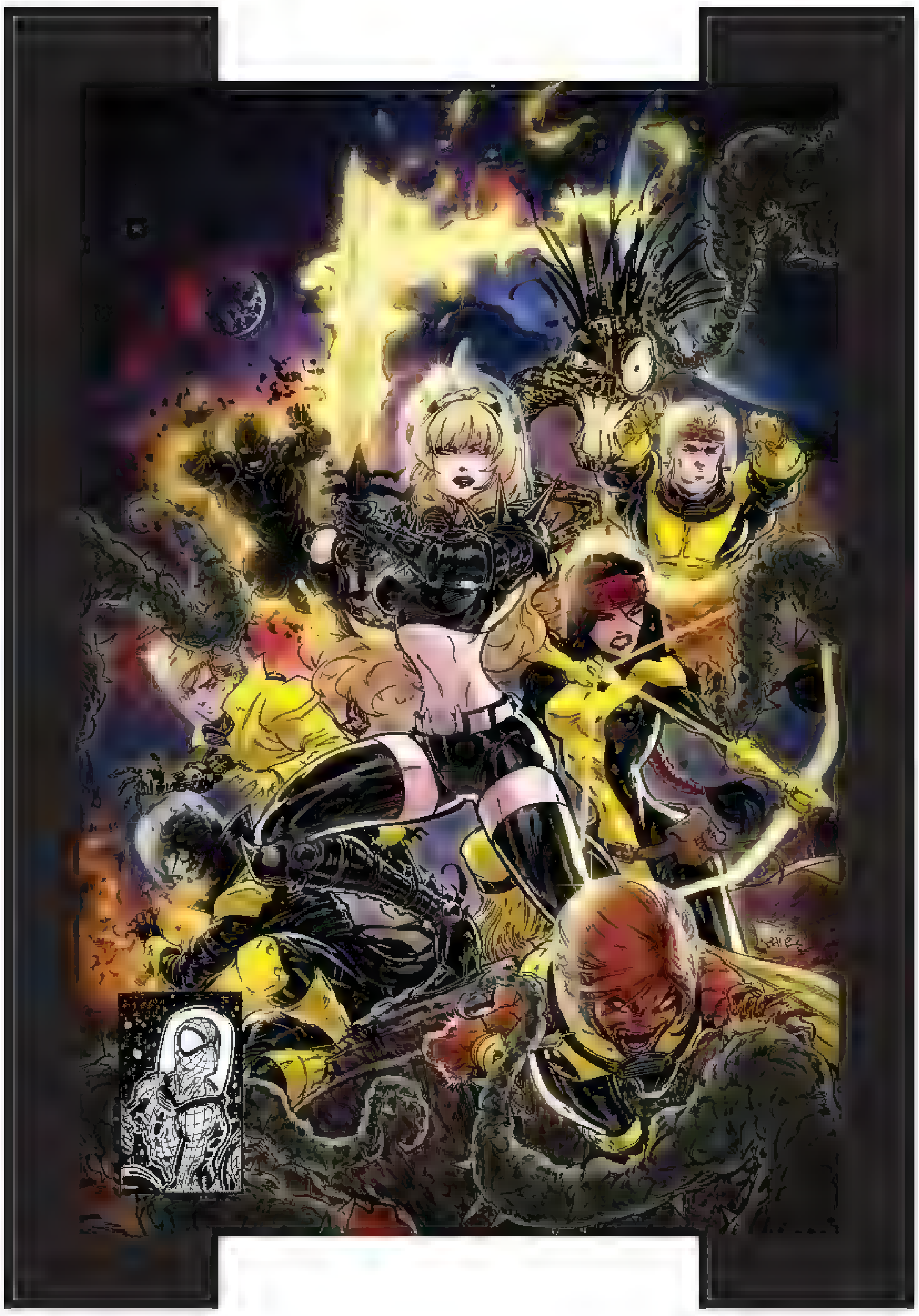


Fall of the House of X #2 & Rise of the Powers of X #2 Connecting Variants
by Giuseppe Camuncoli
& GURU-eFX

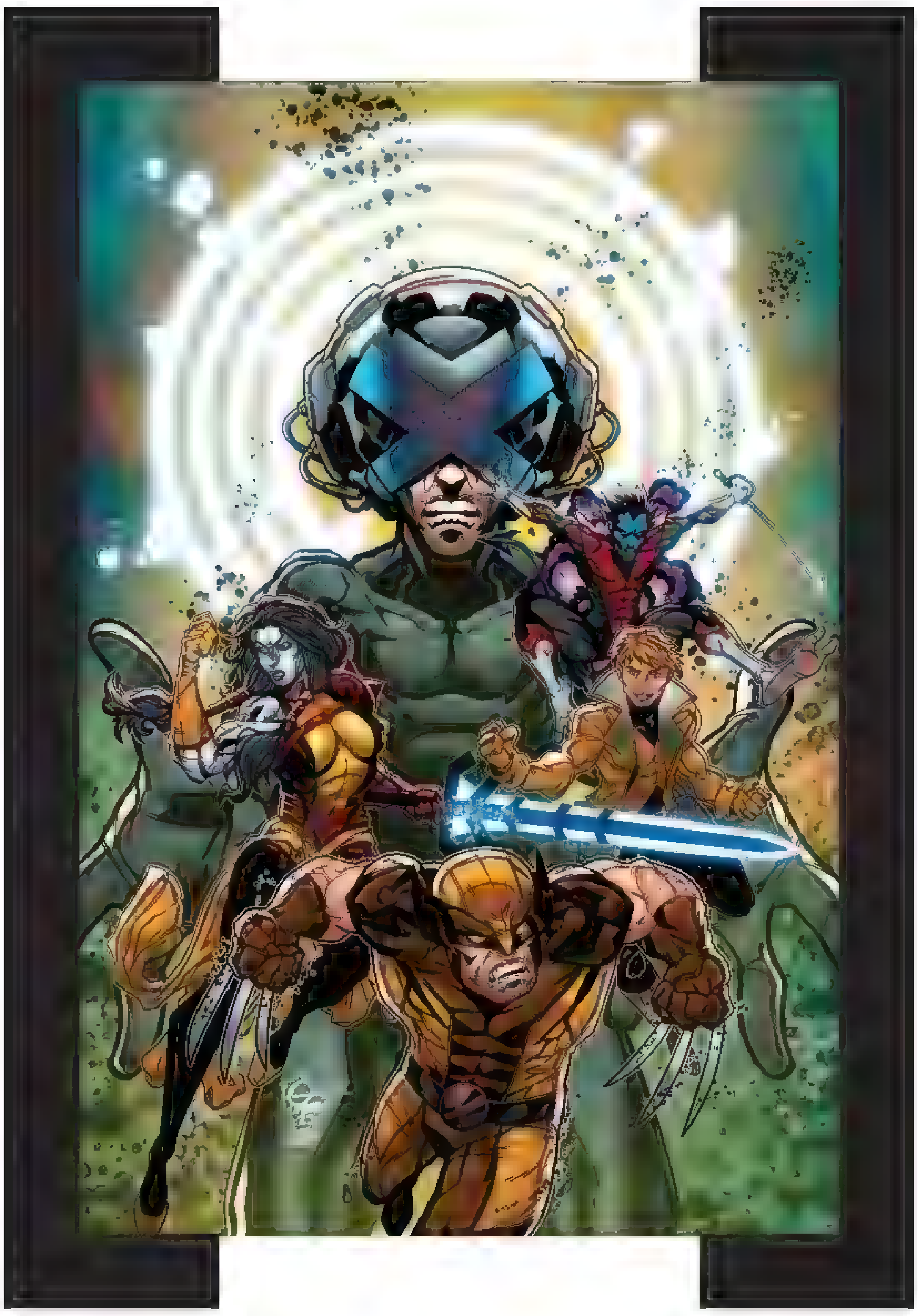
Fall of the House of X #2 Variant
by Ben Harvey


goddess
MACK

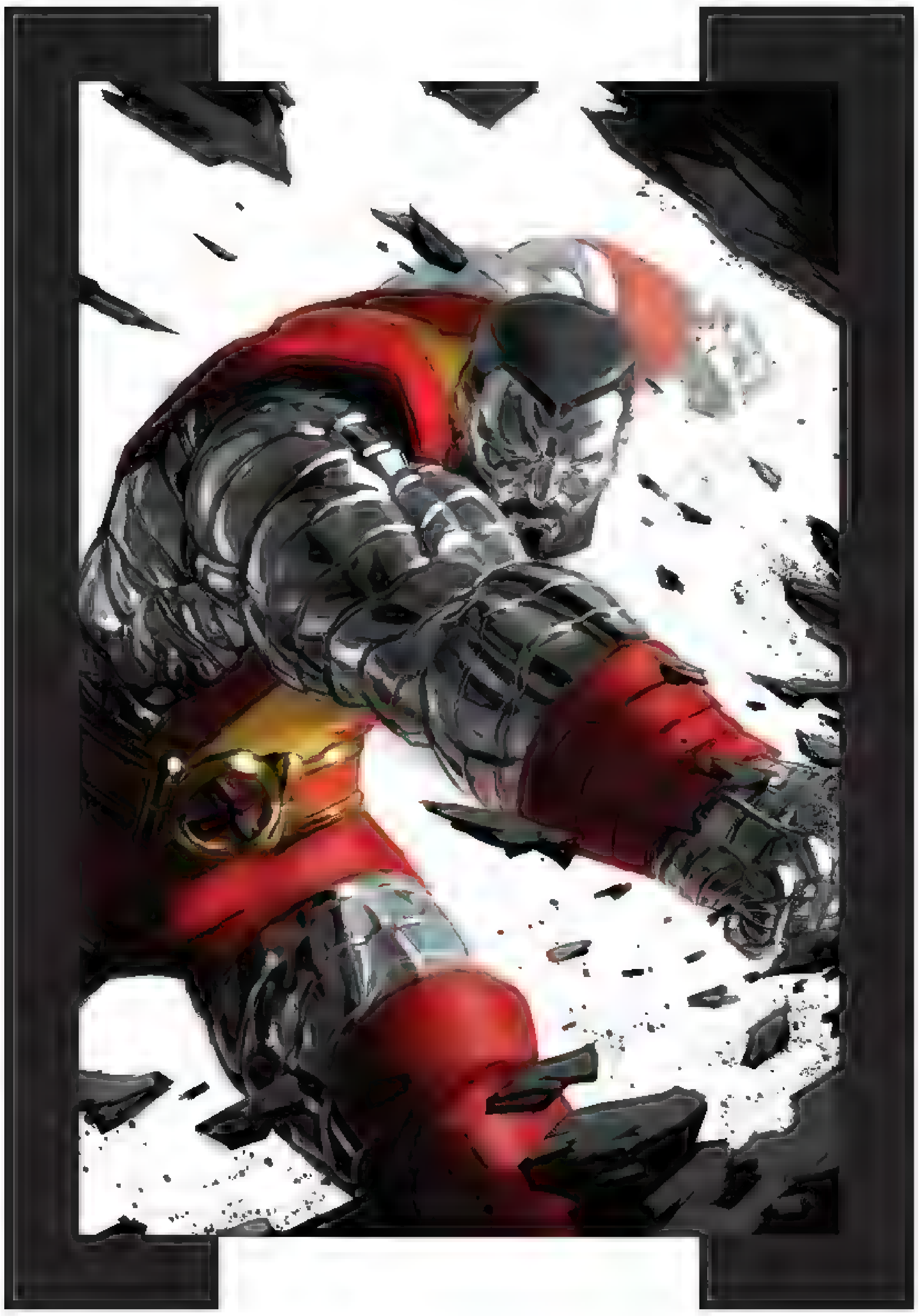
Rise of the Powers of X #1 Variant
by David Mack



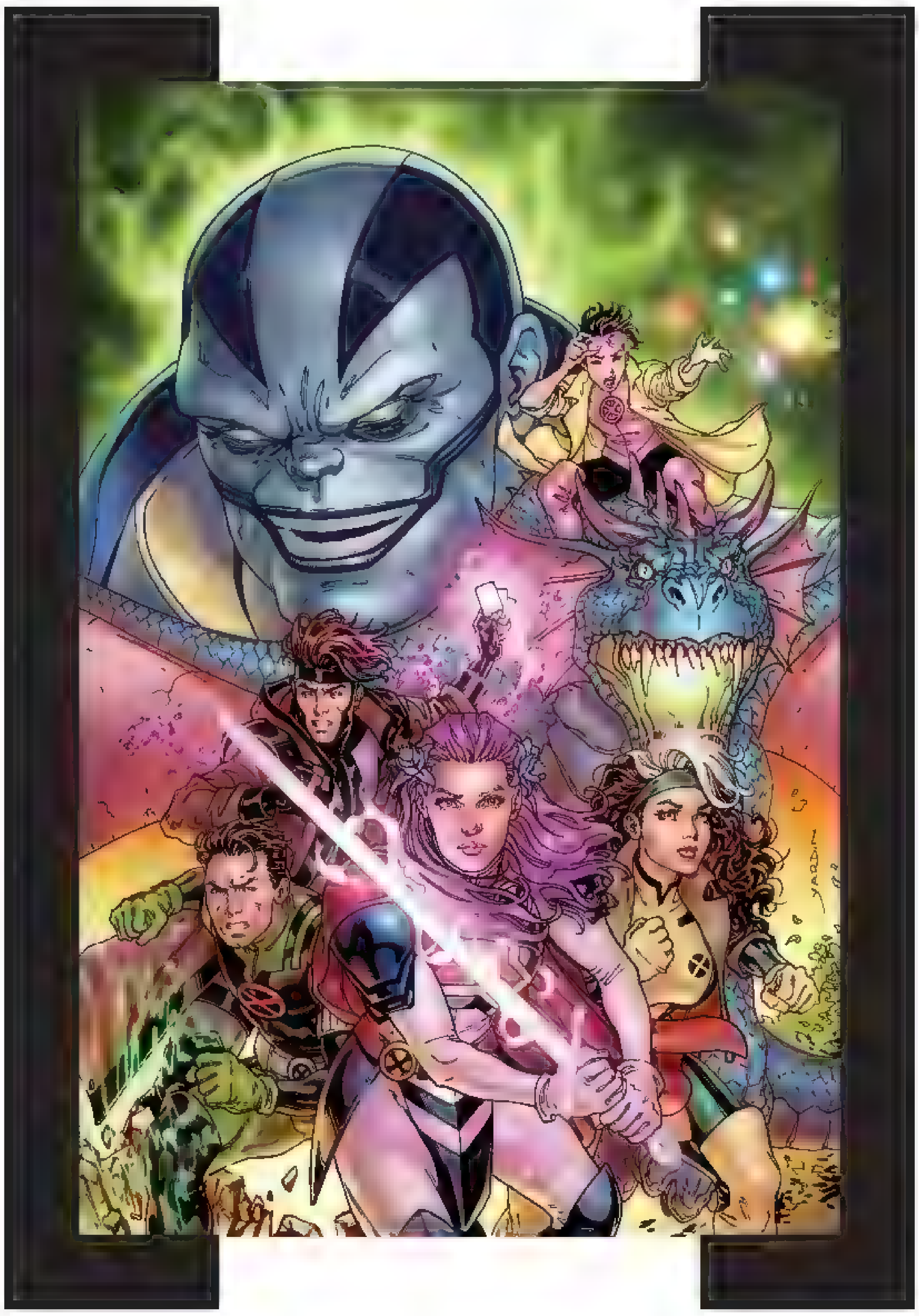
Rise of the Powers of X #2 Farewell Krakoa Variant
by Kaare Andrews



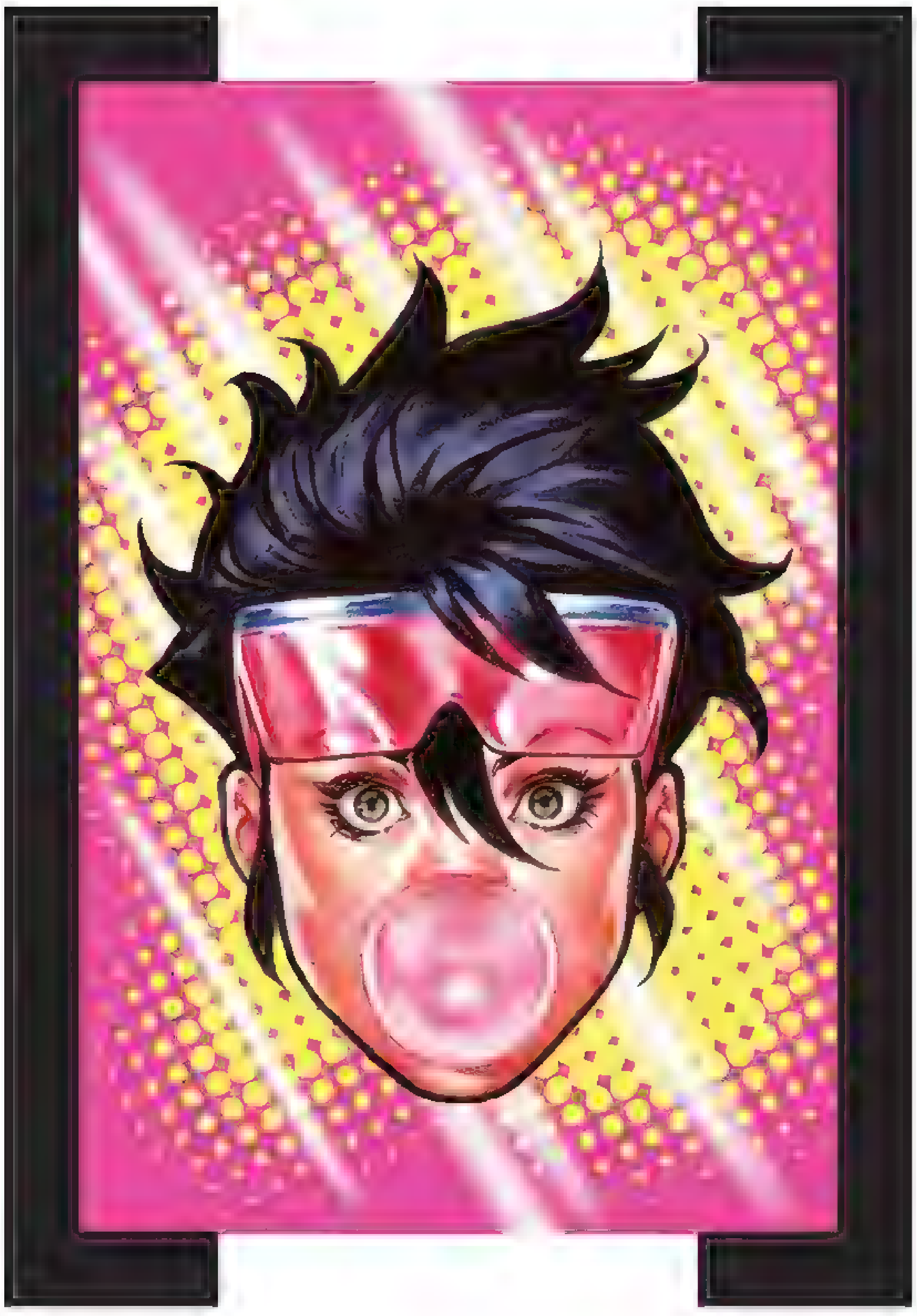
Rise of the Powers of X #2 Variant
by Logan Lubera
& Israel Silva



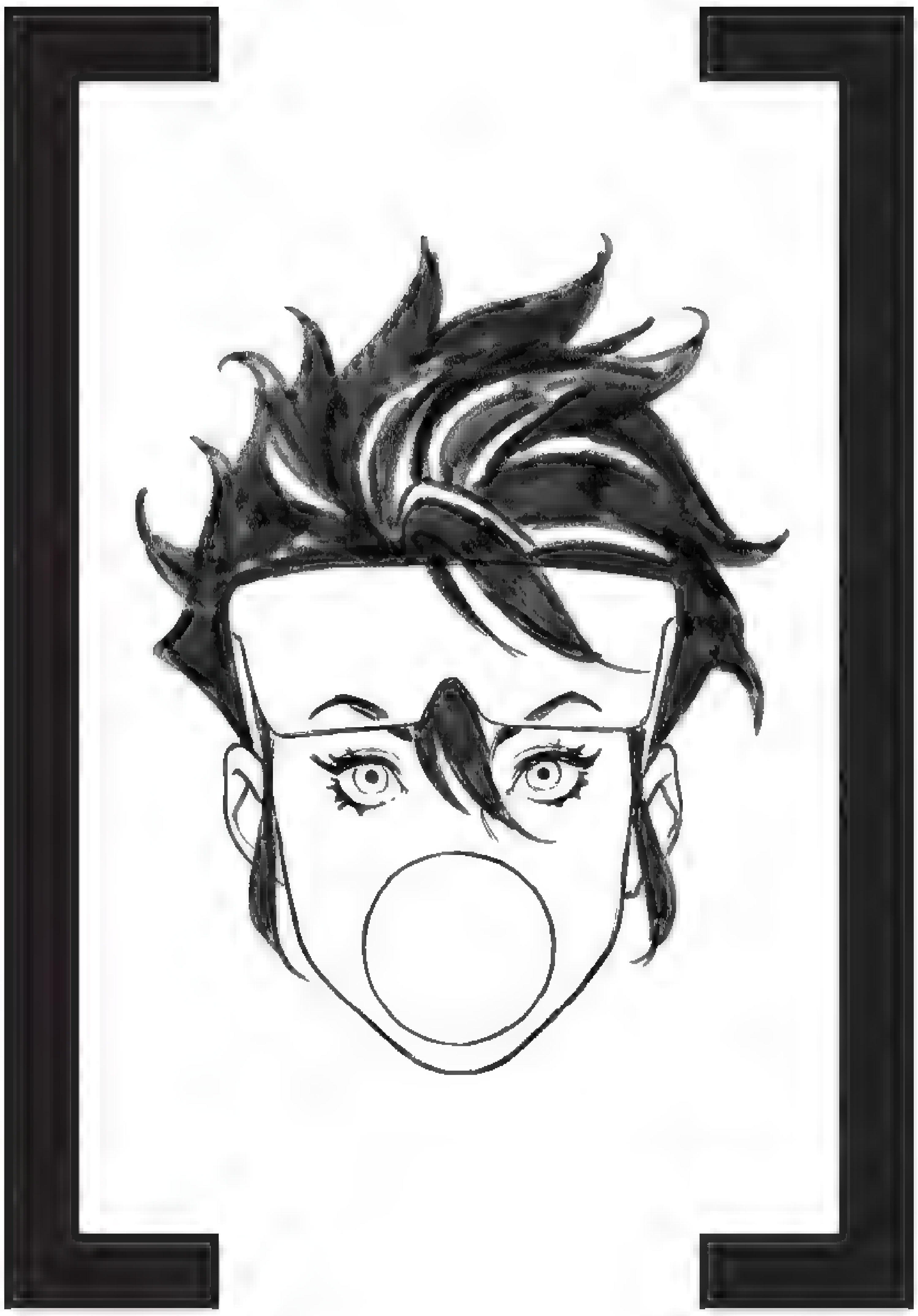
Fall of the House of X #3 Variant
by Miguel Mercado



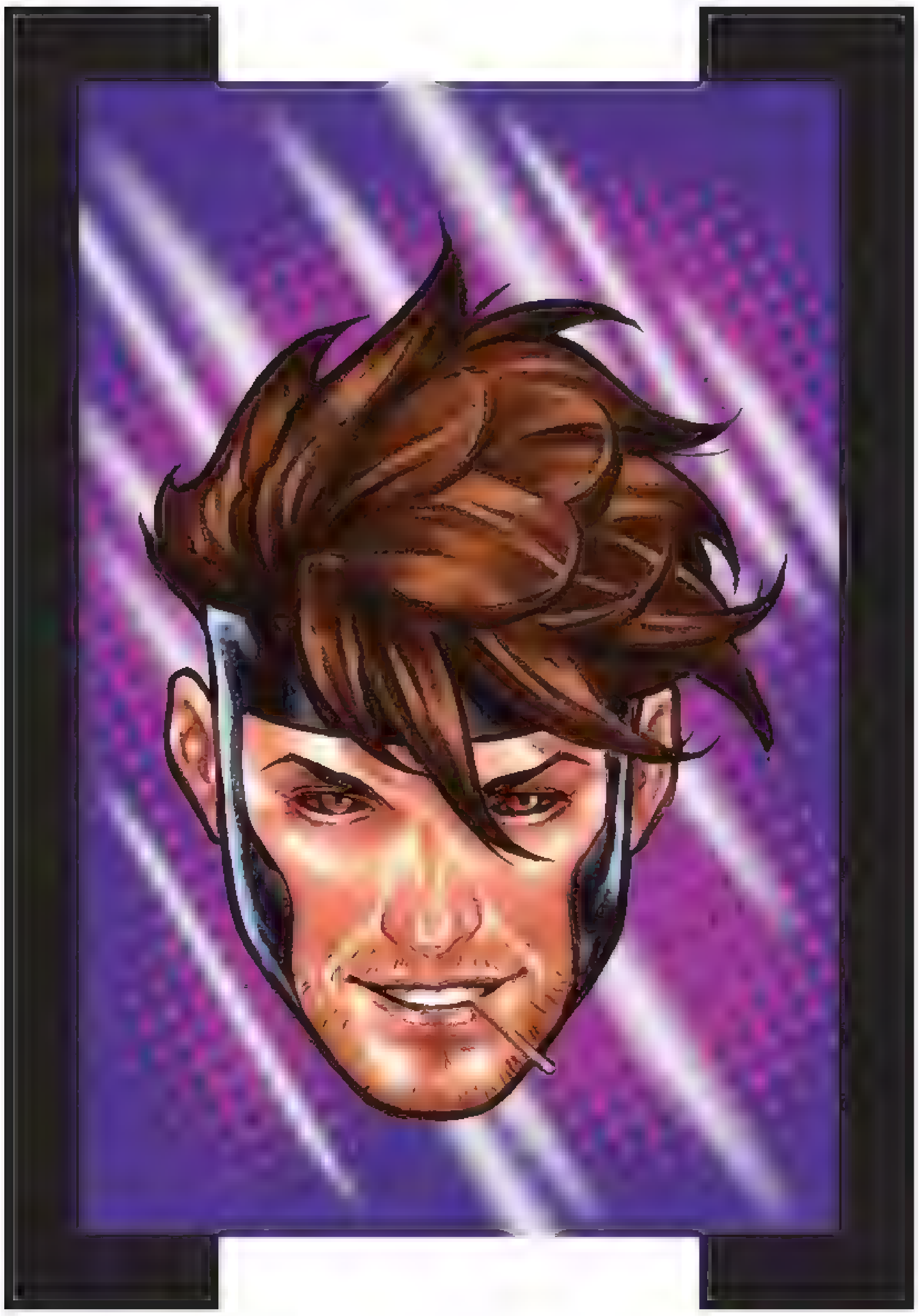
Rise of the Powers of X #3 Farewell Krakoa Variant
by David Yardin



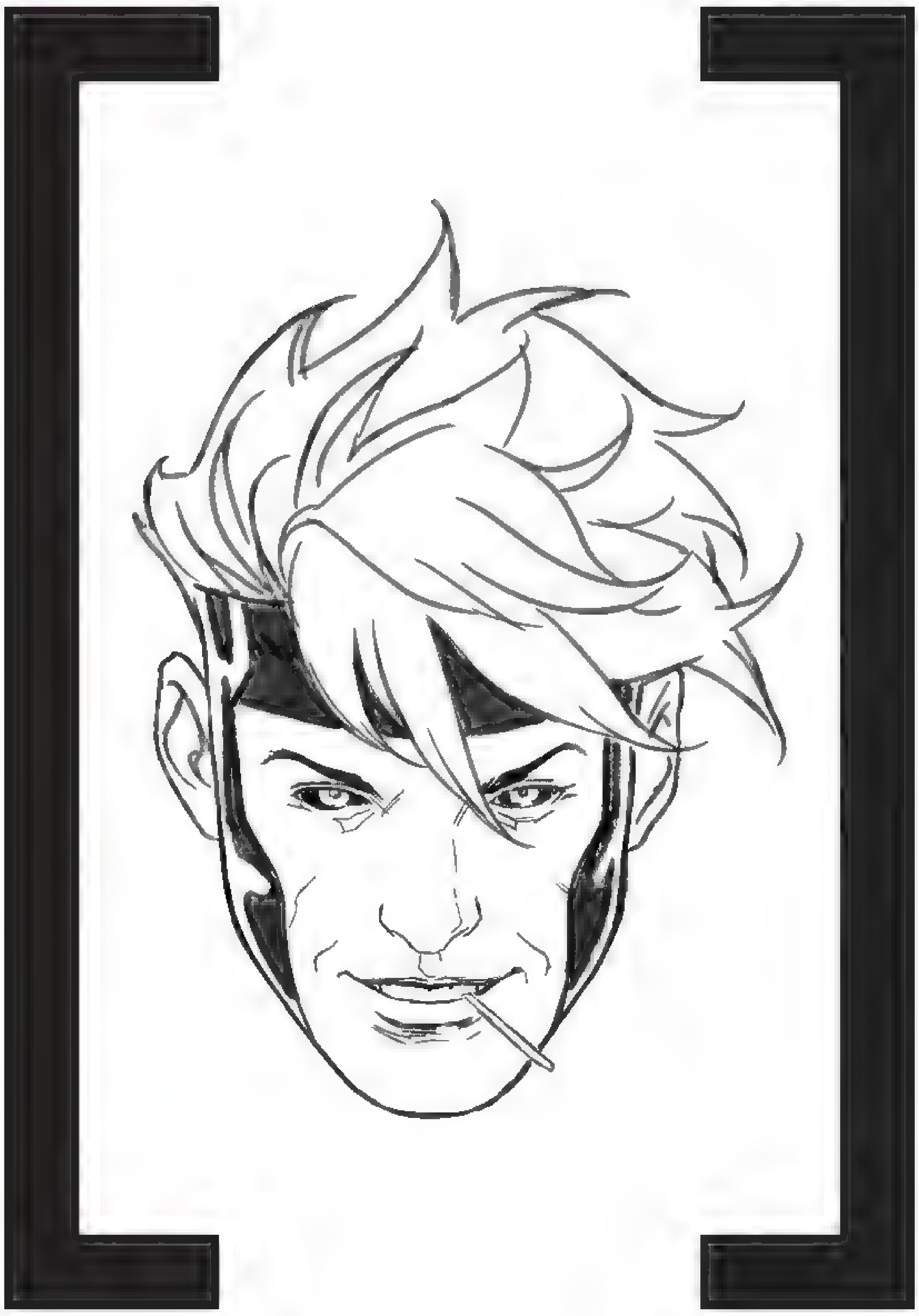
Fall of the House of X #3 Headshot Variant
by Mark Brooks



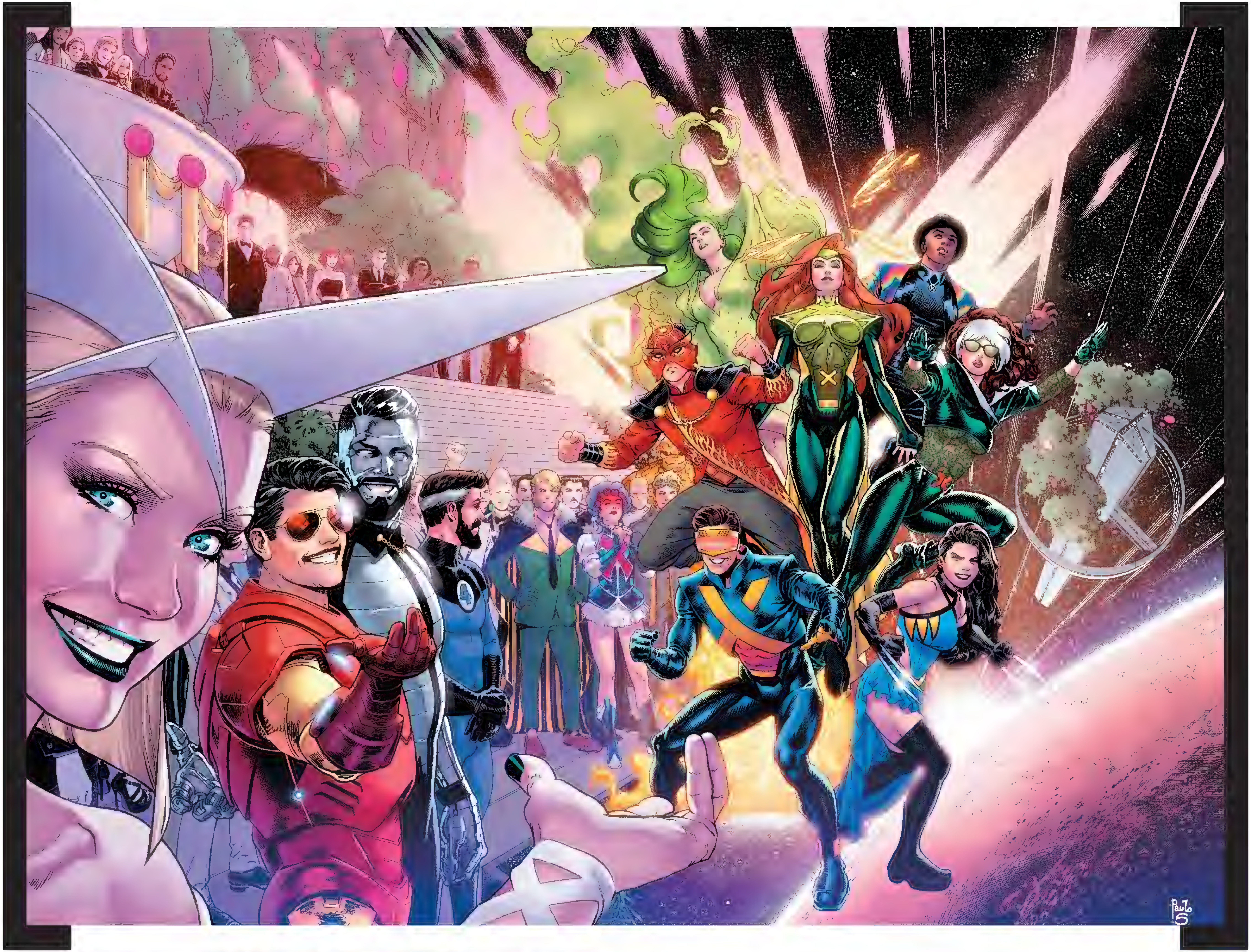
Fall of the House of X #3 Headshot Sketch Variant
by Mark Brooks



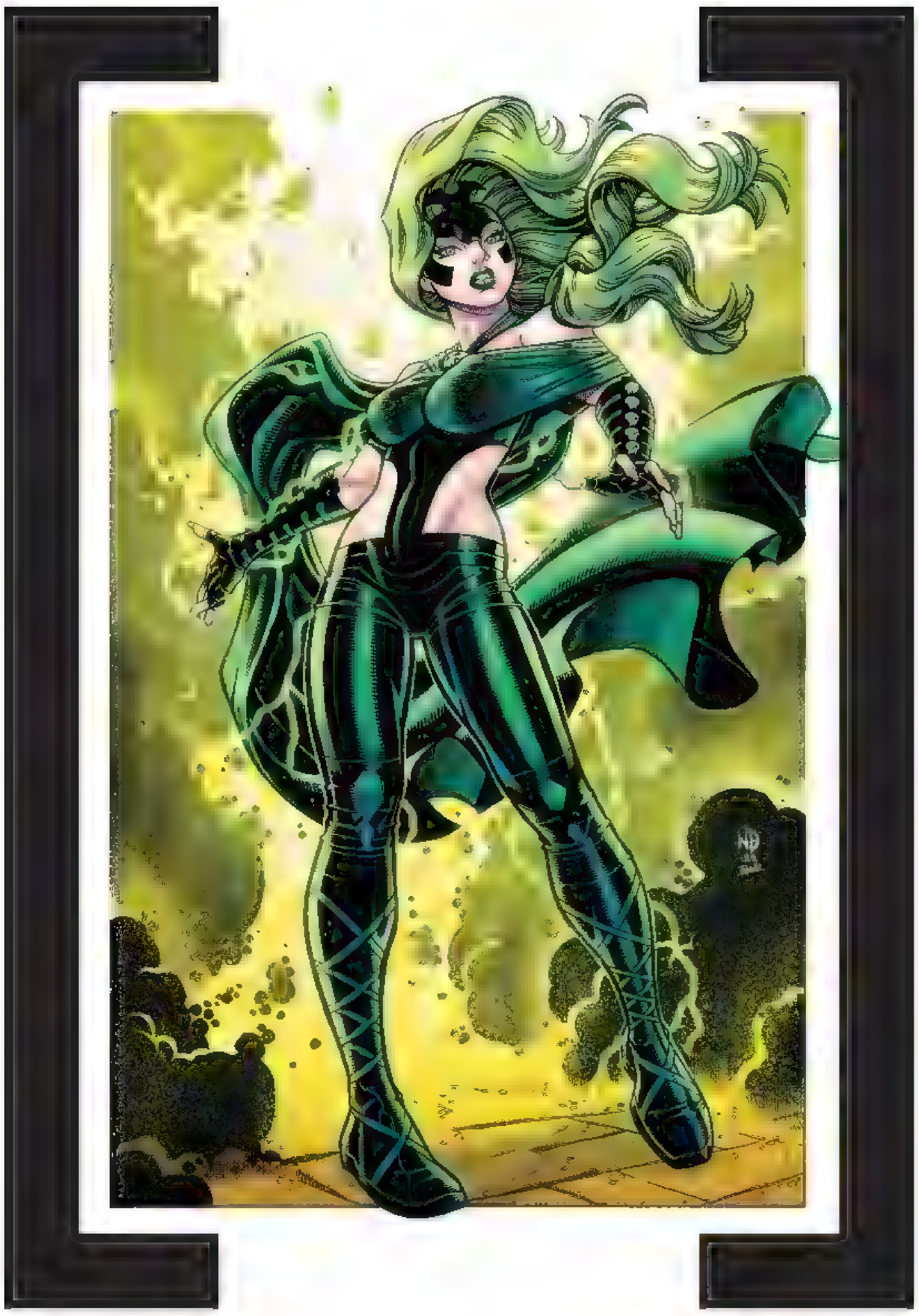
Rise of the Powers of X #3 Headshot Variant
by Mark Brooks



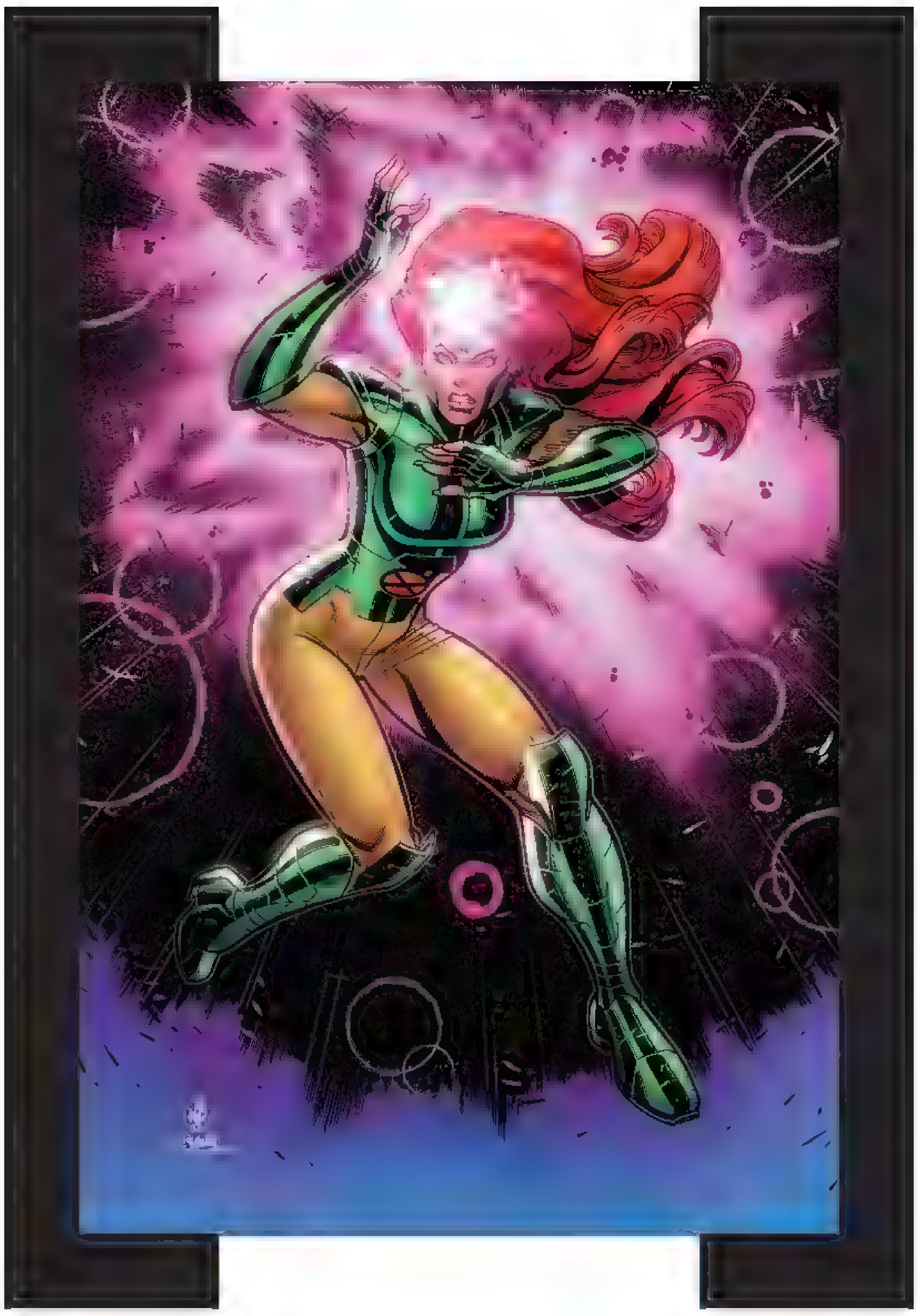
Rise of the Powers of X #3 Headshot Sketch Variant
by Mark Brooks



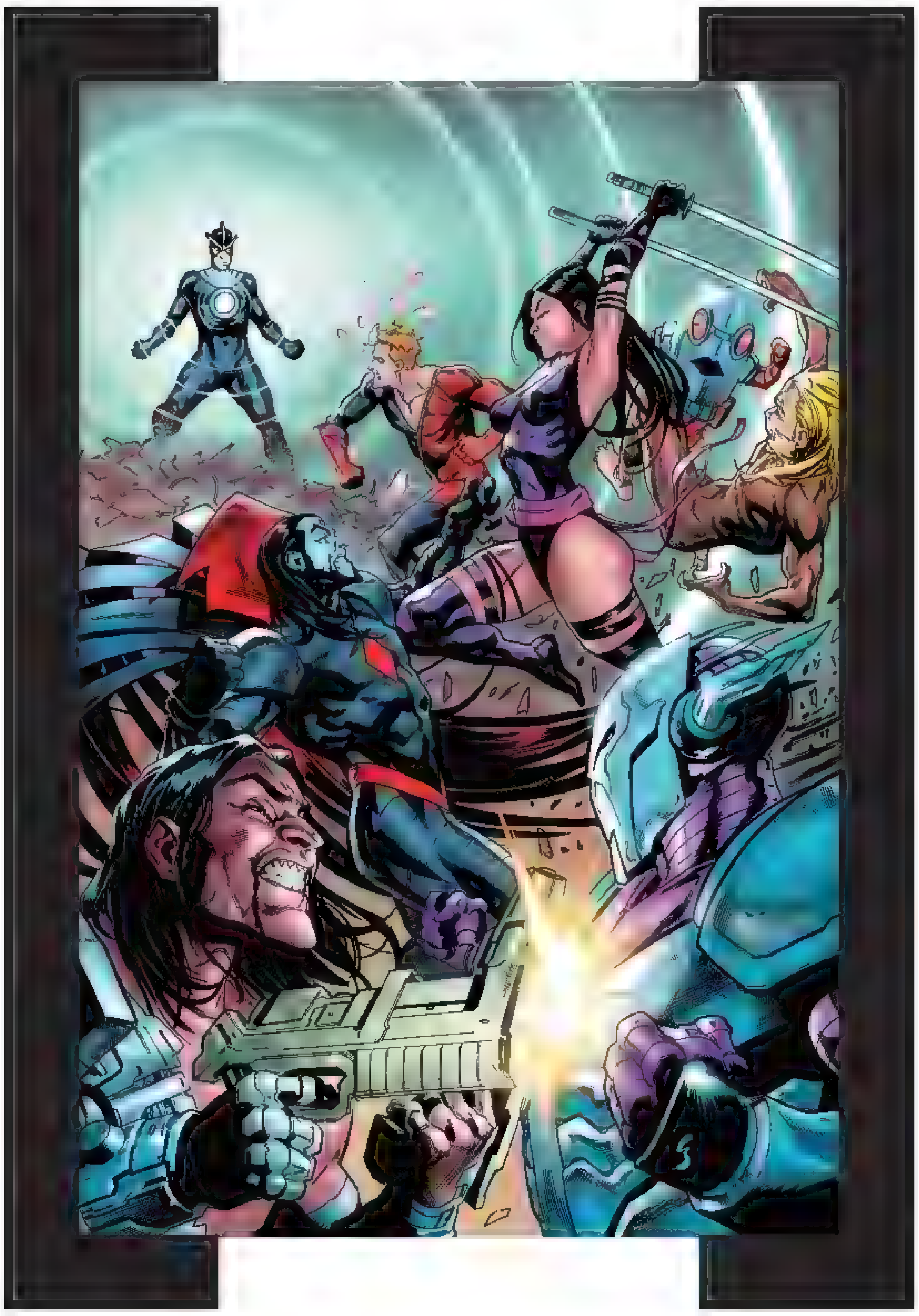
Fall of the House of X #3 & Rise of the Powers of X #3 Connecting Variants
by Paulo Siqueira
& Rachelle Rosenberg



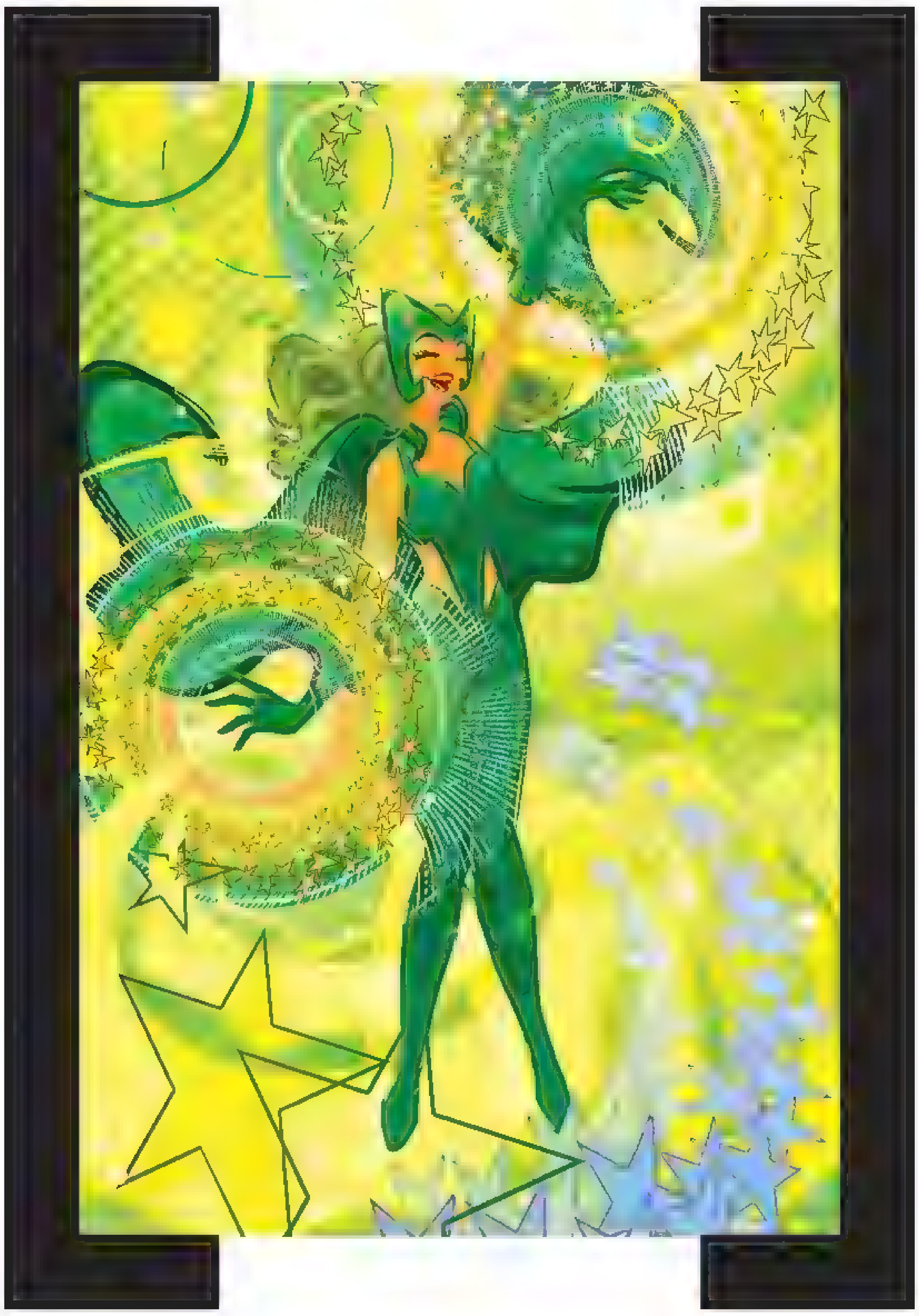
Fall of the House of X #3 Variant
by Nick Bradshaw
& Rachelle Rosenberg



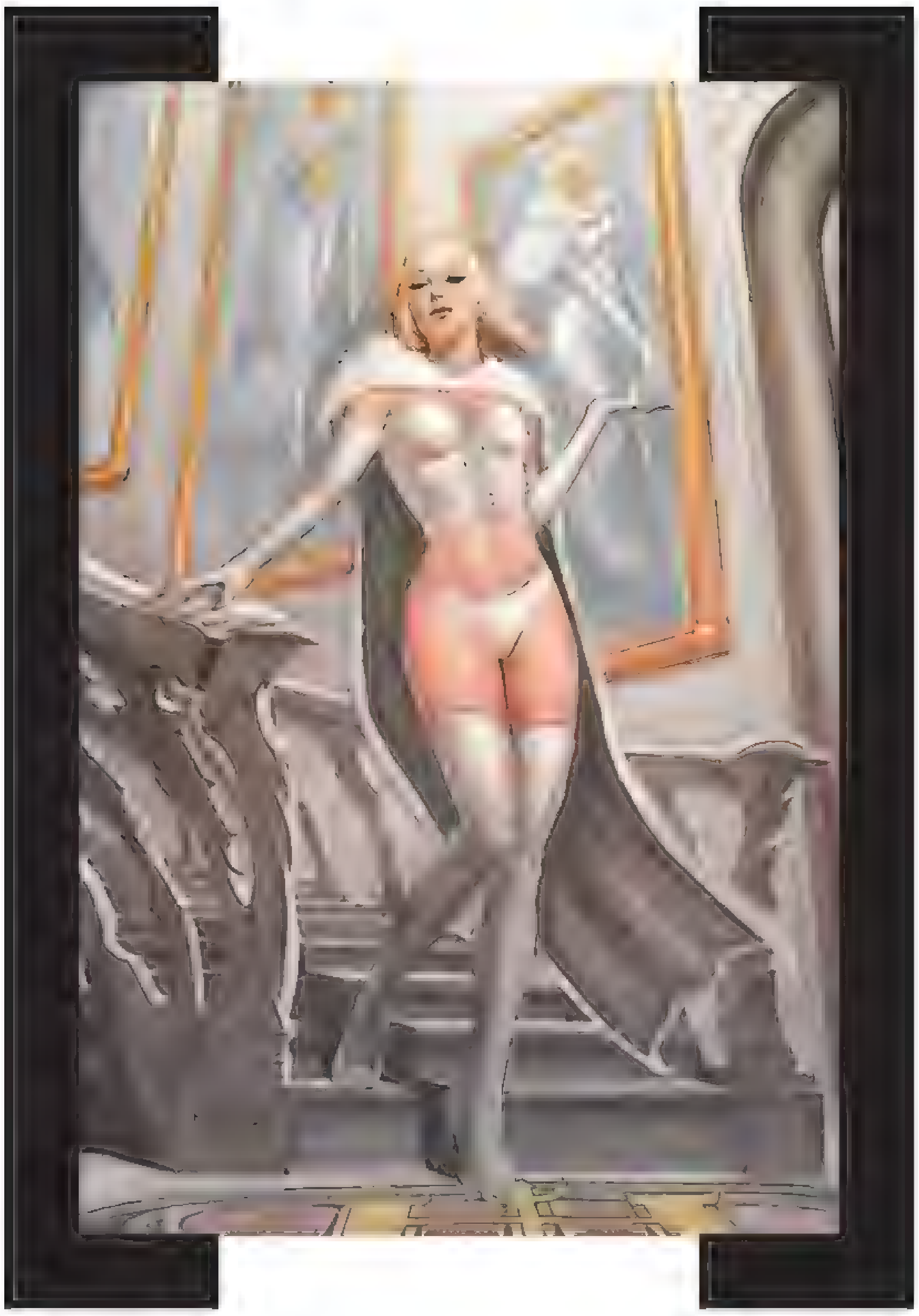
Rise of the Powers of X #3 Variant
by Nick Bradshaw
& Rachelle Rosenberg



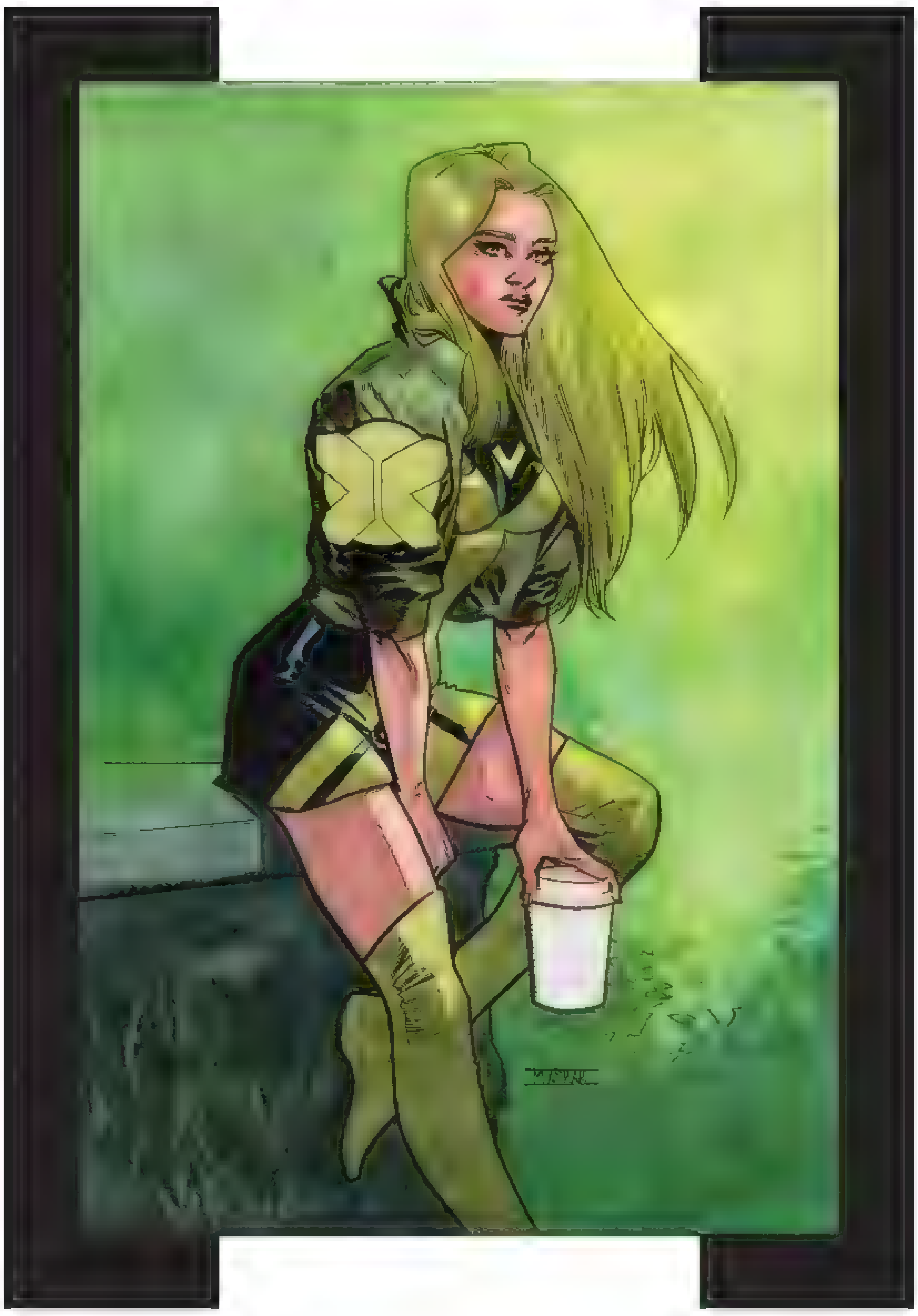
Rise of the Powers of X #3 Farewell Krakoa Variant
by Geoff Shaw & Edgar Delgado



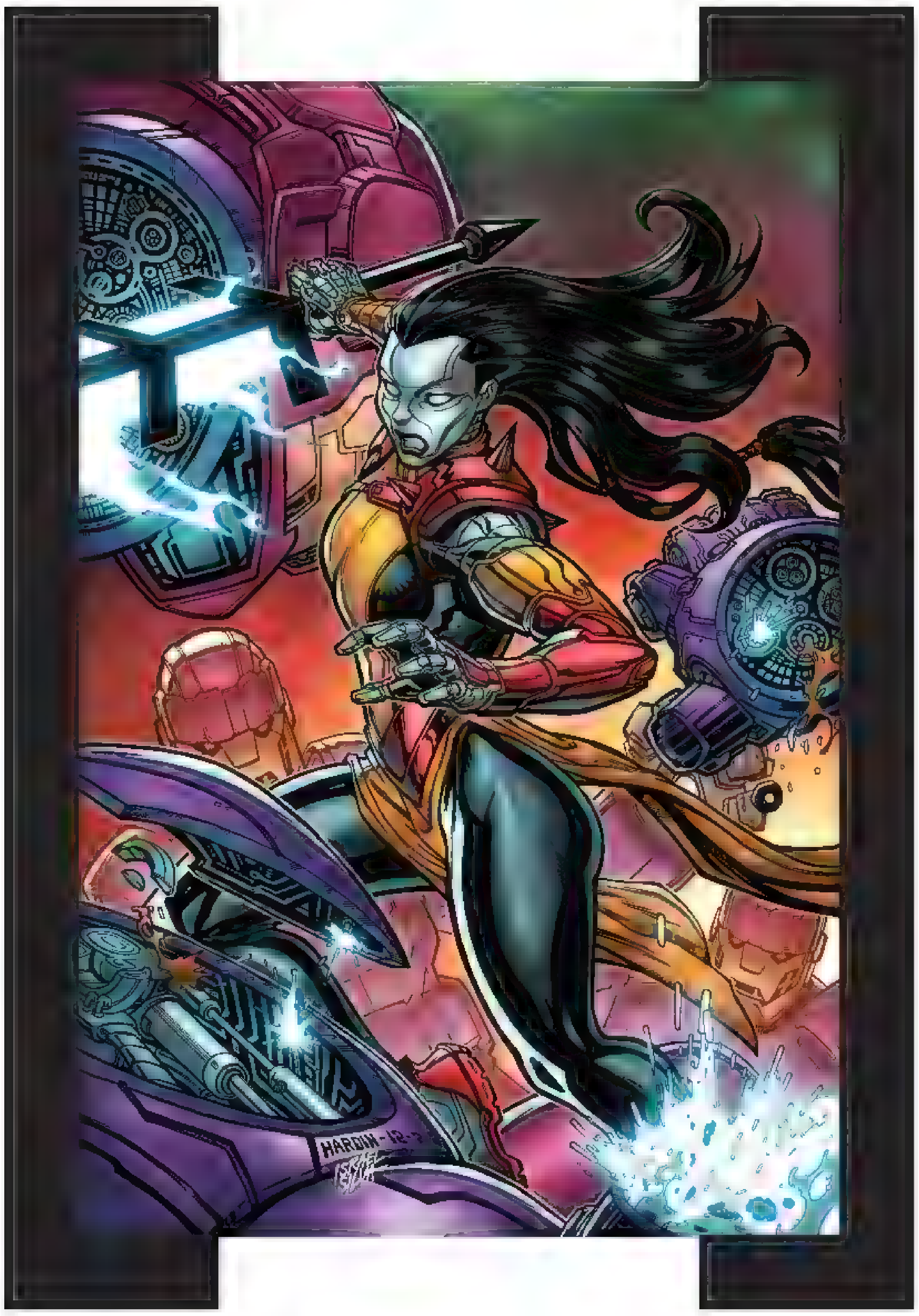
Rise of the Powers of X #3 Variant
by Nicoletta Baldari



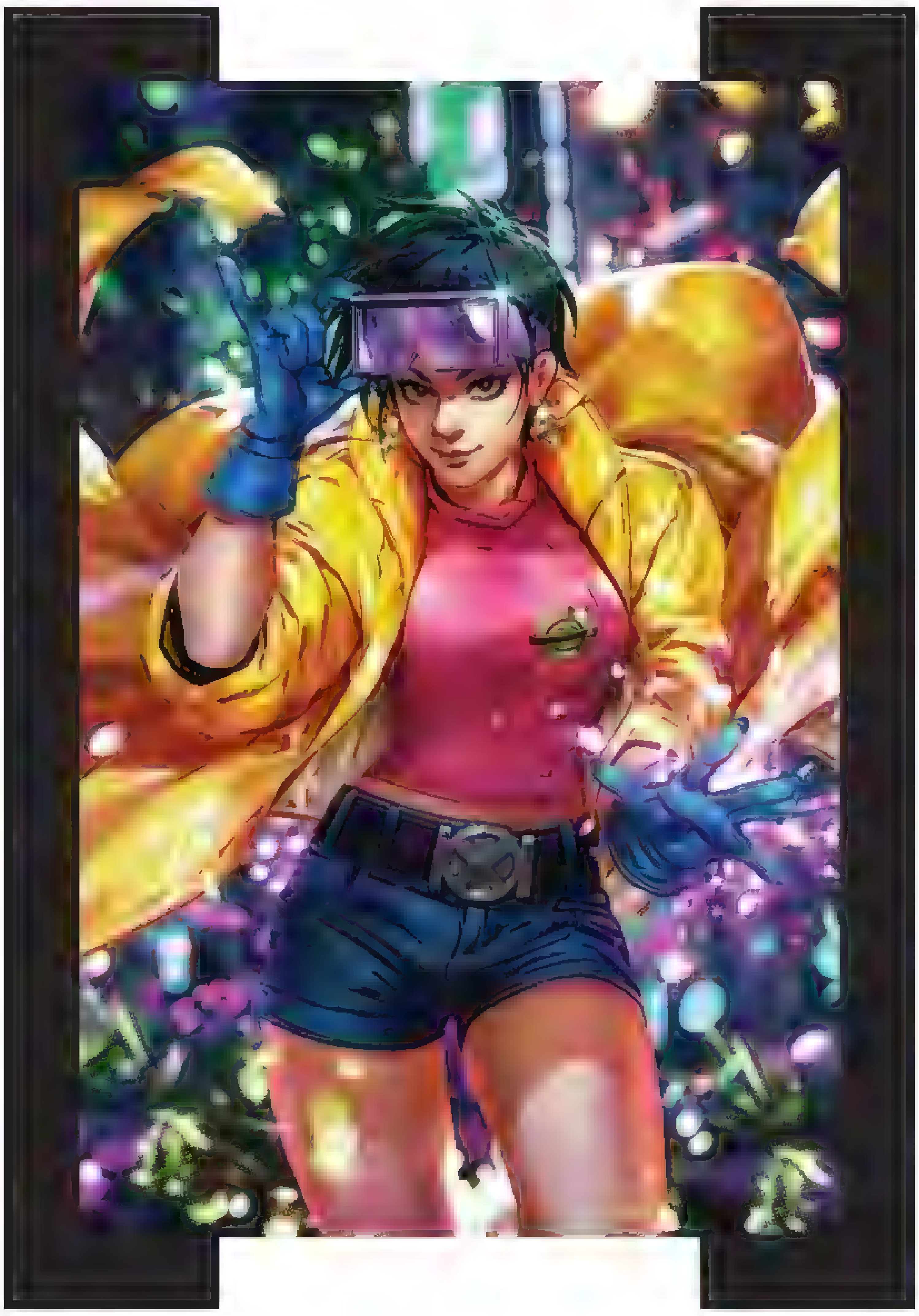
Fall of the House of X #4 Variant
by E.M. Gist



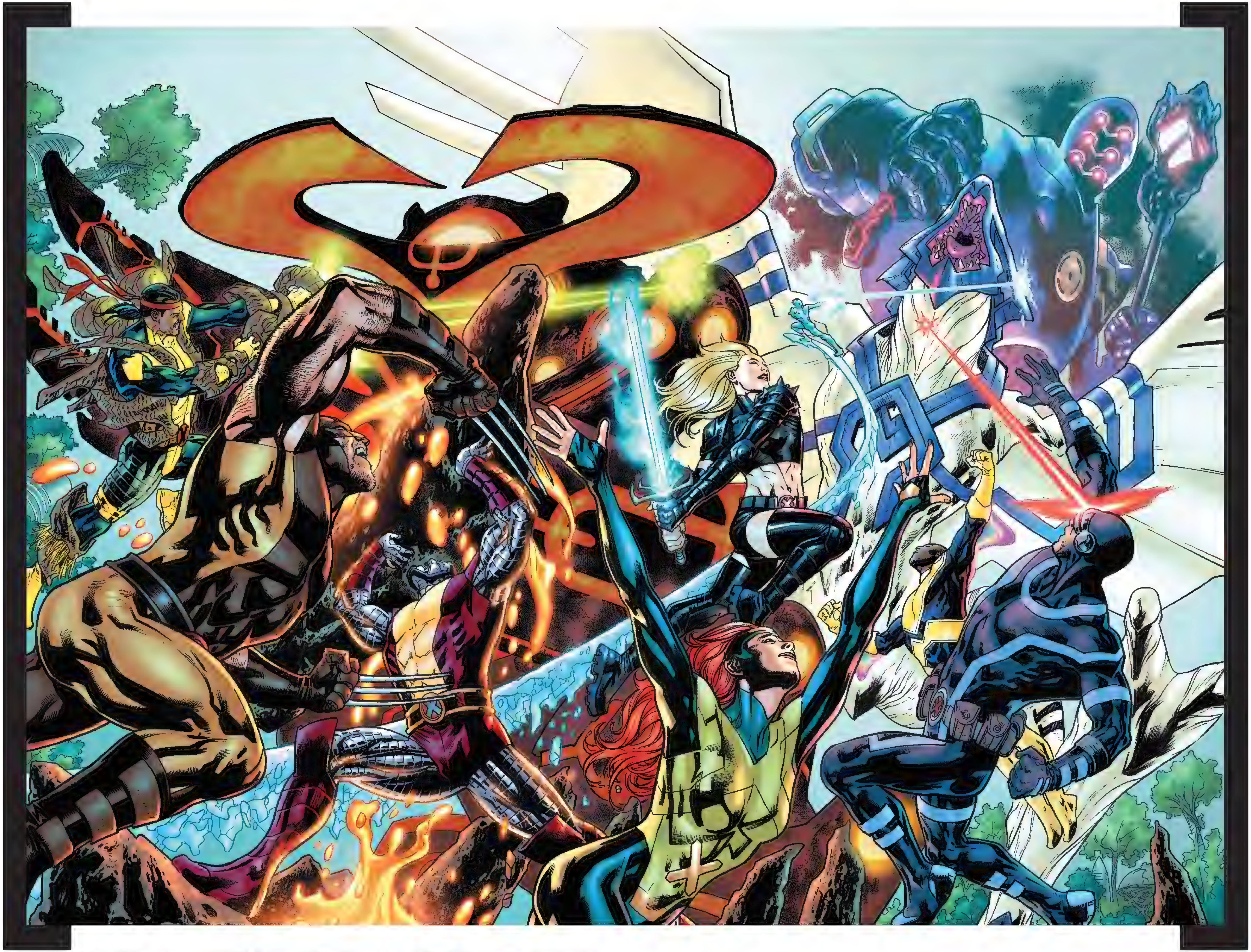
Fall of the House of X #4 Variant
by Mahmud Asrar



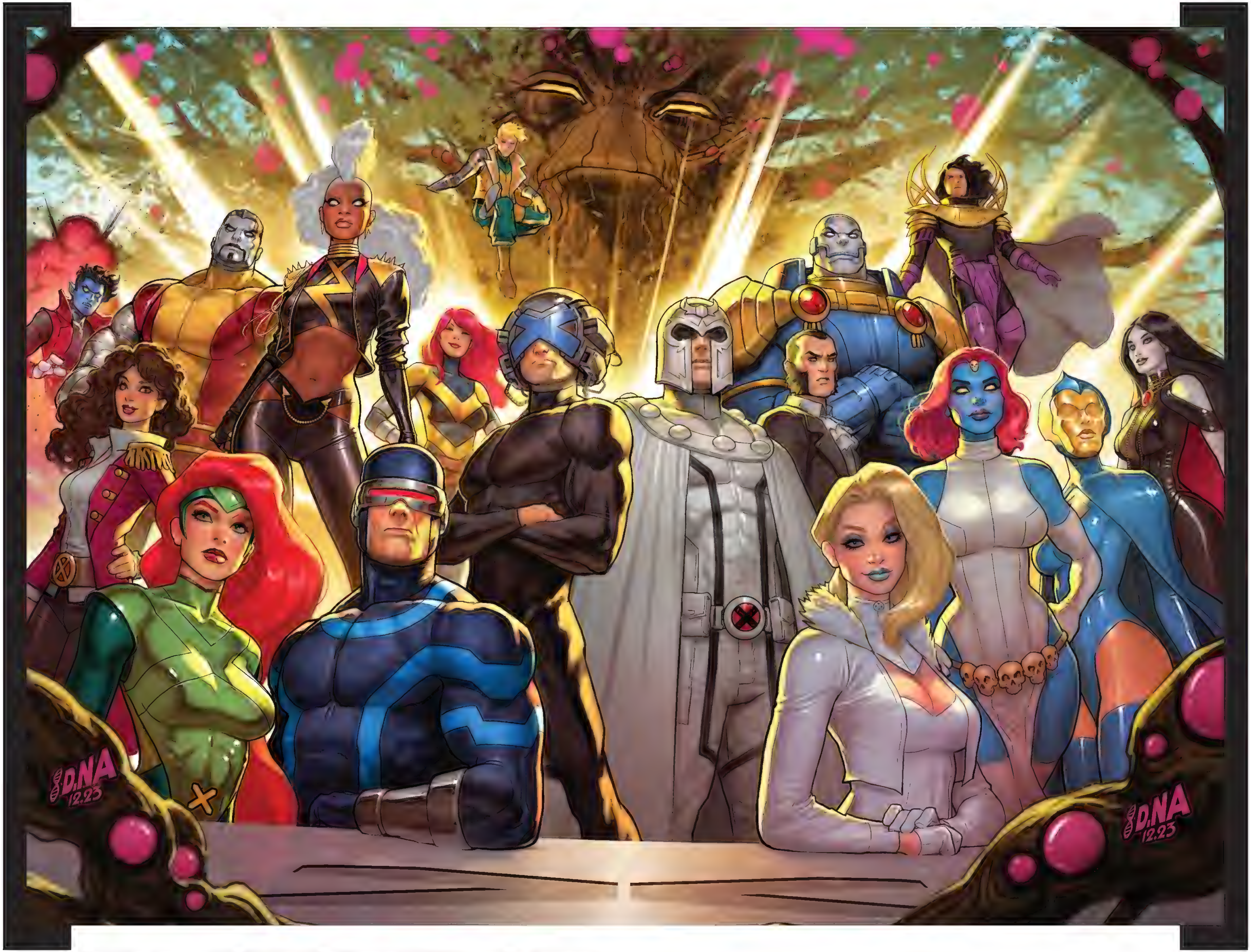
Rise of the Powers of X #4 Variant
by Chad Hardin
& Israel Silva



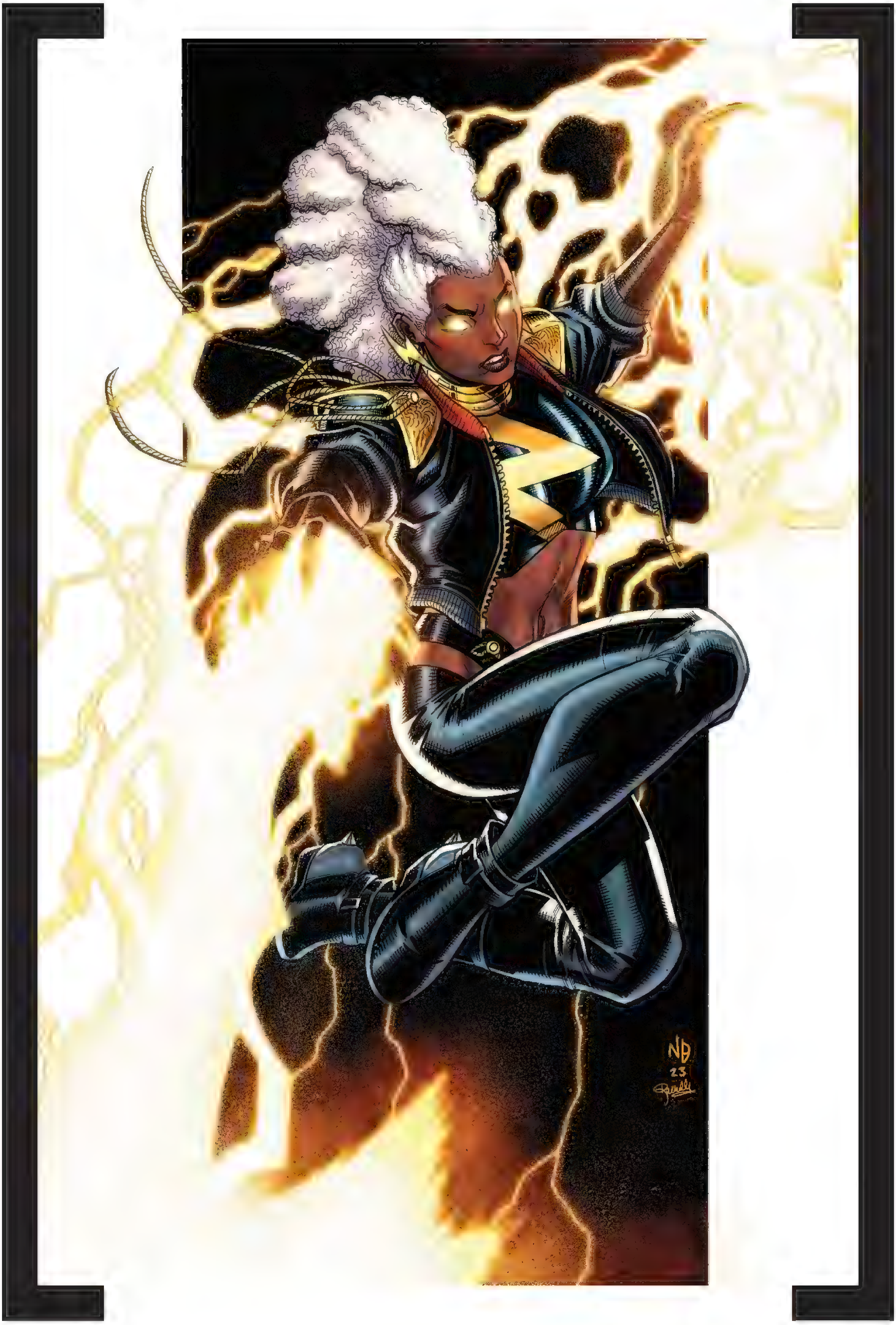
Rise of the Powers of X #4 Variant
by Derrick Chew



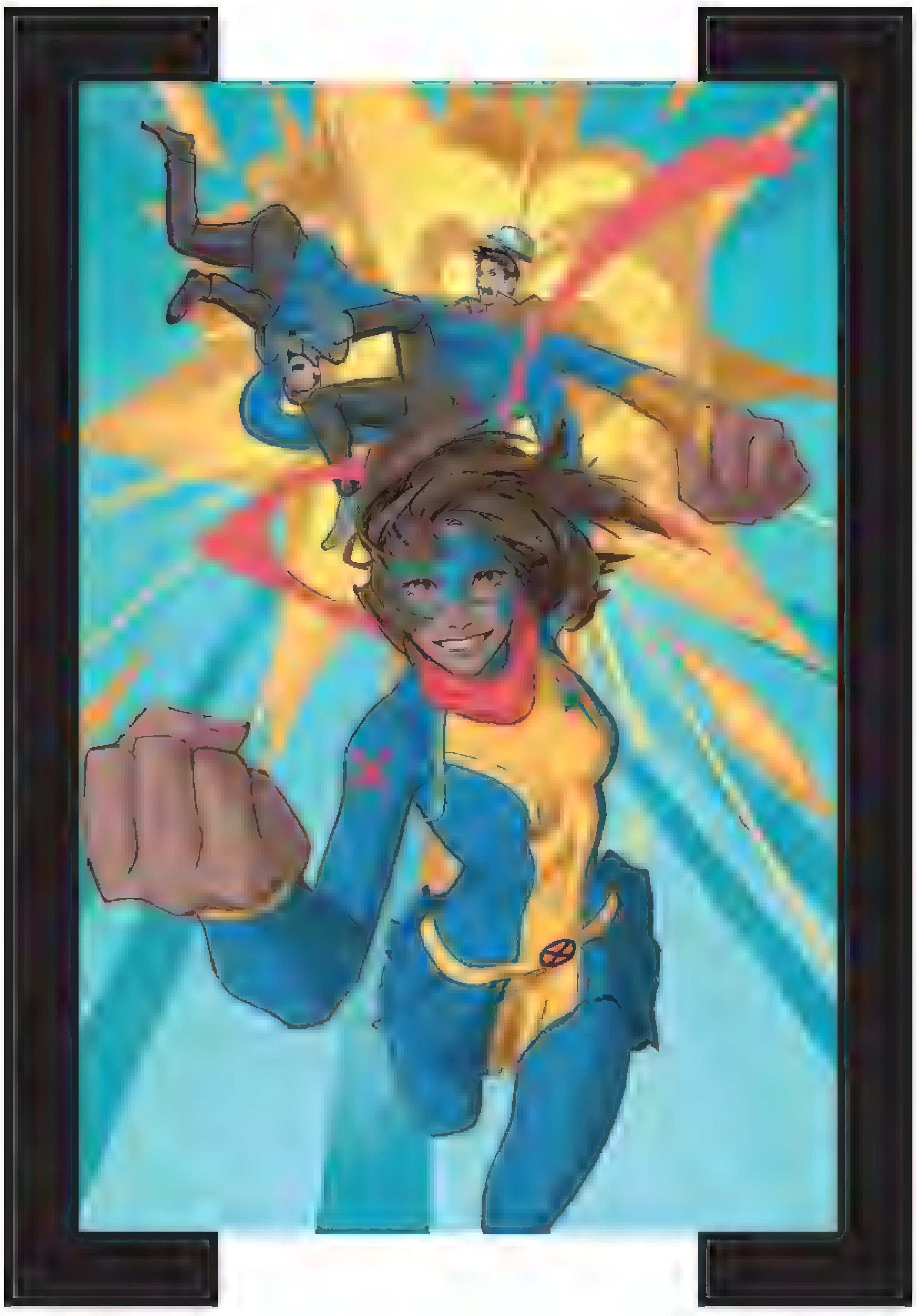
Fall of the House of X #4 & Rise of the Powers of X #4 Connecting Variants
by Bryan Hitch
& Alex Sinclair


D.NA
12.23
D.NA
12.23

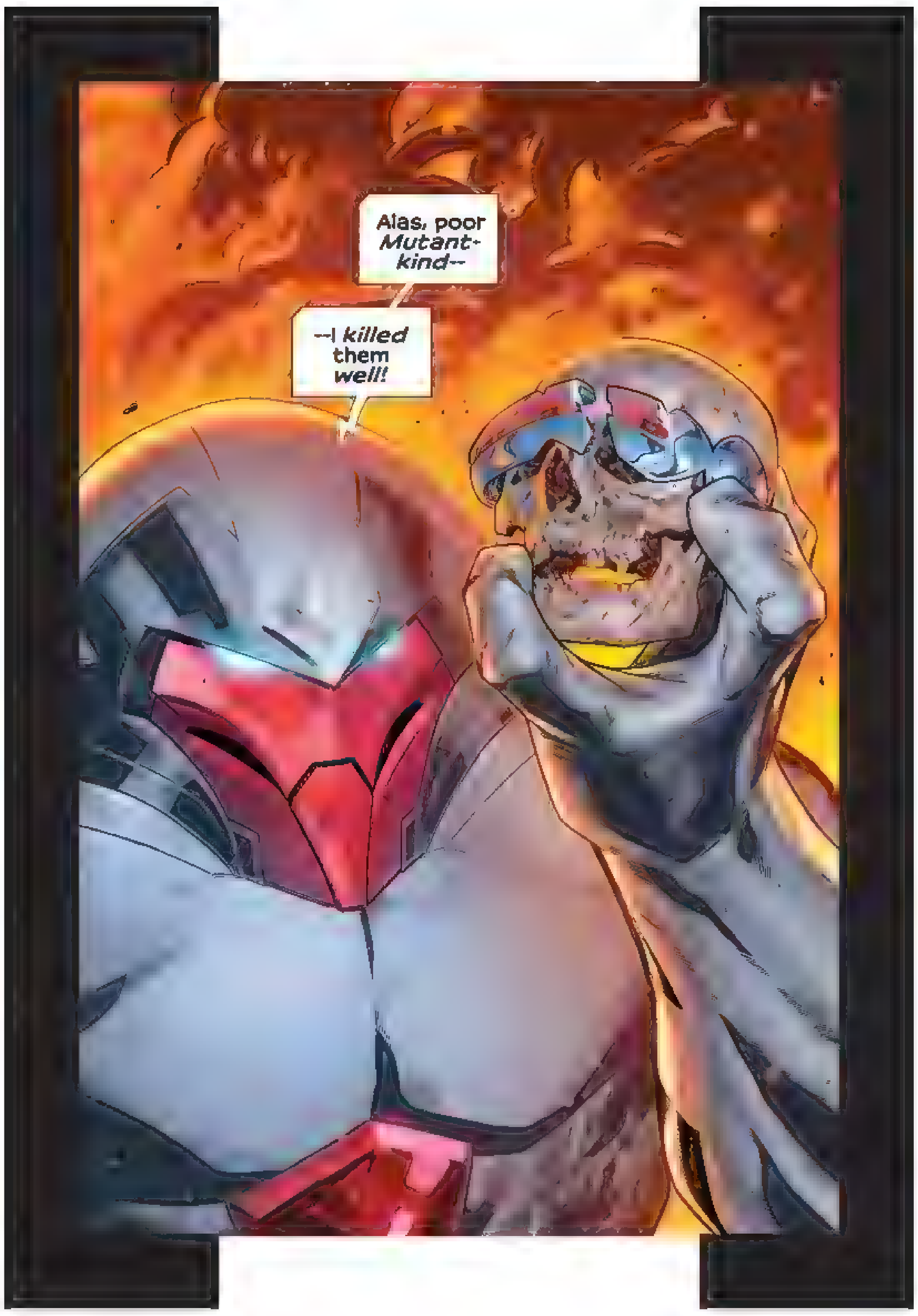
Fall of the House of X #5 & Rise of the Powers of X #5 Connecting Variants
by David Nakayama



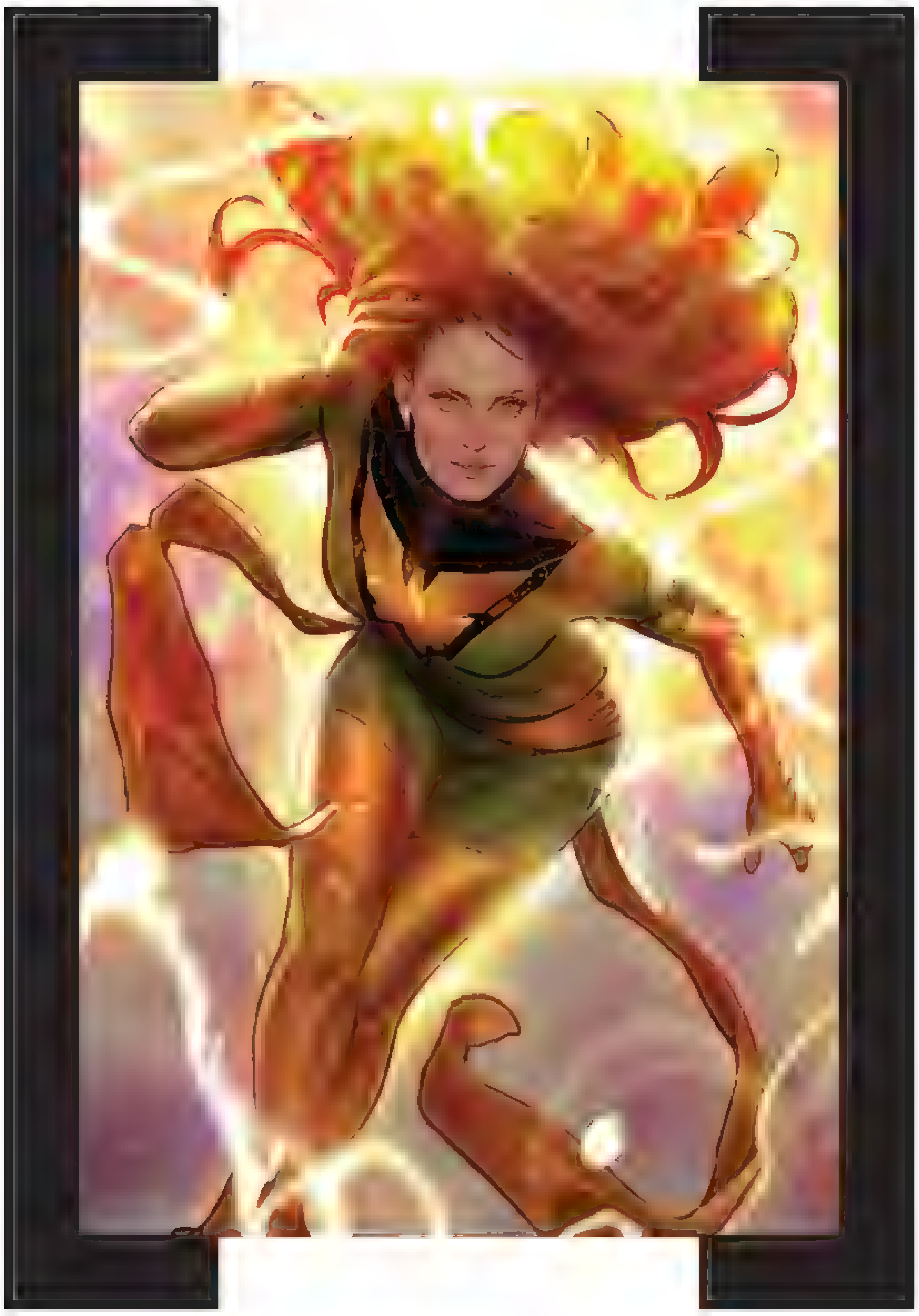
Fall of the House of X #5 Variant
by Nick Bradshaw
& Rachelle Rosenberg



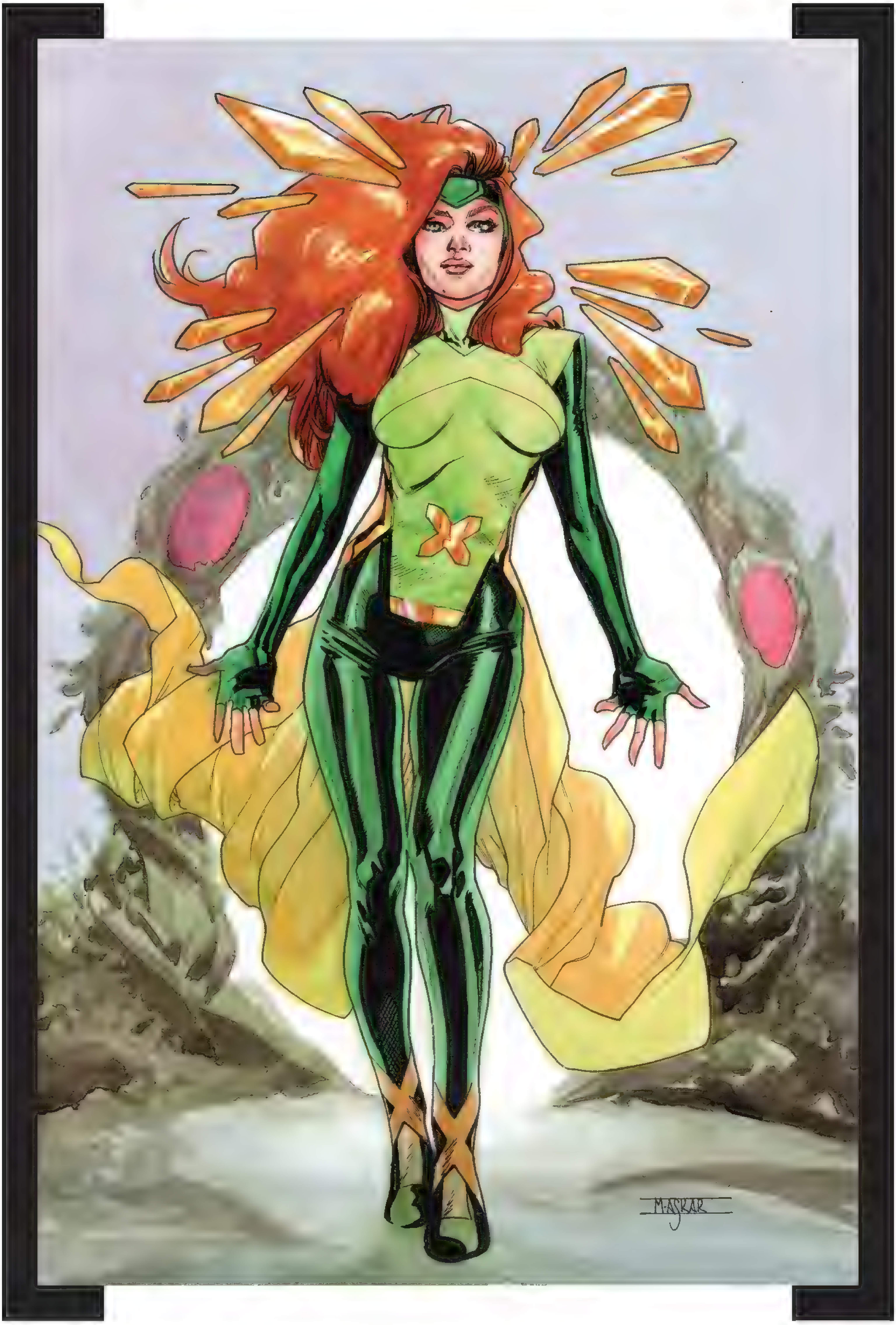
Fall of the House of X #5 Variant
by Aka


Alas, poor Mutant-kind--
--I killed them well!

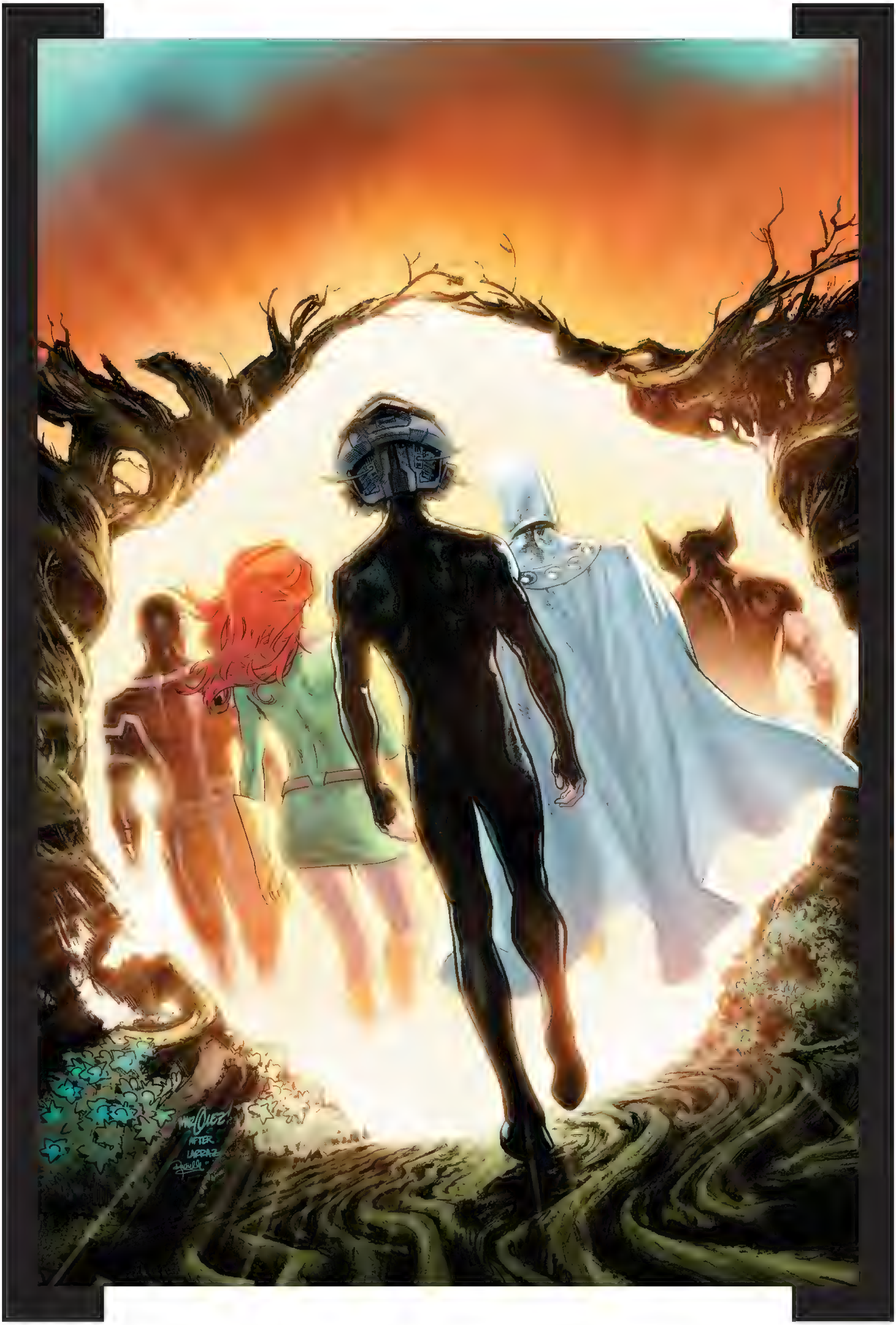
Fall of the House of X #5 Homage Variant
by Carlos Gómez
& Jesus Aburtov



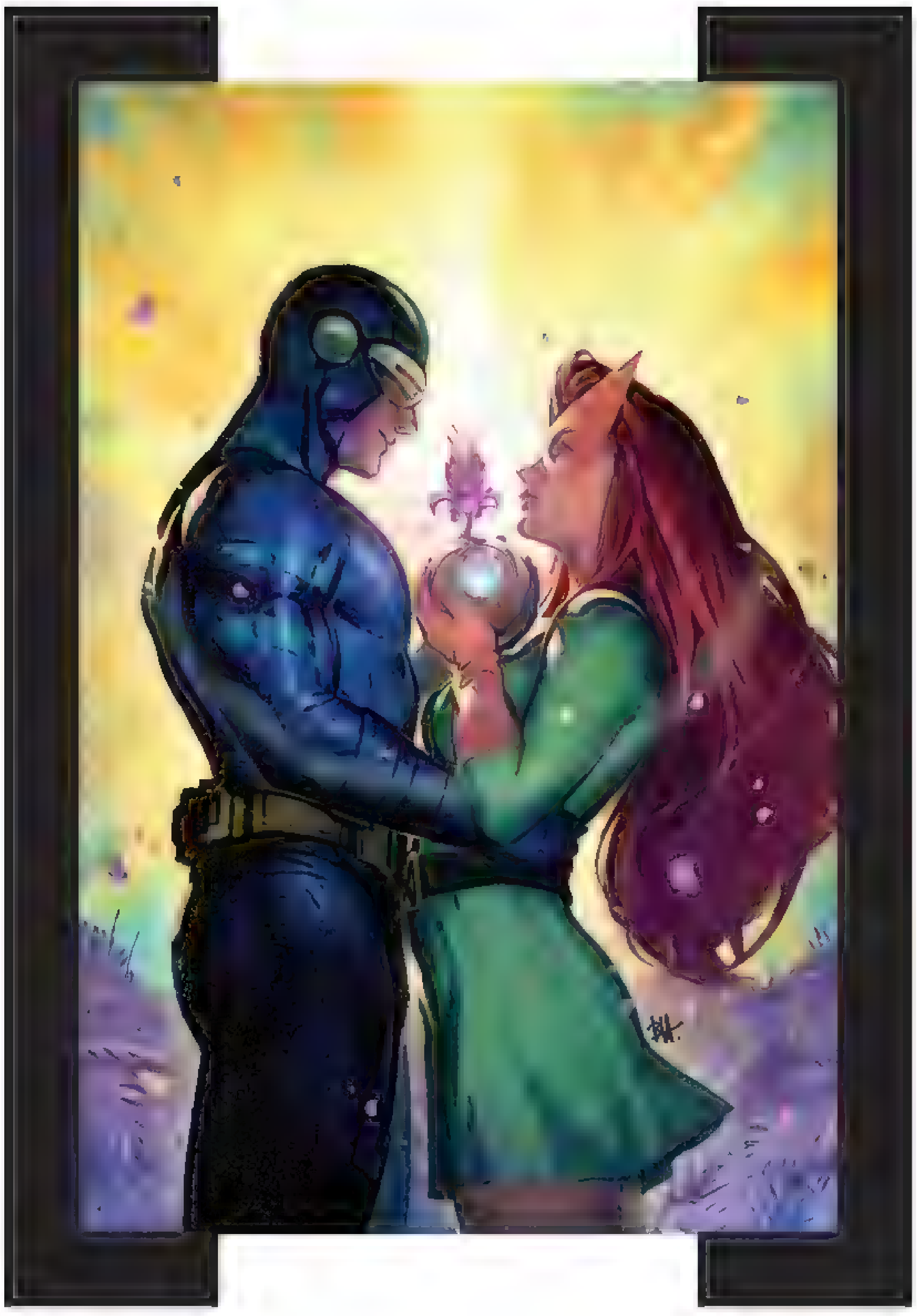
Rise of the Powers of X #5 Variant
by Joshua "Sway" Swaby



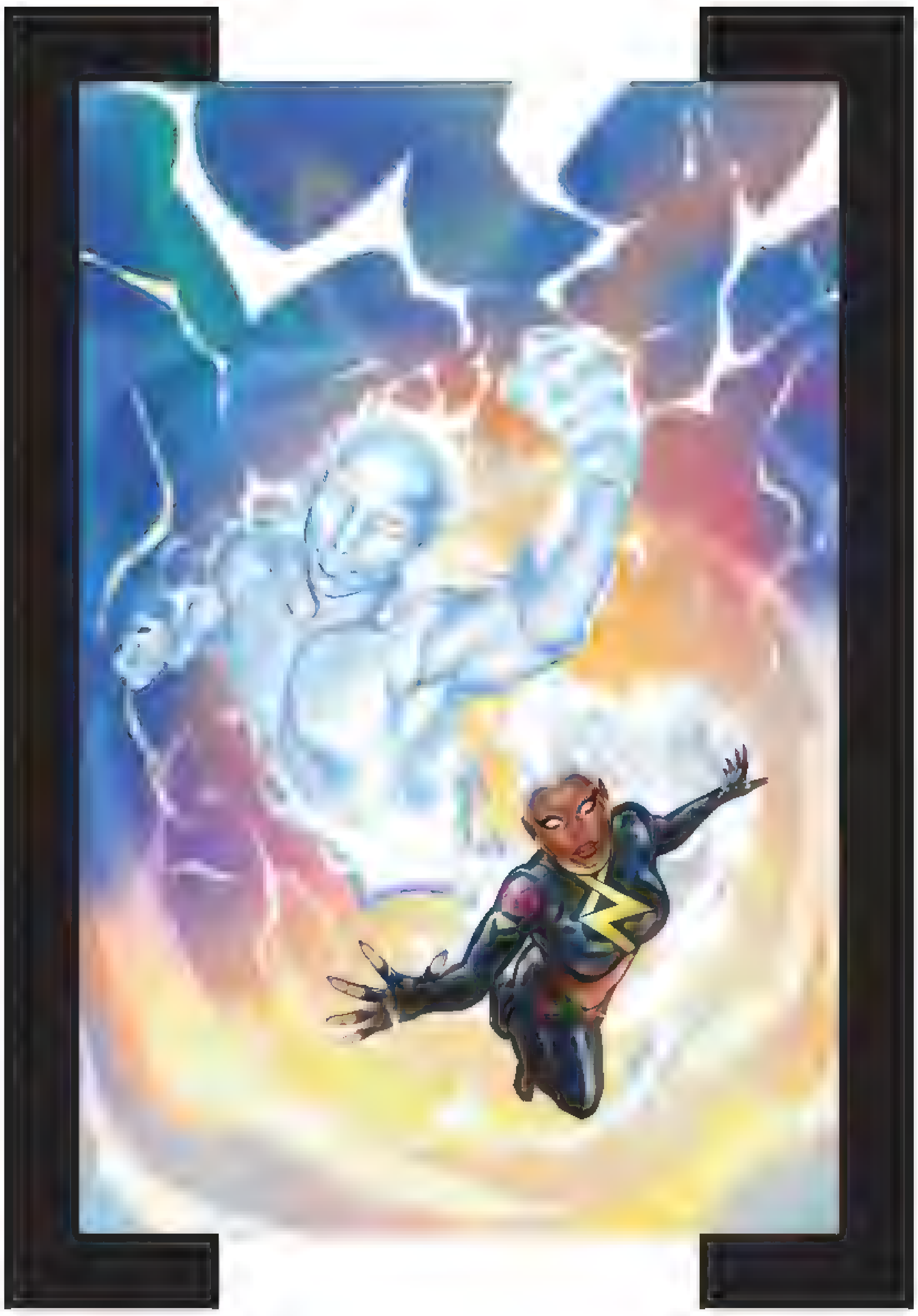
Rise of the Powers of X #5 Variant
by Mahmud Asrar


MARQUEZ
AFTER
LARRAZ

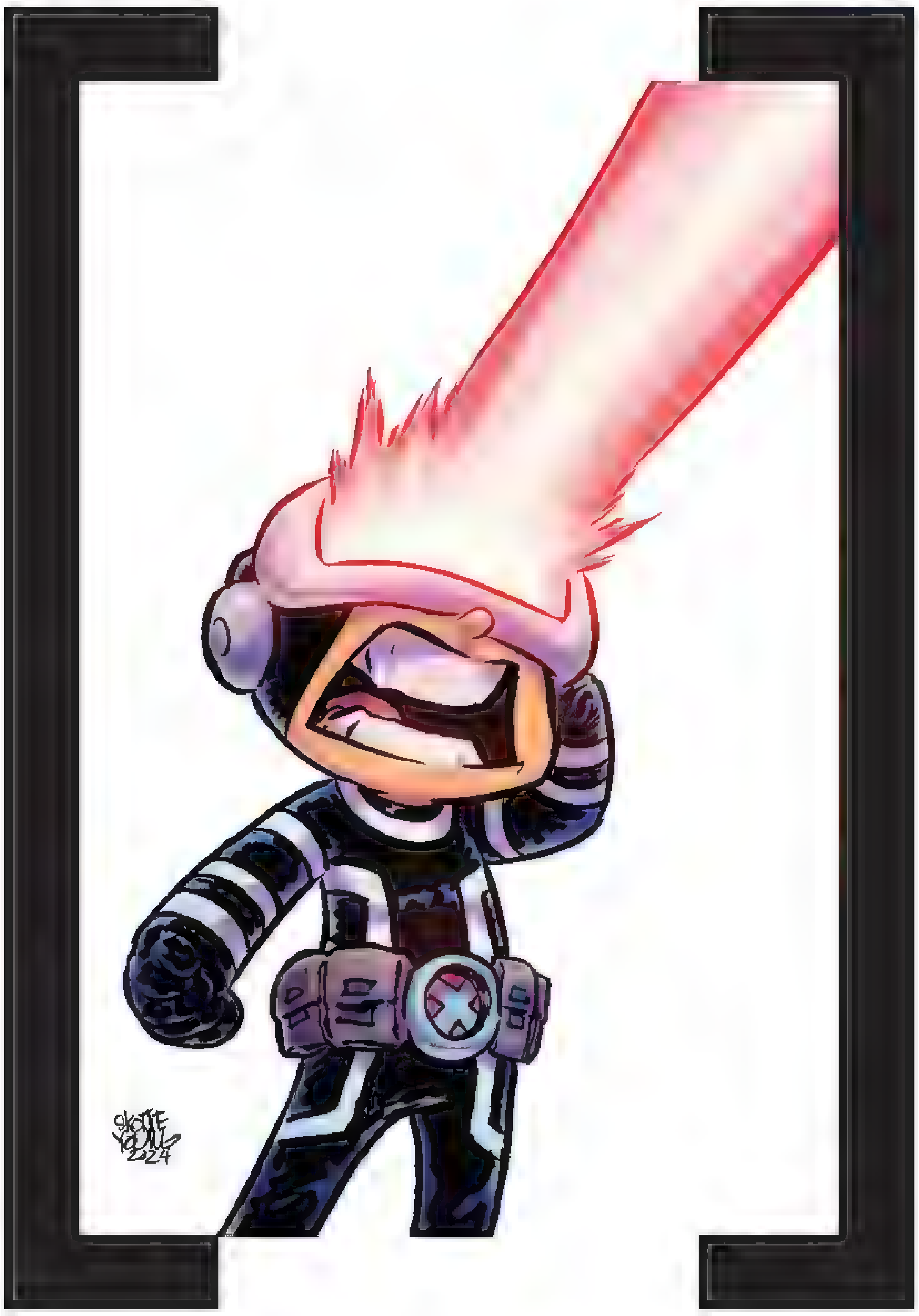
X-Men #35 Farewell Krakoa Variant
by David Marquez
& Rachelle Rosenberg



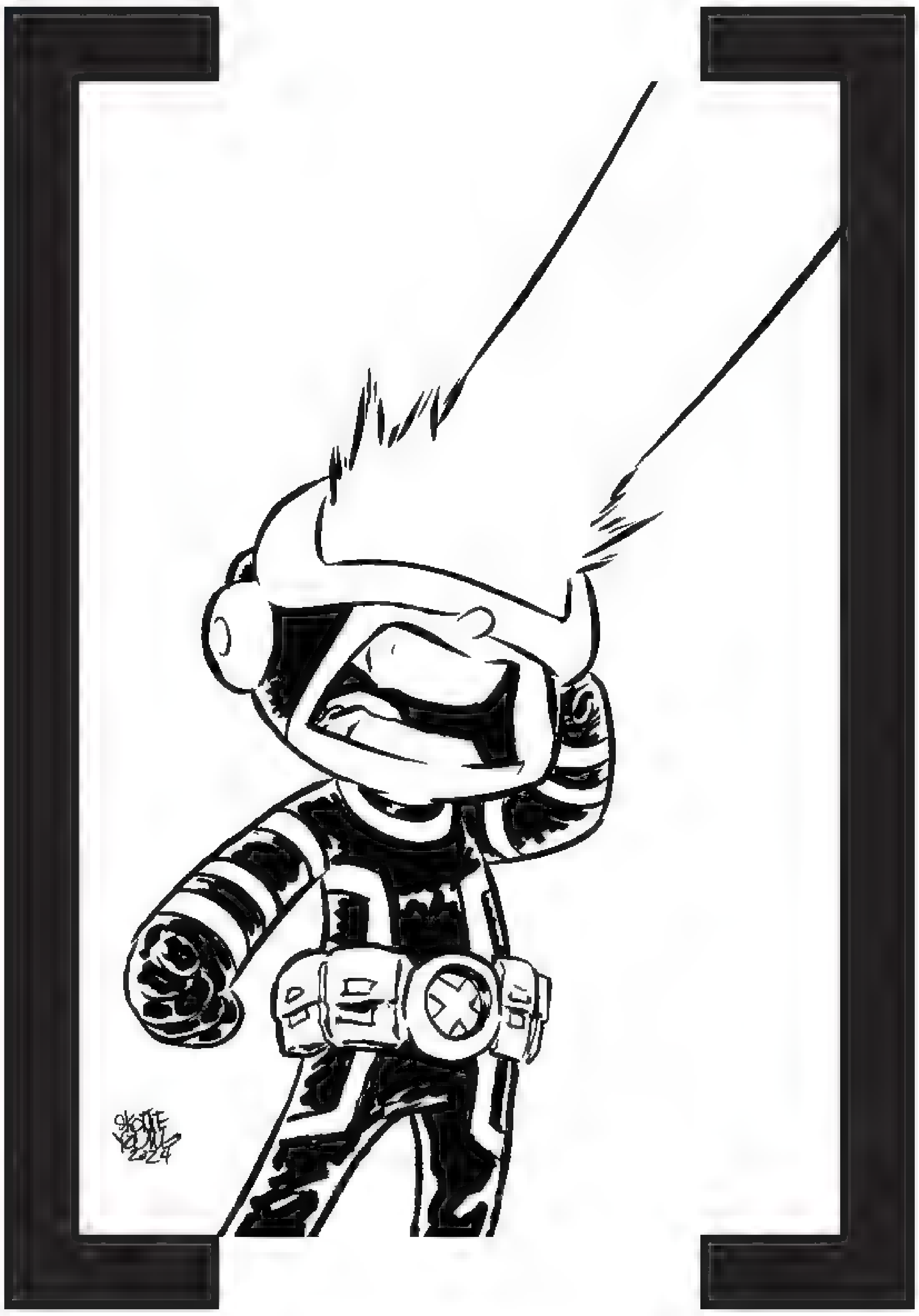
X-Men #35 Variant
by Ben Harvey



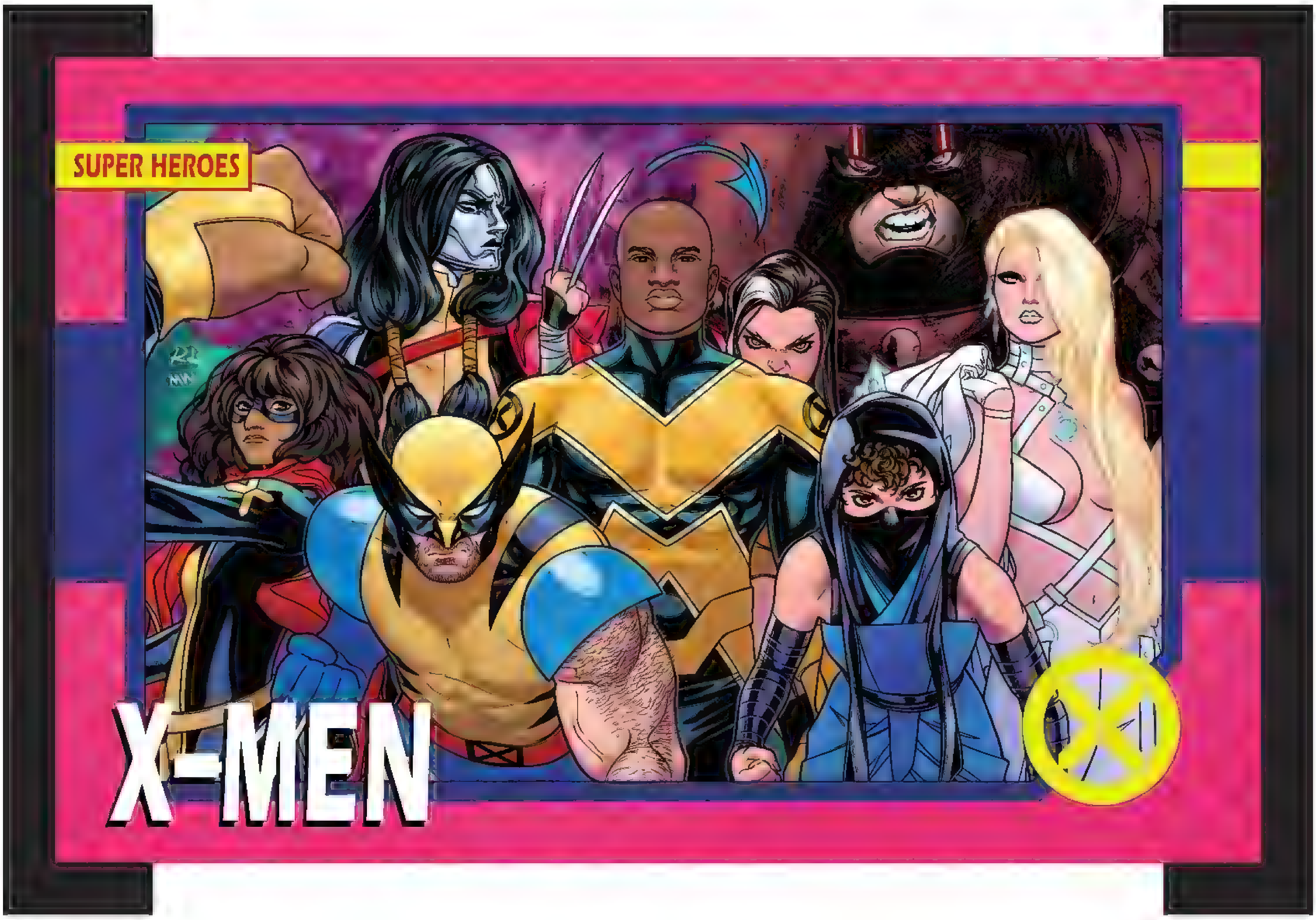
X-Men #35 Pride Allies Variant
by Betsy Cola

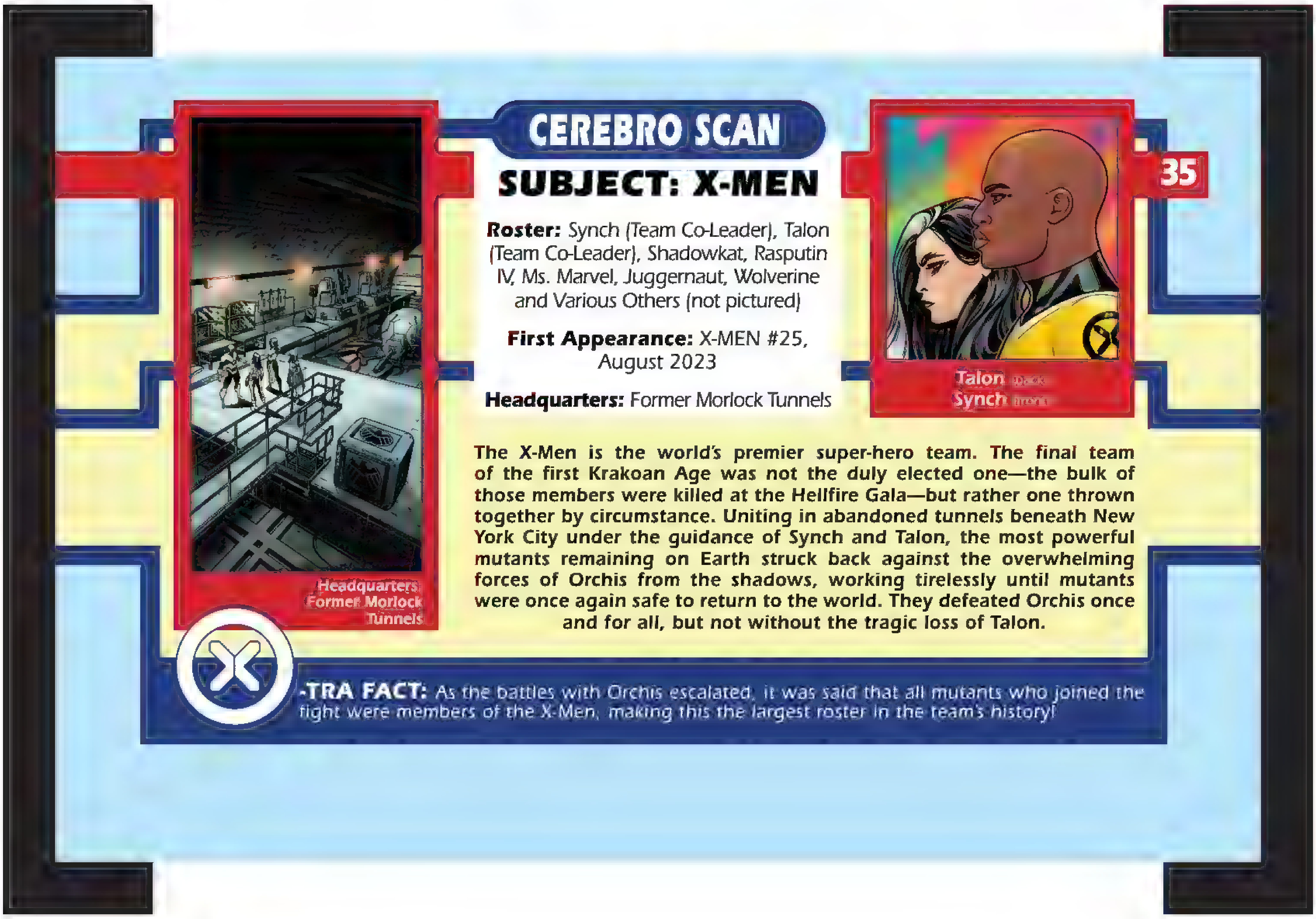


X-Men #35 Big Marvels Variant
by Skottie Young



X-Men #35 Big Marvels Black & White Variant
by Skottie Young





CEREBRO SCAN

SUBJECT: X-MEN

Roster: Synch (Team Co-Leader), Talon (Team Co-Leader), Shadowkat, Rasputin IV, Ms. Marvel, Juggernaut, Wolverine and Various Others (not pictured)

First Appearance: X-MEN #25, August 2023

Headquarters: Former Morlock Tunnels

Headquarters: Former Morlock Tunnels

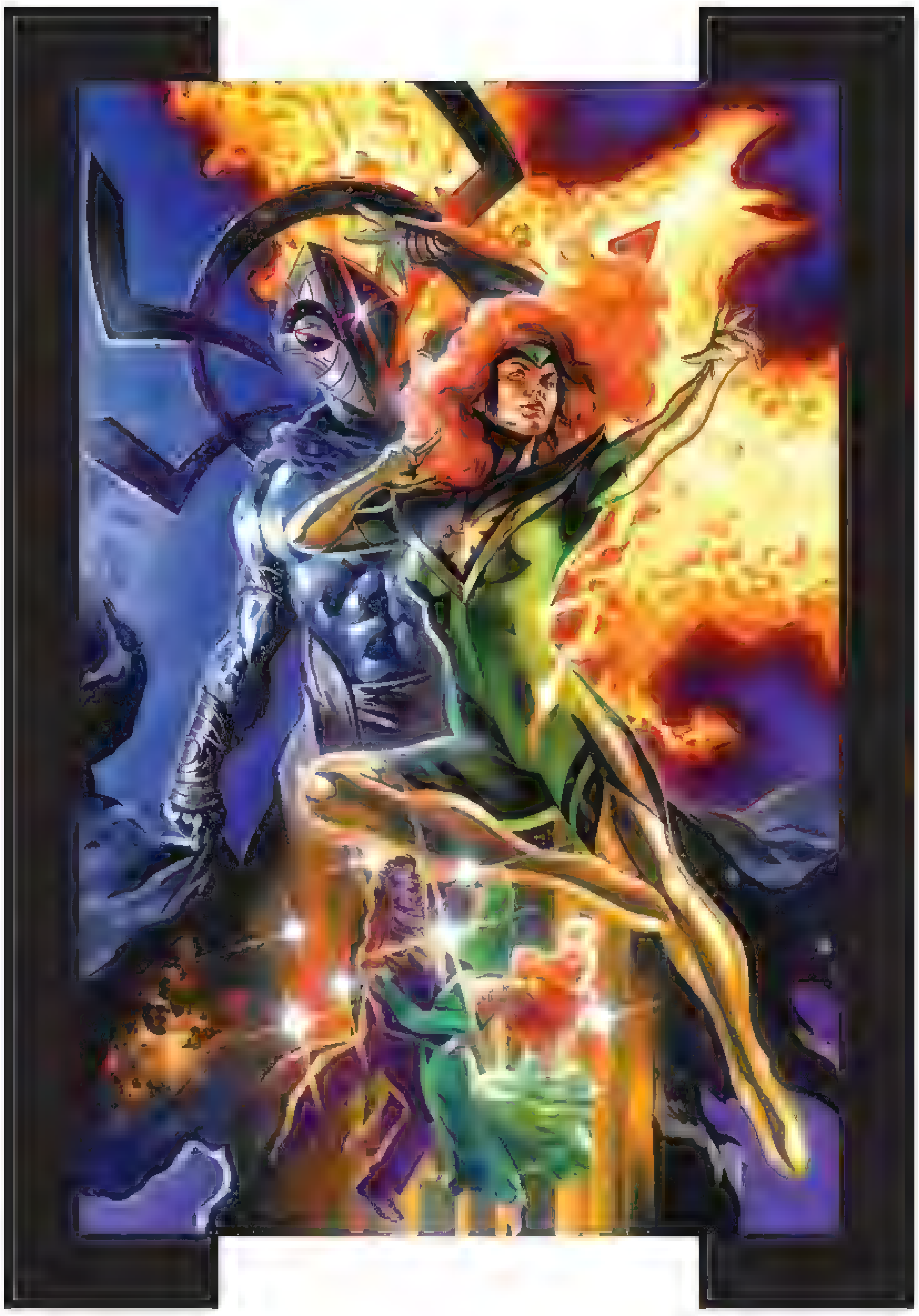
Talon (back)
Synch (front)

35

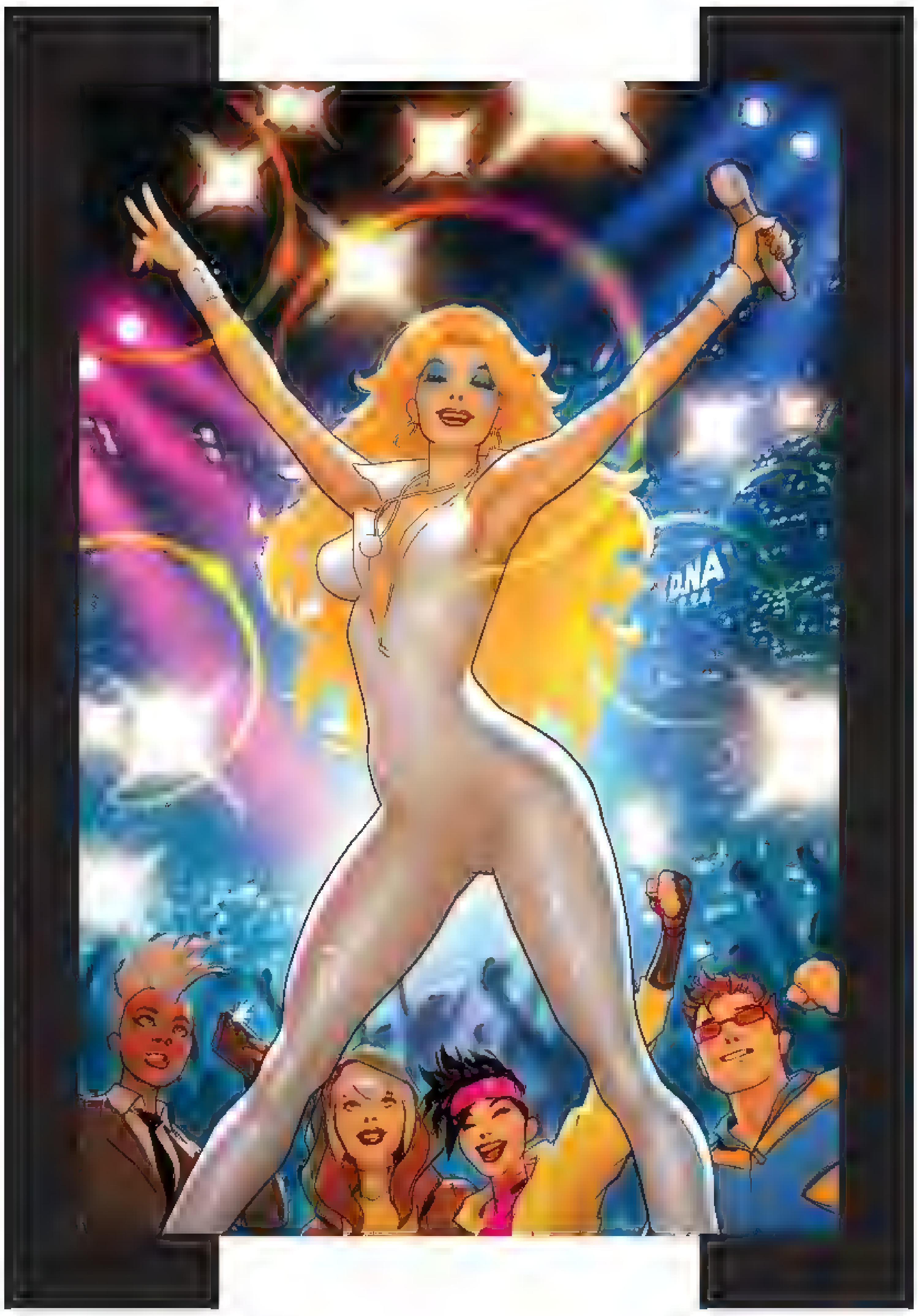
The X-Men is the world's premier super-hero team. The final team of the first Krakoan Age was not the duly elected one—the bulk of those members were killed at the Hellfire Gala—but rather one thrown together by circumstance. Uniting in abandoned tunnels beneath New York City under the guidance of Synch and Talon, the most powerful mutants remaining on Earth struck back against the overwhelming forces of Orchis from the shadows, working tirelessly until mutants were once again safe to return to the world. They defeated Orchis once and for all, but not without the tragic loss of Talon.

-TRA FACT: As the battles with Orchis escalated, it was said that all mutants who joined the fight were members of the X-Men, making this the largest roster in the team's history!

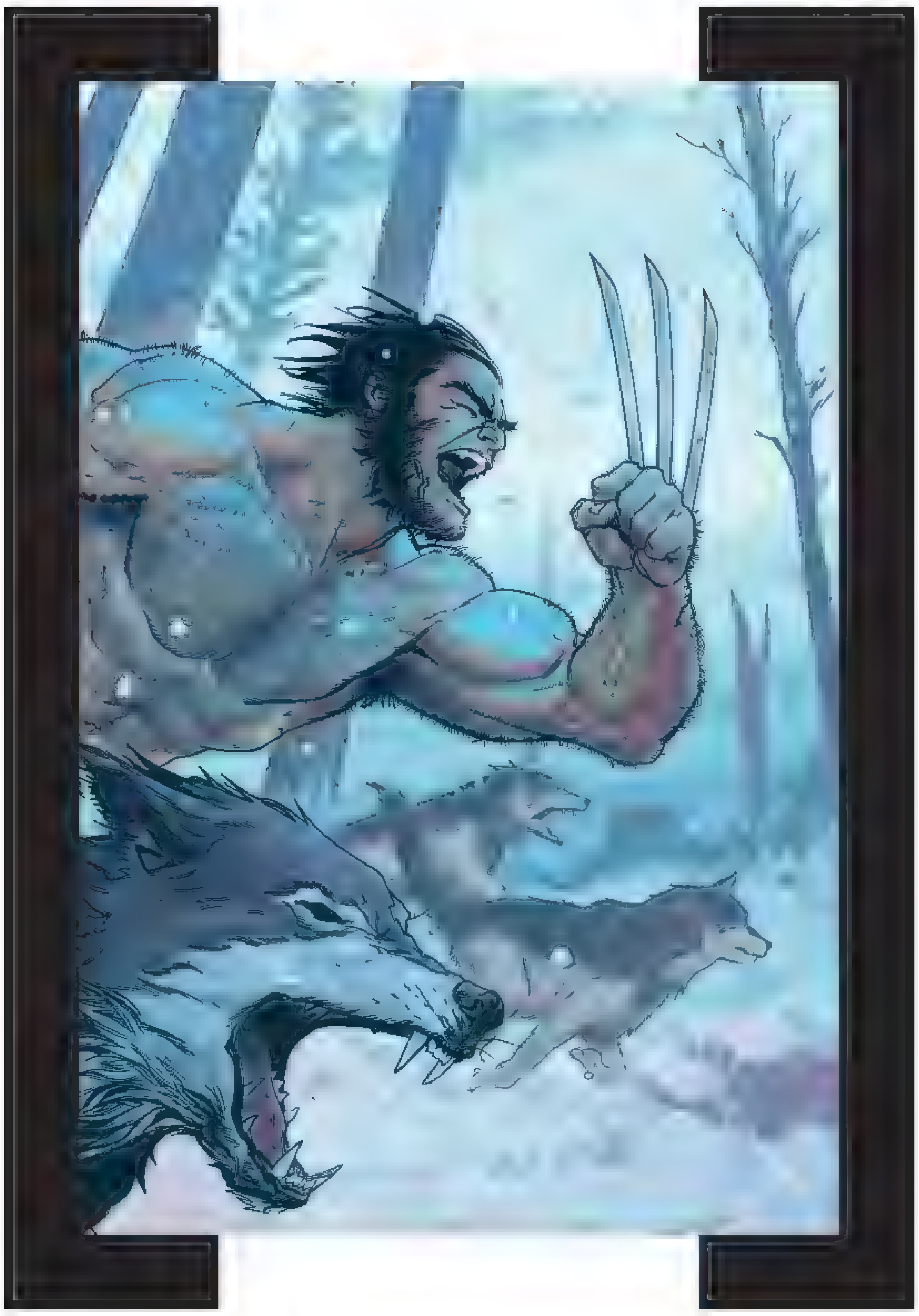
X-Men #35 Trading Card Variant
by Russell Dauterman
& Matthew Wilson



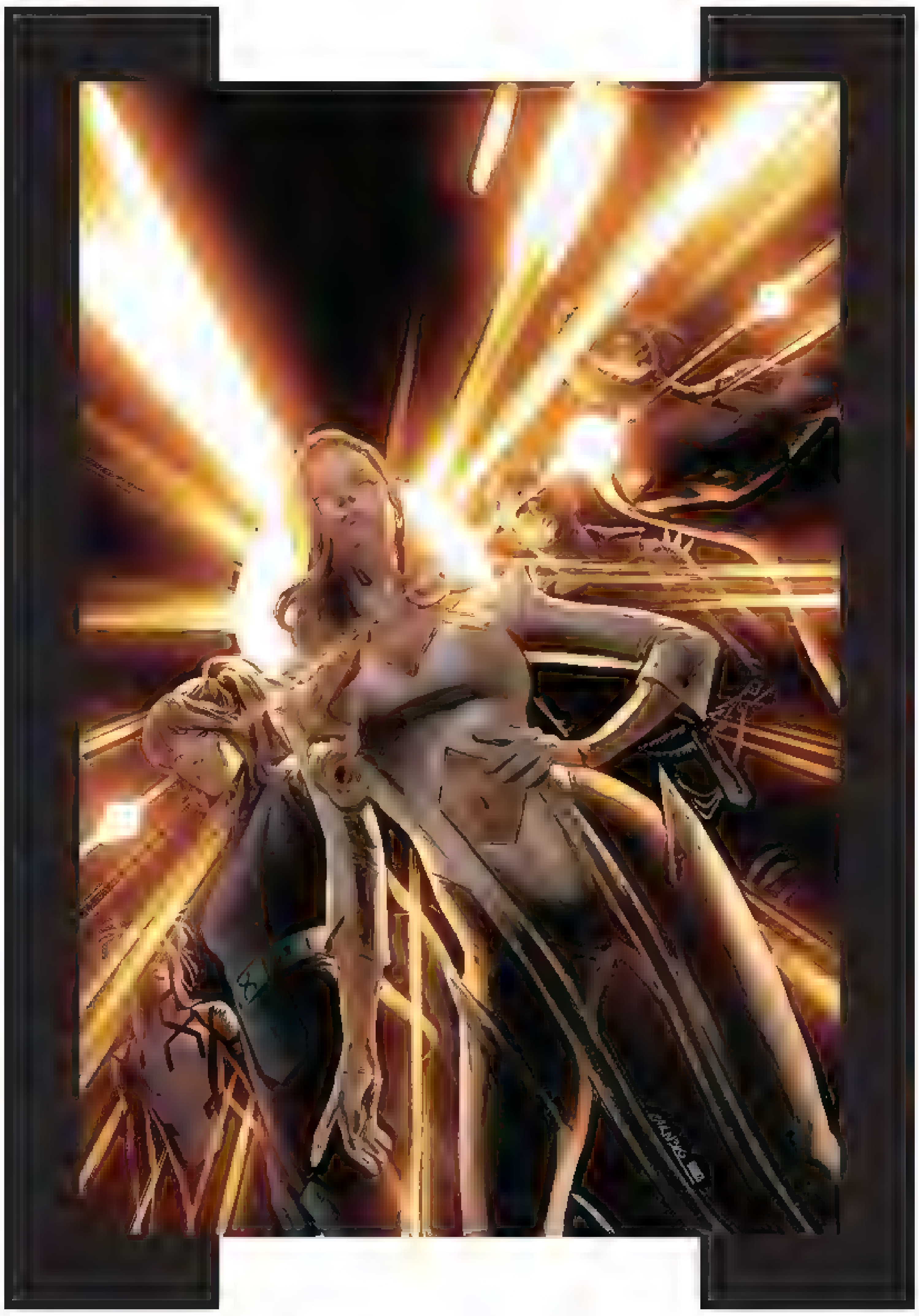
Fall of the House of X #4 Foreshadow Variant
by Felipe Massafera



Rise of the Powers of X #4 Foreshadow Variant
by David Nakayama



Fall of the House of X #5 Foreshadow Variant by Joshua Cassara & Dean White



Rise of the Powers of X #5 Foreshadow Variant by Carmen Carnero & Alejandro Sánchez

MARVEL Collected Editions

Hickman
Larraz
Silva
Gracia
HOUSE OF X
HOUSE OF X
HOUSE OF X
MARVEL

House of X/Powers of X
ISBN: 978-1-302-91571-1

Available in print or digital
wherever books are sold!

MARVEL Collected Editions

MARVEL
X-Men: Hellfire Gala — Fall of X
The Hellfire Trading Company
noto

X-Men: Hellfire Gala — Fall of X
ISBN: 978-1-302-95303-4

Available in print or digital
wherever books are sold!

[kra_[0.0] [fall_of_the_house_of_x] [01-05]
[koa_[0.0] [rise_of_the_powers_of_x] [01-05]

The shocking conclusion of the Krakoan era!

Mutantkind has never had a greater fall, from the highs of Krakoa — their own glorious nation, a place where they were safe and happy — to the lowest of lows. Now they face two of the greatest threats to ever target them at the same time. Orchis has left them outlawed and hunted, with most of their kind missing or dead — and now one of their greatest leaders, Cyclops, is on trial and facing the death penalty. Meanwhile, a secret adversary has risen to power outside of reality, and as hopeless as the fight to save their species might seem, it's nothing compared to the fight to save the entirety of reality. Ready or not, the time has come to make their final stand against the forces that have struck them low — across every corner of the globe and all of time itself! The threats that began with the very inception of the nation of Krakoa finally come to fruition to wipe out all life and all freedom.

All that stands against them is the X-Men. What can they do? They're the X-Men. They'll find a way, and the future of mutantkind will be forever changed!

Collecting:

Fall of the House of X	#1–5
Rise of the Powers of X	#1–5
and material from X-Men (2021)	#35

By:
by Gerry Duggan, Kieron Gillen,
Lucas Werneck, Jethro Morales,
R.B. Silva, Luciano Vecchio,
Bryan Valenza, David Curiel
and more.

T+

E
M
P
I
R
E